PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1974 ONE DOLLAR

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After switching back and forth a number of times, we asked the Count which was Ella live and which was Ella on Memorex.

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PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
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editor & publisher

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE

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See son... there really is a 4-channel 8-track record/playback deck!

Perhaps that surprises you, son. But it's true.

You see, there's been a lot of excitement lately about 4-channel stereo. And, like most people, you probably thought that all 4-channel recorders are open-reel.

Well, AKAI will change your mind.

You'll discover a whole new world of 4-channel recording when you see—and hear—AKAI's exciting new CR-80D-SS... a remarkably engineered 8-track 4-channel/2-channel compatible record/playback deck.

The CR-80D-SS is compact... easy to operate. And conveniently placed front-panel controls make professional 4-channel discrete recording a breeze.

Which means that you'll be able to make your own 4-channel tapes. And also enjoy the increasing availability of pre-recorded 8-track 4-channel music.

What's more, the CR-80D-SS is equipped with professional features such as Automatic Stop/Continuous Play . . . Fast Forward . . . Automatic 4/2-channel Stereo Selector... Illuminated Program Selector... 4 VU Meters... front panel 4-channel headphone outputs... and much more.

So don't assume that all 4-channel recorders are alike. They're not, my son.

See your AKAI dealer. He'll give you a new outlook.

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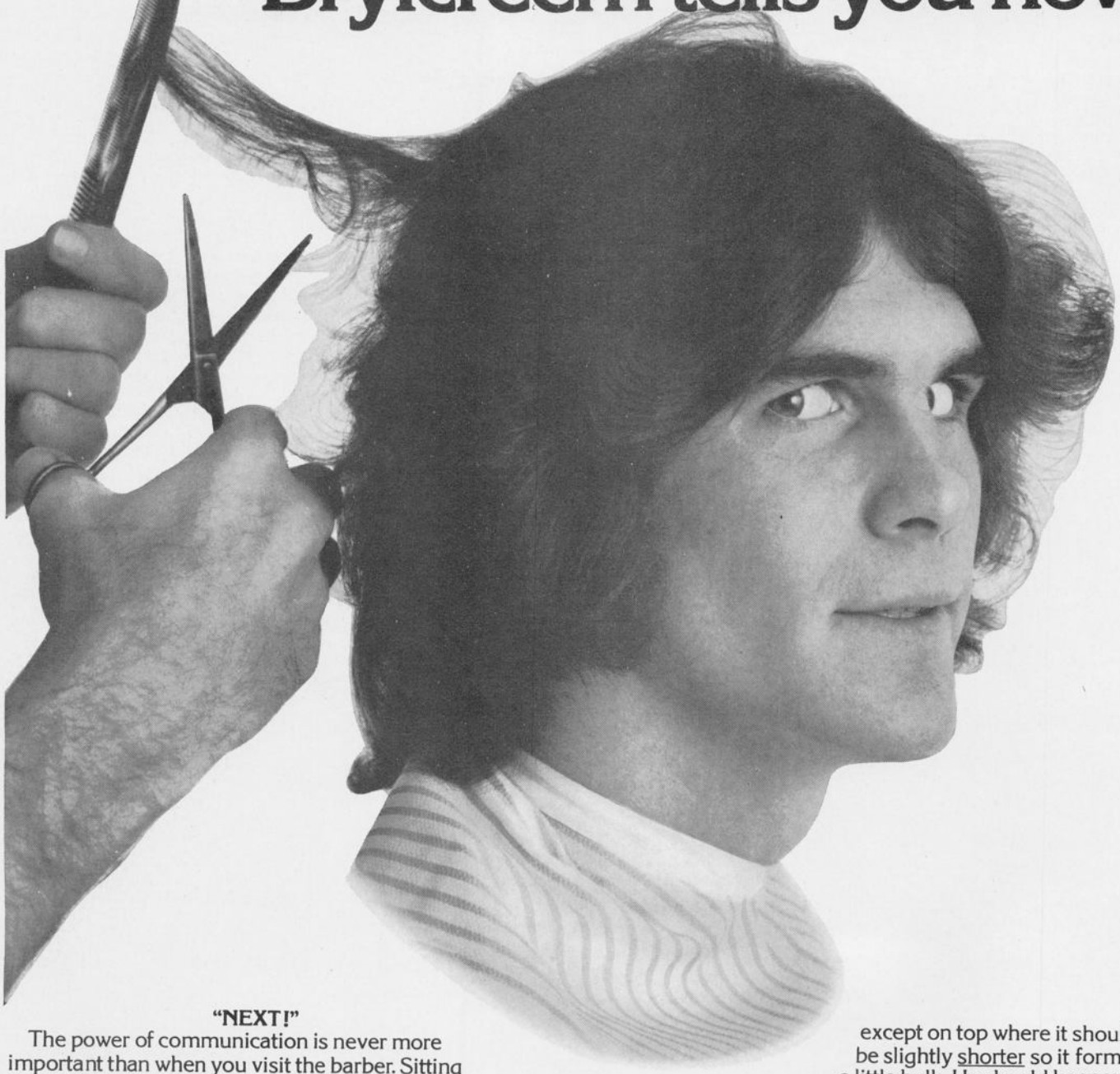
Brylcreem tells you how



"NEXT!"

The power of communication is never more important than when you visit the barber. Sitting speechless in his chair can leave you speechless when you see the results.

So, before you even step into the barber shop, here are a few things for you to do. Take a good look at your face: What shape is it? What are your good features, your bad? What hair texture do you have? Think carefully about all of these. Then decide what kind of hair style would look best on you.

Look through some magazines for ideas. Find a picture of what you want your hair to look like. Then when you get to the barber's, speak before he cuts. Show him the picture. Tell him what you want.

There is a new, shorter style that looks good on most guys. (Like the one you see here.) We recommend it if you have an average, oval shaped face. To get this new style, ask your barber to cut your hair the same length all over your head. Straight hair should be about 1-1/2" long, except on top where it should be slightly longer so it lies smoothly in place. Curly hair should be about 2" all over, except on top where it should be slightly shorter so it forms a little bulk. He should keep your ear tops covered by about 1" of hair.

The same for your shirt collar. And your sideburns should stop about 1/2" above the bottom of your ear.

When he's finished cutting and shampooing, ask for a conditioning massage with a little Brylcreem Hairdressing. Its natural ingredients penetrate each hair shaft, conditioning your hair. And a healthy looking head of hair is the only way to begin a new hair style.

Then comb your hair. This is one of the most versatile hair styles you'll ever have. Comb it forward. Or part it on the side. The middle. You can even just toss it around. And you look great. But how do you keep your hair looking that way?

UNTIL YOUR NEXT VISIT

First and foremost, shampoo frequently with Brylcreem Once-A-Day Shampoo. Its pH value is close to that of your scalp so gentle that it cleans without disturbing your natural chemistry.

to talk to your barber.

Then towel dry your hair. If you must use a blow-dryer or hot-comb to straighten out waves or get your hair going in the right direction, condition often with Brylcreem Hairdressing. It helps restore the moisture that hot-air drying strips away from your hair and scalp. Conditioning with Brylcreem is extra important if you have curly hair—it's more porous and dries out even faster.

Last, use a brush to style fine or thinning hair. It'll give you a fuller, thicker look. Use a comb for coarse, thick hair. It will make it appear less bulky.

So have your hair cut regularly. And expertly. Which only happens when you know how to talk to your barber.

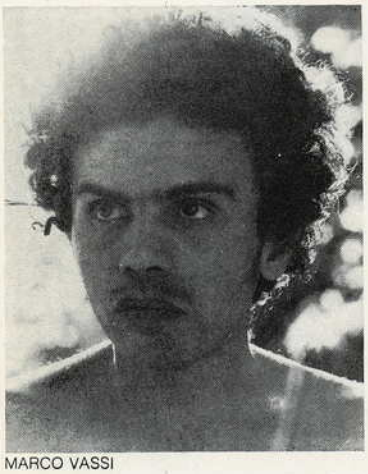
Then follow a careful hair regimen to keep your hair looking its best. And remember, whether you keep it long, short, or otherwise, we have a product to help you.

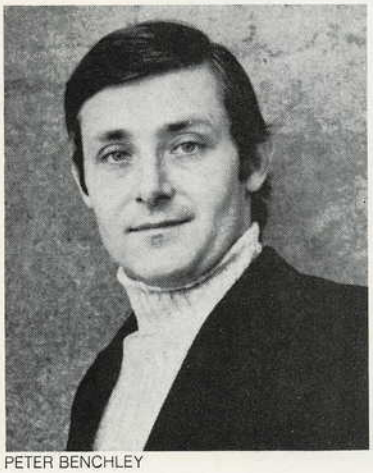
The Brylcreem® group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab will do ya."

TIM O'BRIEN

EUBIE BLAKE


MARCO VASSI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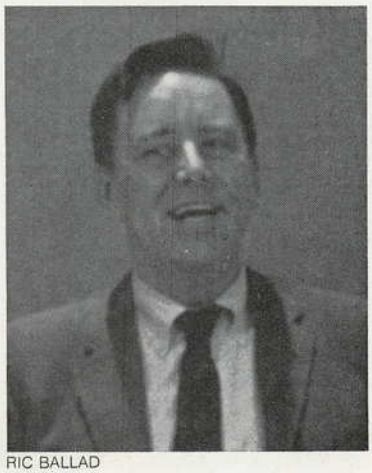
RIC BALLAD

HOUSECALL

Future historians will doubtless look to the present issue of *Penthouse* as a landmark in publishing. No longer content to be one of the world's most lavish and popular voices of individual freedom, we embark this month on *The Vietnam Veteran,* an important series of articles exposing the opportunism and neglect with which millions of Vietnam veterans have been rewarded by their country. The public's disdain and the government's ineffectiveness have conspired to ease many Vietnam veterans into lives of alienation, chronic joblessness, alcoholism, and drug addiction reports the *Washington Post*'s **Tim O'Brien**. O'Brien, who was honorably discharged from his tour in Vietnam as an infantry sergeant with seven medals, is the author of the widely acclaimed *If I Die In A Combat Zone* (Delacorte), a subjective but highly realistic memoir of action in Southeast Asia.

In this month's *Penthouse Interview,* **Eubie Blake**, one of the creators of turn-of-the-century ragtime, talks about the decades he's spent in the world of jazz—and the artistic career he still actively pursues. The interview, by Contributing Editor **Ric Ballad**, is packed with refreshingly spontaneous and salty recollections and a commentary upon a little-known, but pervasively influential, side of the musical life.

Our lead fiction is *Circus of Jade* by **Marco Vassi**, author of much *Penthouse* and *Forum* fact and fantasy. Here he writes a cautionary fable about a peppery lesbian who believes in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And she pursues it in every direction, until love's young dream goes out the window as mature and responsible Mr. Right comes in the door—practically the only unoccupied aperture remaining. *My Uncivilized Past* is **Pietro Di Donato**'s iconoclastic text as he delivers an unholy sermon against the hypocrisies that attended his arrival in the literary world with the classic *Christ in Concrete*. "The rich have super style," writes Di Donato, "they're the exquisite ones, gods on earth, and positive that their shit is ice cream. But they sadly lack one thing: a caste mark made by a bullet—Pow!—right between their motherfucking eyes." Right on, Pietro. But the best part is when he meets Mrs. Woodrow Wilson: "I thought that the prissy old horsefaced Presbyterian prude had sure snared himself a succulent cunt." Is nothing sacred? Not in *God's Country,* where humorist **Peter Benchley** takes to task the real-life simoniacs and realtors behind that divine Disneyland we've all heard rumors about. Theirs is *the* mortal capitalist sin: mismanagement. Satirist Benchley is the author of the wildly successful *Jaws* (Doubleday), about a giant shark attacking swimmers at a fashionable Eastern resort. And if you know someone who's set *your* jaws on edge by failing to take advantage of the latest barrage of sexual freedom, advise him or her to read *Couples*, the new *Penthouse* symposium which each month will examine the erotic problems that bedevil those both newly emancipated and in love. Much anguish could be disposed of, believes moderator **Robert Chartham, Ph.D.**, if partners were able to discuss their troubles privately and at length—especially to voice those woes that they find hard to discuss with each other. Dr. Chartham's helpful analyses will accompany each month's forum, and all our readers are invited to participate.

Elsewhere, **Xaviera Hollander** clears up a few common errors in regard to sex, and **Henry Morgan** commits a few new ones. And six more passionately lurid pages by **Frederic Mullally** and **Ron Embleton** prove that while our comic-strip *Wanda* may be *Wicked,* she isn't necessarily bad. Well, attitude is half the game.

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Come all the way up to KOOL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

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if you join now and agree

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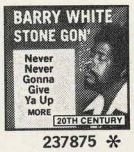

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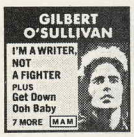

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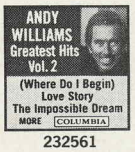

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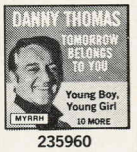

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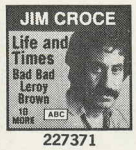

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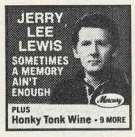

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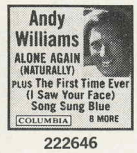

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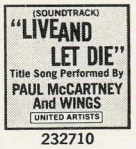

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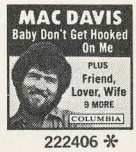

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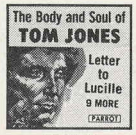

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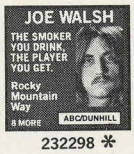

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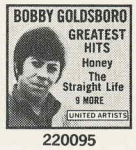

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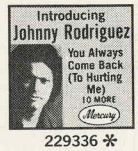

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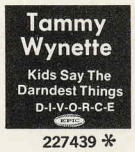

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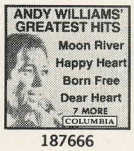

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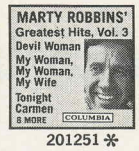

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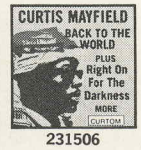

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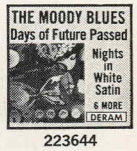

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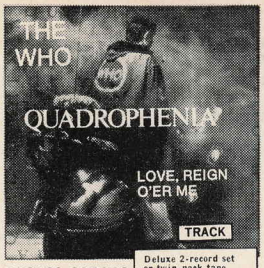
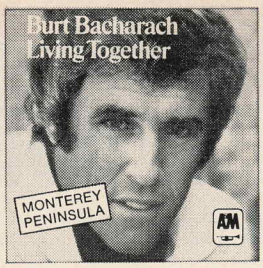


236869-236860 Deluxe 2-record set or twin-pack tape counts as 2 selections. Write in both numbers



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236133-236134 Deluxe 2-record set or twin-pack tape counts as 2 selections. Write in both numbers

tapes-$1.97

to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years

No membership fee!

No obligation to buy every month!

—or even every other month!

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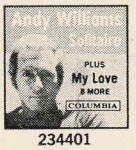

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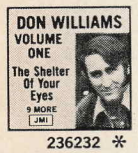

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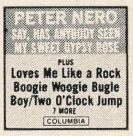

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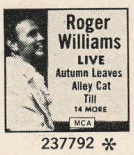

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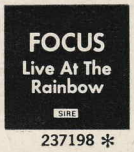

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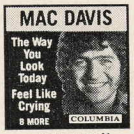

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Yes, it's true!—if you join now, you may have any 13 of these records *or* tapes for only $1.97! Just mail the application, together with check or money order for $1.97 as payment. This is *all* you pay for your first 13 selections—there are no additional membership fees for joining! And look at the wide choice of recordings you have—not only the best from Columbia's huge catalog...but also the hits from A&M, Bell, Dunhill, MCA, Mercury, MGM, United Artists and many other labels. In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next three years. That's right!—*three full years* in which to buy nine selections...so you do not have to buy a record or tape every month, *or even every other month!* And you may cancel membership *at any time* after purchasing nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment...the selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes, $6.98; reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98...plus processing and postage charge. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest ...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered** mail the response card by the date specified

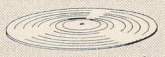
...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases.

Take your pick

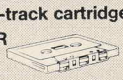


12" stereo records

OR

8-track cartridges

OR



tape cassettes

OR

reel-to-reel tapes

* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

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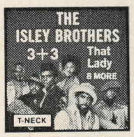

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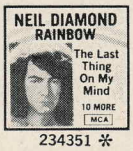

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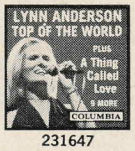

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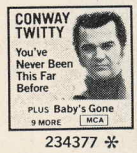

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P63/S74

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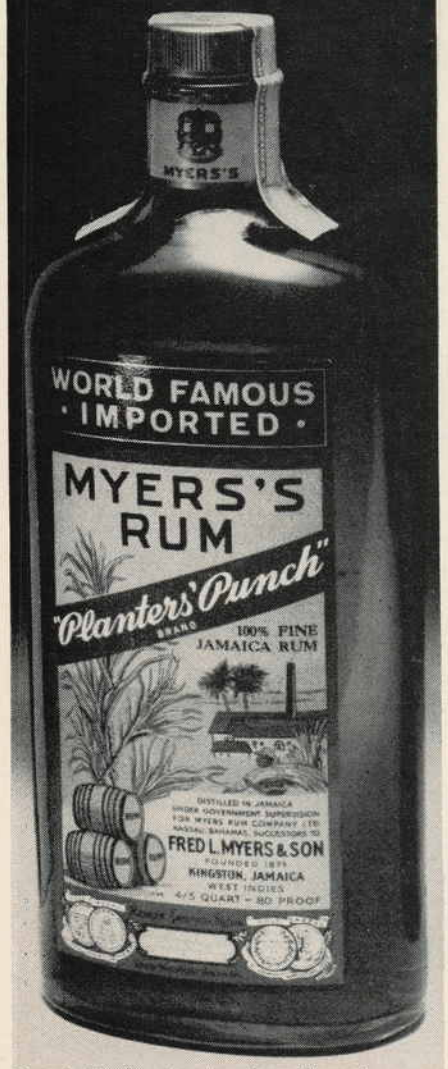

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Votes for us

Penthouse has become America's "New Renaissance of Erotic Art." I am a student and devout lover of the arts. The photographs published in your magazine are truly amatory.

Your ladies are sensuously posed in settings of grace and delicacy. Your models are always clean, soothingly satiny, young, and lovely. These women are as richly delicious as ripe fruit. Your photographers' passionate compositions are the greatest that I have ever judged.

After all, the woman's body is the sweetest fruit that mankind has. The artists who photograph for *Penthouse* make us acutely aware that the woman is becoming sweeter.—*A. Scott Cunningham, Camp Lejeune, N.C.*

I am an eighteen-year-old female who would like to thank you for your truly beautiful magazine. Your photography is super. The girls in your magazine are always photographed in good taste, the lighting is excellent, and the backgrounds are always soft and subtle.

I do not have any homosexual tendencies—I have been in a two-female-one-male threesome and it did not do a thing for me. I just think the female body is more artistic than the male.

If I was ever to show my whole body to the world, I would want to do it in *Penthouse*. Thank you for printing my letter. Nudity is a necessity. —*Name and address withheld*

Mrs. R. J. of New York, N.Y. (November 1973) must have gone further than being subjected to the vile, naked creature on the cover of your awful magazine in order to find your vile, naked address. I'm surprised that good old R.J. isn't Miss R.J. Her apparent attitude toward (dare I say it?) sex would seem to preclude a physical relationship or the possibilities of marriage.

She alludes to "your type of magazine," and what you are purveyors of. I suspect she would rather see the news magazines with the endless pictures of dead and dying men, women, and children who are part of this world's everyday life, than a naked, healthy woman or man who is also part of this world. I'll keep the pretty pictures, thank you.

I got the distinct impression that R.J. thinks you are in the "dirty magazine business" only for vicarious jollies and money. Some of the greatest men of letters have, as even idiots and demigods (or goddesses) can see, written for you. I think, in conclusion, that R.J. is undoubtedly ignorant of what goes on 'twixt thine covers, and hopefully one of a dying breed. I'm glad you published her letter, she wouldn't have published yours.—*John Edward Moore, Trumansburg, N.Y.*

Medical questions

I love reading your magazine and have a problem I hope you can solve. My wife has tried almost every method of birth control available with bad results and has now turned to me to see if I can provide the means.

She took the Pill for a few years with all kinds of infections and side effects, so her doctor took her off. Then she used foam and I used rubbers and she got pregnant after a few months of that. After an abortion, she had an IUD put in, but after ten months had it taken out in the emergency room because it really started acting up and hurting badly. I'm away from her in an air force school but when we get back together we'll have no protection. The air force can only offer me a vasectomy, but that's too permanent at the age of twenty-three.

Can you tell me where and what kind of pills I can take or about one of those spigots that can be turned on and off by minor surgery? Maybe you even know of a new control for women. We don't want to give up sex.—*P.S. (name withheld), Lackland, Texas*

Hesitation about a vasectomy is certainly justified since there is no guarantee that the operation is reversible, and frozen sperm banks have not yet been proven reliable. You do not mention whether your wife has tried a diaphragm, which when used with a spermicide such as a vaginal foam, is rated 99 percent effective. In any case, you would do well to consult a physician who is familiar with the most up-to-date birth control methods, or a Planned Parenthood clinic.—Editor.

Since oral sex is probably very widely practiced today, I wonder if an article by a doctor (preferably a specialist in VD) or Miss Hollander is in order on the chances of becoming infected by VD (or other diseases) in the mouth, throat, etc.

For instance, what would be the symptoms of gonorrhea or syphilis in the mouth or throat; could it spread to the heart or lungs; what treatment would be necessary; how is it detected (by throat cultures or what), etc? Recently I read an article which stated that some types of gonorrhea produce *no* symptoms.

I feel that many thousands of your readers would appreciate some factual knowledge on the subject instead of worrying about it after contact with each new partner.—*Name withheld, Cleveland, Ohio*

It is true that both syphilis and gonorrhea can be spread from vagina to mouth or from penis to mouth. In rare cases VD infections have also been spread from mouth to mouth by kissing after oral sex. Anyone who suspects an oral VD infection should consult a physician immediately.—Editor

More on marijuana

I am now serving a twenty-to-forty-year sentence because I gave away some marijuana. The state of Ohio still classifies marijuana as an hallucinogen. All marijuana is not hallucinogenic, and it cannot be proven that marijuana is an hallucinogen once it has been broken down chemically.

State v. *Wilcox*, Eleventh Judicial Circuit Court of Florida, held that marijuana, when processed, is indistinguishable in type from its three species. No chemical method can determine which species is involved. One type, cannabis sativa, is illegal everywhere, another, cannabis indica, is legal in some places, and the third type is grown only in Russia and not specifically outlawed under any statute.

THESE ARE TEST RESULTS 14 SMALL CAR MAKERS WILL PROBABLY CHOOSE TO IGNORE.

MOTOR TREND GAS ECONOMY TEST	
1. FIAT 128 SEDAN	34.821 MPG
2. DATSUN 1200	32.500 MPG
3. LOTUS EUROPA 5-SPEED	30.469 MPG
4. HONDA CIVIC	30.468 MPG
5. TOYOTA COROLLA 1600	29.846 MPG
6. MG MIDGET MK III	29.250 MPG
7. VOLKSWAGEN SQUAREBACK	28.676 MPG
8. OPEL MANTA	28.125 MPG
9. DODGE COLT	28.126 MPG
10. CHEVROLET VEGA COUPE	27.083 MPG
11. JENSEN-HEALEY	26.116 MPG
12. TRIUMPH SPITFIRE MK IV	25.658 MPG
13. AUSTIN MARINA GT	24.788 MPG
14. RENAULT 17	24.375 MPG
15. SUBARU 4-DOOR SEDAN	21.828 MPG

In August 1973, Motor Trend magazine conducted a gas mileage test.

They wanted to find out exactly how economical economy cars really are.

And they did.

Of the fifteen small cars that took part in the test, the Fiat 128 four-door sedan came out first with 34.821 miles per gallon.

In fact, the 128's gasoline operating cost per mile was a miserly 1.17 cents. So close to a penny a mile that even the people from Motor Trend were amazed.

If you're concerned about the gas crisis, you really owe it to yourself to check out the mileage results above.

Because most small car makers will probably continue to talk about miles per gallon.

Not about how far down the list they finished.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

The Florida jury reached acquittal on the testimony of Dr. Richard Evans Shultes, Harvard botanist, who is considered the world's leading expert on marijuana. Since identification tests aren't specific, the court decided that the defendant may reasonably have been in possession of one of the legal varieties of marijuana—unanimous "not guilty" verdict by jury.

So how can I be guilty of sales of a hallucinogen? I feel that a great injustice has been done to me and a lot of other people in this state.

Marijuana has been known for approximately six thousand years and has been used medically to treat epileptics and people with tetanus who are convulsing or have muscular spasms. It has also been used to treat migraine headaches, menstrual cramping, and the pain of childbirth. Marijuana was listed in the United States pharmacopeia in the 1930's and was sold as an alcoholic extract for development of better sedatives, hypnotics, and anticonvulsant drugs.

There is no evidence that marijuana increases sensual sensitivity, but rather it increases the appreciation of sensual responses. Marijuana does not compel the user to do something he would not otherwise do. For example, marijuana does not improve hearing. In high doses it may produce hallucinations, although in normal doses it produces sedation or depression or euphoria. One marijuana cigarette may produce the mental and motor impairment equivalent to that produced by two twelve-ounce bottles of 4 percent beer or a therapeutic dose of a barbiturate. While the alcohol drinker is overconfident, talkative, etc., the marijuana smoker is under confident, quiet, reserved, etc. To my knowledge there are only six reported deaths from marijuana overdose in the world's literature. None of these cases is well documented.

The leading hallucinogen and killer in our country today is being pushed on you by the federal and state governments. This hallucinogen is known as alcohol. This drug has destroyed many people who had important jobs and futures. It has destroyed many marriages. This drug is the cause of 75 percent of the crime that is committed—homicides and rapes. This drug is the cause of 75 percent of the deaths on the nation's highways. Everyone accepts this because alcohol is legal. So why not make marijuana legal? People are not given a twenty-to-forty-year sentence for illegal sale of alcohol. It is a misdemeanor, but it hurts people more than marijuana. I hope that everyone who reads this will stop and think about what I have written and do something to help all of us who are in prison for marijuana, whether it be for possession or sale. You can make it legal. You make the laws, so I ask you to change this one. Help us.—*Name withheld, London, Ohio*

I recently purchased your November issue of *Penthouse* and was thrilled to see the letter speaking up for marijuana. I believe I'm correct in saying that pot has been medically proven no more harmful to a person than a good slug of whiskey, am I not? Most of all, pot is not an addictive drug, whereas you may get addicted to liquor, which is also a drug. The only thing wrong with pot today is that it's new to the older generation, new to *their* society. In their times, liquor was forbidden. During Prohibition they bought bootlegged liquor just as we deal in pot. They knew it was wrong and it was bad for their physical being, but they "did their thing" and got it legalized. Well, now it's our turn. Smoke is our thing, and we're going to have it *and* get it legalized, in time. I sincerely hope you'll continue to print more on this subject as it is of growing interest to all the world.—*Name and address withheld*

M.S. (Don't keep off the grass) in your November issue sounds like a stupid bastard to me. He says he doesn't like heroin, but he uses it because he can't get marijuana. "As a result of the lack of grass I have turned into a heroin addict," he says. No one ever told him to turn himself into a heroin addict. And there are people who say marijuana doesn't lead to hard drugs? Nuts! His letter made me sick.—*J.D. (name withheld), Humble, Tex.*

Marijuana is probably one of the most controversial and emotionally distorted issues in our society today. ***Penthouse*** *does not shy away from controversy, indeed we welcome discussion of all topics that concern our readers in the Forum. We would like to remind you, however, that opinions expressed by readers are not necessarily those of* ***Penthouse*** *or the editorial staff.—Editor*

Zero government

In his excellent article *Zero Government: Anarchy on the Right* (November 1973) Samuel Blumenfeld has contributed a creditable addition to the growing literature documenting the dynamic libertarian movement in America. A minor flaw in the article, however, is the implicit assertion that libertarianism is a right-wing phenomenon.

In fact, libertarians reject the contemporary left-right political spectrum as philosophically meaningless. They present a consistent political philosophy that upholds the sovereignty of the individual in both the social and economic spheres.

It has been my experience that individuals who have come into the libertarian movement are about equally divided in terms of their political background. Libertarianism is every bit as much a movement of the "left" as it is of the "right."—*Edward H. Crane, III, Vice-Chairman, Libertarian Party of California, Los Angeles, Calif.*

You are to be congratulated for printing Samuel L. Blumenfeld's *Zero Government.*

While politicians and the media are asking, in the wake of Watergate, "Can trust in government be restored?" others are asking, "Why *should* trust in government be restored? It never deserved our trust in the first place."

Judging by the large number of non-voters in the last presidential election, a great many people have been asking the second question and Murray Rothbard is providing an answer. Thank you for giving libertarianism sympathetic exposure.—*R.K. (name withheld), Chagrin Falls, Ohio*

Be careful, or you will surely wrest the mantle of the intellectual vanguard from *Playboy*. Samuel Blumenfeld's article, *Zero Government,* is a fine survey of the true revolution, in the tradition of 18th-century America, gaining momentum in the world today. It will in time gain the same respectability now accorded the once-radical concepts of Karl Marx.

People must come to realize that earthly "gods," in the form of politicians, are neither necessary nor desirable. When this happens, the dinosaur that is the "state" will at last be extinct. —*C.E. (name withheld), Westlake Village, Calif.*

Your article on the libertarian movement was an excellent summary of the diverse groups and individuals advocating both civil and economic liberties. The article suffered from one telling omission, however. In reviewing prominent libertarian institutions, it neglected to mention the largest libertarian periodical—*Reason* magazine. *Reason* is now in its fifth year of continuous

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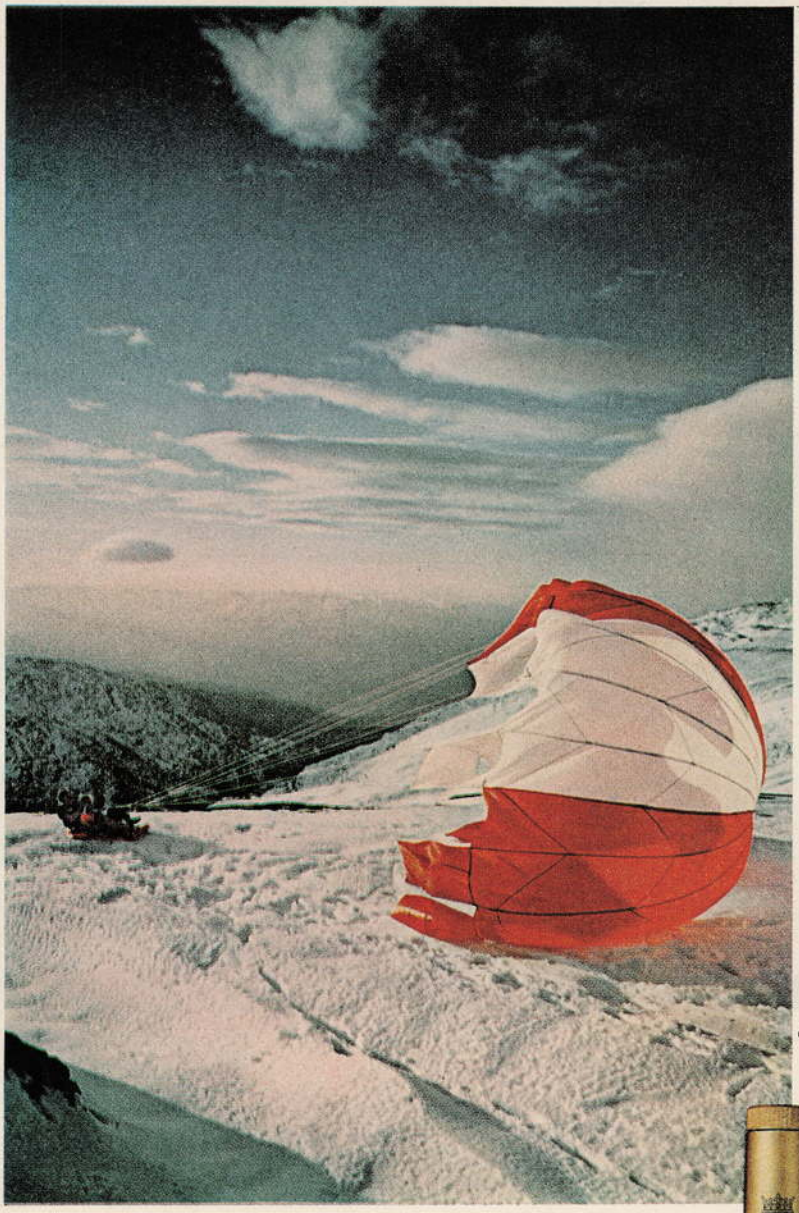
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



"Driving the Indy 500 blindfolded is the closest thing I can think of to para-tobogganing on windswept Mt. Vidrangane in Norway. With the chute full-blown in front of us...

"...Sue and I hit the curves like a roller coaster, miraculously avoiding rocks, crevices...and spills. Otherwise, you'd have seen the biggest snowball ever rolled.

"Later, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club at Fleischer's Hotel in Voss." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club—
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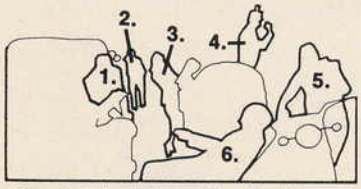
Canadian Club

Imported in bottle from Canada.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1973.

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

©1974 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



At the big neighborhood Garage Sale almost everyone has a gimmick. Pick the one who doesn't.

1. No. He's Vaughn Gudeel. Gimmick: Insists on "feeling the merchandise." Merchandise is about to teach him theory of acupuncture (it's alive). **2.** Nope. He's Ben Takin. Bought water bed—that later developed an oil slick. Gimmick: Menthol cigarettes so cold, it's like trying to set fire to an igloo. **3.** She's Vera Vane. Gimmick: With 20-400 vision, she "doesn't need" glasses. Thinks she's talking to old college beau. Smokes *Cabbage Leaf* cigarettes—preferred by two out of three inchworms. **4.** No. He's Frank Apraisel. Just bought "Man Packing Suitcase" painting. Later cleaned it and found it's really "Alligator Having Snack." Smokes cigarette with so many air vents it's like smoking a harmonica. **5.** Right. He knows a genuine article when he sees it. Wants no gimmicks in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **6.** He's Noah Bargane. Just broke a 130-year-old chair. Now owns $200 worth of genuine antique firewood.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

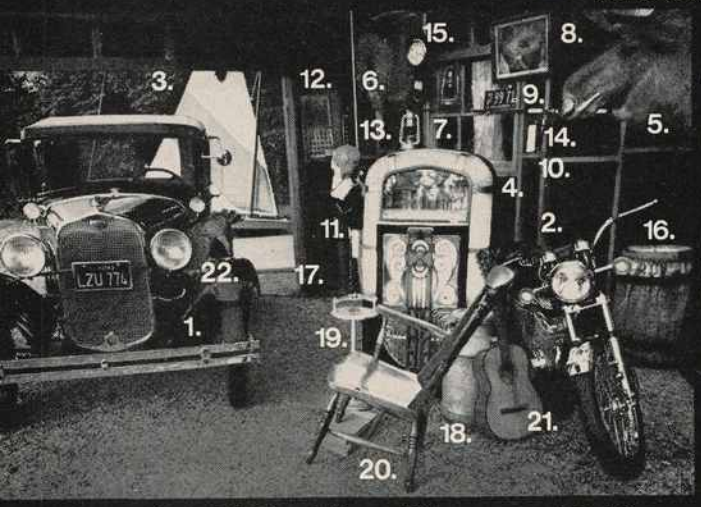
19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT.'73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Even if you can't spot the Camel Filters smoker,

you can win everything in this picture, or $10,000.

as listed in rules.



It's the wildest Sweepstakes ever. **The Grand Prize: 1.** A genuine 1930 FORD Model "A" Sports Coupe—fully restored to "mint" condition. A prize winner in automotive shows, this deluxe maroon-colored sports coupe comes ready for the road. **2.** Yamaha TX 500A Motorcycle. **3.** AMF Sunfish Sailboat. **4.** Rock-Ola Juke Box. **5.** Moose Head. **6.** Plastic Christmas Wreath. **7.** Two old Hurricane Lanterns. **8.** Painting. **9.** 1937 California License Plate. **10.** Indoor/Outdoor Thermometer. **11.** Tackling Dummy. **12.** Paper Wall Calendar. **13.** Yamaha Skis with Gertsch Bindings. **14.** Garcia Kingfisher Fishing Rod with Garcia Mitchell Reel. **15.** Regulator 8-Day Spring Clock. **16.** Two Wooden Barrels. **17.** Wavecrest 54" Water Bed Mattress. **18.** 10-Gallon Milk Can. **19.** Iron Floor Ashtray. **20.** Antique Wooden Chair. **21.** Aria 6-string Guitar. **22.** Live Raccoon. Winner takes all—or $10,000.

5 First Prizes: Yamaha TX 500A Motorcycle. **10 Second Prizes:** AMF Sunfish Sailboat. **1000 Third Prizes:** Carton of Camel Filter Cigarettes.

Camel Filters "Not-For-Everybody" Sweepstakes

OFFICIAL RULES: 1. On an official entry blank or a 3" by 5" piece of paper, hand print or type your name, address and zip code.
2. With each entry, send 2 empty CAMEL FILTER packages or the words, "CAMEL FILTER Cigarettes" printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Mail to: CAMEL FILTER Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8203, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Entries must be postmarked by June 3, 1974 and received by June 10, 1974.
3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final.
4. The Grand Prize consists of a genuine 1930 Ford Model "A" Sports Coupe, a Yamaha TX 500A motorcycle, an AMF Sunfish sailboat, a genuine Rock-Ola juke box, a stuffed moose head, a plastic Christmas wreath, two old hurricane lanterns, a 14" by 17" painting, a 1937 California license plate, an indoor/outdoor thermometer, a football tackling dummy with helmet, jersey and pants, a paper wall calendar, Yamaha skis with Gertsch bindings, a Garcia Kingfisher Medium Action fishing rod with a Garcia Mitchell Saltwater fishing reel, a Regulator 8-Day spring clock, two wooden barrels, a Wavecrest 54" water bed mattress, a 10-gallon milk can, an iron floor ashtray, an antique wooden chair (with arm broken), an Aria 6-string guitar and a live raccoon, or an alternate Grand Prize of $10,000. Five first prizes are Yamaha TX 500A motorcycles. Ten second prizes are AMF Sunfish sailboats. One thousand (1,000) third prizes are cartons of CAMEL FILTER cigarettes.
5. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash. No substitutes for prizes are offered. Only one prize to a family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All 1,016 prizes will be awarded.
6. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winners.
7. Open to residents of the Continental United States including Alaska and Hawaii. Entrants must be 21 years of age or older. Employees and their families of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and Spotts International are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Missouri, Washington, Georgia, and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. To obtain a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: CAMEL FILTER Winners, P.O. Box 8201, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182. Winners lists will be mailed before August 10, 1974.

Mail to: **Camel Filter Sweepstakes,** P.O. Box 8203, St. Paul, Minnesota, 55182.
Please enter me in the Camel Filter Sweepstakes. Enclosed are two empty Camel Filter packages or the words "CAMEL FILTER CIGARETTES" printed in block letters on a 3" by 5" piece of paper. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older. No Purchase Required.

mr.
mrs. _____ phone _____
miss

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

ENTRY BLANK All 1,016 prizes valued at $27,215 will be awarded.

K

monthly publication. It has been endorsed by such libertarian thinkers as Nathaniel Branden, Murray Rothbard, John Hospers, and Milton Friedman; and by such organizations as the Libertarian Party, Rampart College, and the Society for Individual Liberty. The *New York Times Magazine* called *Reason* "the most professional libertarian periodical." *Reason* features articles on current social and political issues, interviews with outspoken thinkers (Thomas Szasz, Paul Anderson, Edith Efron), and a variety of columns and special features.

Those interested in learning what libertarians —of all varieties—think about current issues may find it worthwhile to invest $9 in a one-year subscription to *Reason* (Box 6151, Santa Barbara, California 93111)—*Manuel S. Klausner, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Mr. Klausner is editor and publisher of Reason. *—Editor*

Thank you very much for Samuel Blumenfeld's flattering description of me in your November issue's article, *Zero Government*.

Unfortunately, through a misunderstanding or possibly a typographical error, the meaning of my basic position was somehow reversed. The article says, "If freedom is what a man really wants, he can have it provided he is willing to pay the price society extracts for it. That price includes paying income tax, performing military service, and in general obeying myriad irritating and inconvenient rules."

My position is just the opposite. There *is* a price for everything in life. And one of the prices of freedom is having to spend time and energy to *avoid* those governmental edicts that restrict your freedom. Obviously, freedom is incompatible with income tax and military service.

In fact, my book, *How I Found Freedom in an Unfree World,* was written to relate dozens of methods for circumventing government, social restrictions, and the normal problems of marriage, friendships, and business relationships —without sacrificing love, friends, civilization, or freedom. Again, I appreciate the coverage given to my views.—*Harry Browne, Vancouver, British Columbia*

I take issue with some of the things I read in your article on the libertarian anarchists.

First, as a charter subscriber to *The Ayn Rand Letter*, I know that she dubbed herself an "anti-Nixonite for Nixon" during the '72 campaign, but I saw no reference at all to John Hospers or the Libertarian Party, let alone the allegation that to vote for him was tantamount to helping McGovern. If anyone did, would he please lay the specifics on me?

Second, while part of her ethic is to "judge and expect to be judged," she considers reality the final court of appeal from any person's judgment—not her own perception of reality but reality itself. (She recognizes the primacy of *existence* rather than *consciousness*.) Should her labeling of anarcho-capitalists as "hippies of the right" and "anti-conceptual mentalities" prove ill-warranted, it would imply that she broke an objective moral code by being in such instances subjective herself.

Third, while mercy to criminals is not an objectivist virtue, I've seen no evidence that Miss Rand advocates revenge (glorified as "punishment"), which is quite different in motive from retaliatory, defensive force.

Now that I've listed these reservations, thanks for the article; I was glad to see it. Keep things like that coming: I also dig the pictures.—*Stephen Greenwell, Quonset Pt., R.I.*

I was delighted to read Mr. Blumenfeld's article. Although I do not consider myself an anarchist, I am interested in the concept and am gratified to see such ideas as laissez-faire capitalism presented in a mass circulation magazine such as *Penthouse*.

Having read Mr. Blumenfeld's book, *How to Start Your Own Private School—And Why You Need One*, I got the impression that he was a conservative libertarian, and am somewhat surprised to find him writing about anarcho-libertarianism. Not all of us libertarians are anarchists, you know. As a graduate student in political philosophy, I am teaching a weekly class on objectivism and libertarianism. In the context of my class, and to avoid confusion, I make the following distinction between the two. Objectivism is the all encompassing and fully-integrated philosophy—covering metaphysics (reality), epistemology (knowledge through reason), ethics (non-sacrificial), politics (individual rights), economics (free market capitalism), art (the concrete expression of philosophical values), literature (romantic and heroic), and psychology (biocentric).

I use the term libertarianism to refer only to the political and economic implications of the philosophy of objectivism. Thus, libertarianism is a political philosophy and does not necessarily have to be considered along with the wider philosophy of objectivism. In this context, I do not mean anarchy by the term "libertarianism," but rather the political philosophy of John Hospers, the Foundation for Economic Education, Ayn Rand, Jeffrey St. John, the late Ludwig von Mises, and the Libertarian Party.

Actually, whether or not libertarianism is considered anarchy is partly a semantic problem. It depends on what one means by "anarchy"—the absence of government. This, in turn depends on what one means by "government," since in one sense of the word all libertarians are anarchists because we do not believe that any institution has any moral authority to govern or rule a person's life or property. The term "government" is an unfortunate one when used in connection with libertarianism, because no true libertarian advocates that "government" should govern in the positive sense of initiating coercive action on its citizens. The proper function of the political state is not to govern (which would necessarily violate the right of the individual to govern himself), but rather to keep people from trying to govern each other through the use of coercion. Thus, many libertarians and individualists advocate the need for a political institution not as a *government*, but as an authorized protection agency of final resort consisting of police departments (protection against domestic crime), national defense (protection against external aggression), and a court system to adjudicate disputes. These functions are not aimed to govern, but to keep people from governing each other through coercion. A citizen would not be affected by these protective functions unless he commits a crime by initiating coercive force on the person or property of another. Until he does that, it is as if the government does not exist for him; he is completely free to deal with others on a voluntary basis, respecting their lives and properties.

By "coercion" I mean the violation of another person's will. To be coercive an act must 1) be imposed by other humans, 2) be a violation of the victim's will, and 3) be against the victim's will with respect to that which is his own (his own person or property). The term "coercion" has meaning in a social context. Freedom, in libertarianism, means each person can do with his own life and property anything he pleases without human interference. To violate the rights of an-

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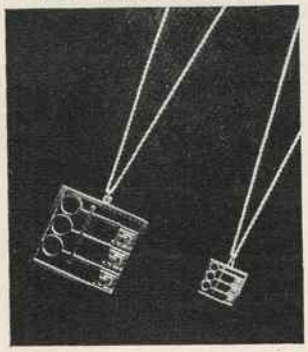

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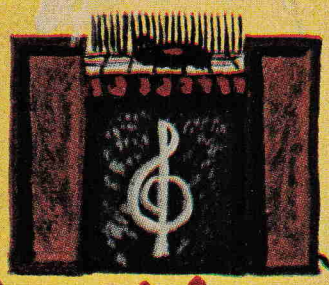

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ORIGINAL ARTISTS

TITLE	1956 ARTIST
1. Moonlight Gambler	Frankie Lane
2. I Walk the Line	Johnny Cash
3. Blue Suede Shoes	Elvis Presley
4. Tutti Frutti	Elvis Presley
5. Born to be With You	Cordettes
6. Go Away Little Girl	Steve Lawrence
7. I'm In Love Again	Fats Fomino
8. Blueberry Hill	Fats Domino
9. Blue Monday	Fats Domino
10. Just Walking in the Rain	Johnny Ray
11. Since I Met You, Baby	Ivory Joe Hunter
12. Long Tall Sally	Little Richard
13. Love is Strange	Mickey & Sylvia
14. Why Do Fools Fall in Love?	F. Lymon/Teenagers
15. Canadian Sunset	Andy Williams
16. The Fool	Sanford Clark

TITLE	1957 ARTIST
1. Diana	Paul Anka
2. That'll Be the Day	B. Holly/Crickets
3. Oh, Boy	B. Holly/Crickets
4. Come, Go With Me	Del-Vikings
5. Whispering Bells	Del-Vikings
6. Wonderful, Wonderful	Johnny Mathis
7. The Twelfth of Never	Johnny Mathis
8. School Day	Chuck Berry
9. Jamaica Farewell	Harry Belafonte
10. Banana Boat Song	Harry Belafonte
11. Bee-Bop Baby	Ricky Nelson
12. Stood Up	Ricky Nelson
13. Butterfly	Charlie Cracie
14. Party Doll	Buddy Knox
15. Kisses Sweeter than Wine	Jimmie Rodgers
16. Honey Comb	Jimmie Rodgers

TITLE	1958 ARTIST
1. Rave On	Buddy Holly
2. Maybe Baby	B. Holly/Crickets
3. Book of Love	Monotones
4. Happy, Happy Birthday, Baby	Tune Weavers
5. For Your Precious Love	Jerry Butler
6. Susie Darlin'	Robin Luke
7. Tears On My Pillow	Lil Anthony/Imperials
8. Summertime, Summertime	Jamies
9. Big Man	Four Preps
10. Whole Lotta Lovin'	Fats Domino
11. Sixteen Candles	Crests
12. Summertime Blues	Eddie Cochran
13. Johnny Be Goode	Chuck Berry
14. A Lover's Question	Clyde McPhater
15. To Know Him is to Love Him	Teddy Bears
16. Lonely Teardrops	Jackie Wilson

TITLE	1959 ARTIST
1. There Goes My Baby	Drifters
2. Lonely Boy	Paul Anka
3. Put Your Head on my Shoulder	Paul Anka
4. Teenager in Love	Dion
5. Come Softly To Me	Fleetwoods
6. Mr. Blue	Fleetwoods
7. The Big Hurt	Tony Fischer
8. Teen Angel	Mark Dinning
9. Broken Hearted Melody	Sarah Vaughn
10. We Got Love	Bobby Rydell
11. Tragedy	Thomas Wayne
12. M.T.A.	Kingston Trio
13. Here Comes Summer	Jerry Keller
14. Waterloo	Stonewall Jackson
15. It Doesn't Matter Anymore	B. Holly/Crickets
16. Heartbeat	B. Holly/Crickets

TITLE	1960 ARTIST
1. Blue Angel	Roy Orbison
2. Lonely Teenager	Dion/Belmonts
3. Where or When	Dion/Belmonts
4. This Magic Moment	Drifters
5. Harlem Nocturn	Viscounts
6. Puppy Love	Paul Anka
7. Georgia On My Mind	Ray Charles
8. Chain Gang	Sam Cooke
9. Walkin' to New Orleans	Fats Domino
10. Mule Skinner Blues	Fender Men
11. Tell Laura I Love Her	Ray Peterson
12. Wild One	Bobby Rydell
13. Calendar Girl	Neil Sedaka
14. Devil or Angel?	Bobby Vee
15. Rubber Ball	Bobby Vee
16. Mr. Custer	Larry Verne

TITLE	1961 ARTIST
1. Running Scared	Roy Orbison
2. Candy Man	Roy Orbison
3. Moody River	Pat Boone
4. Spanish Harlem	Ben E. King
5. Stand By Me	Ben E. King
6. Some Kind of Wonderful	Drifters
7. Twist	Chubby Checker
8. Cupid	Sam Cooke
9. The Mountain High	Dick & DeeDee
10. Tonight	Ferante & Teicher
11. Gypsy Woman	Impressions
12. This Time	Troy Shondell
13. I've Told Every Little Star	Linda Scott
14. A Hundred Pounds of Clay	Gene McDaniels
15. Moon River	Henny Mancini
16. Raindrops	Dee Clark

TITLE	1962 ARTIST
1. Only Love Can Break a Heart	Gene Pitney
2. If I Didn't Have a Dime	Gene Pitney
3. She Cried	Jay & the Americans
4. When My Little Girl is Smilin'	Drifters
5. Up on the Roof	Drifters
6. Twistin the Night Away	Sam Cook
7. Shout	Joey Dee
8. Sealed with a Kiss	Brian Hyland
9. Torture	Kris Jensen
10. Wolverton Mountain	Claude King
11. Love Letters	Kelty Lester
12. Let's Dance	Chris Montez
13. Lash	Roy Orbison
14. Any Day Now	Chuck Jachson
15. The Night has a Thousand Eyes	Bobby Vee
16. Sheila	Tommy Roe

TITLE	1963 ARTIST
1. Surfin' USA	Beach Boys
2. Hey, Baby	Bruce Channel
3. Let Your Music Play	Drifters
4. Ruby Baby	Dion
5. Donna the Prima Donna	Dion
6. Detroit City	Bobby Bare
7. Rhythm of the Rain	Cascades
8. Mean Women Blues	Roy Orbison
9. Twenty Four Hours from Tulsa	Gene Pitney
10. Man Who Shot Liberty Valance	Gene Pitney
11. More	Kai Winding
12. Silver Thread, Golden Needles	Springfields
13. Since I Fell For You	Lenny Welch
14. Puff the Magic Dragon	Peter, Paul, Mary
15. If I had a Hammer	Peter, Paul, Mary
16. Blowin in the Wind	Peter, Paul, Mary

TITLE	1964 ARTIST
1. California Sun	Rivieras
2. Fun, Fun, Fun	Beach Boys
3. Needles and Pina	Searchers
4. Come A Little Bit Closer	Jay/Americans
5. Oh, Pretty Woman	Roy Orbison
6. Dawn	Four Seasons
7. Glad All Over	Dave Clark 5
8. Do You Love Me	Dave Clark 5
9. She's About a Mover	Sir Douglas Quintet
10. Wishin and Hopin	Dusty Springfield
11. Suspicion	Terry Stafford
12. Memphis	Johnny Rivers
13. Don't Let Sun Catch You Crying	Gerry/Pacemakers
14. Under the Boardwalk	Drifters
15. I Believe	Bachelors
16. House of the Rising Sun	Animale

TITLE	1965 ARTIST
1. It Was a Very Good Year	Frank Sinatra
2. California Girls	Beach Boys
3. Do You Wanna Dance	Beach Boys
4. What the World Needs Now	Jackie DeShannon
5. Mrs. Brown-Lovely Daughter	Herman's Hermits
6. Baby the Rain Must Fall	Glen Yarborough
7. Five O'Clock World	Vogues
8. You Were On My Mind	We Five
9. Spanish Eyes	Al Martino
10. Down in the Boondocks	Billy Joe Royal
11. Game of Love	Wayne Fontanta
12. You've Got Troubles/I've Got	Fortunes
13. Keep on Dancin'	Gentrys
14. Ferry Across the Mersey	Gerry/Pacemakers
15. Cara Mia	Jay/Americans
16. Over and Over	Dave Clark 5

TITLE	1966 ARTIST
1. Hang on Sloopy	The McCoys
2. Soop John B	Beach Boys
3. Bang Bang	Cher
4. Red Rubber Ball	Cyrkle
5. Cherry, Cherry	Neil Diamond
6. I Fought the Law	Bobby Fuller 4
7. Love's Made a Fool of You	Bobby Fuller 4
8. Elusive Butterfly	Bob Lind
9. I Saw Her Again	Mamas & Papas
10. Woman	Peter & Gordon
11. Lady Godiva	Peter & Gordon
12. Where Were You, Needed You	Grass Roots
13. Georgie Girl	Seekers
14. I'll Never Find Another You	Seekers
15. A Place in the Sun	Stevie Wonder
16. Guantanamera	The Sandpipers

TITLE	1967 ARTIST
1. Baby I Need Your Lovin'	Johnny Rivers
2. A Whiter Shade of Pale	Procol Harum
3. San Francisco	Scott McKenzie
4. Brown Eyed Girl	Van Morrison
5. There's A Kind of Hush	Herman's Hermits
6. Judy in Disguise	John Fred/Playboy Band
7. To Love Somebody	Bee Gees
8. San Franciscan Nights	Animals
9. Kentucky Woman	Neil Diamond
10. Carrie-Anne	Hollies
11. I'll Never Fall in Love Again	Tom Jones
12. Jackson	N. Sinatra/L. Hazelwood
13. Different Drum	Stone Poneys
14. Silence is Golden	Tremeloe
15. Somebody to Love	Jefferson Airplane
16. White Rabbit	Jefferson Airplane

TITLE	1968 ARTIST
1. Young Girl	G. Puckett/Union Gap
2. This Magic Moment	Jay & Americans
3. Mac Arthur Park	Richard Harris
4. Abrahem, Martin & John	Dion
5. Words	Bee Gees
6. The Unicorn	Irish Rovers
7. The Look of Love	S. Mendes/Brazil '66
8. Tuesday Afternoon	Moody Blues
9. Hold Me Tight	Johnny Nash
10. Simon Says	1910 Fruitgum Co.
11. Ramblin', Gamblin' Man	Bob Seger System
12. Born to be Wild	Steppenwolf
13. Turn Around, Look at Me	Vogues
14. My Special Angel	Vogues
15. Master Jack	4 Jacks & a Jill
16. She's a Heartbreaker	Gene Pitney

TITLE	1969 ARTIST
1. Suspicious Minds	Elvis Presley
2. In the Ghetto	Elvis Presley
3. Everybody's Talkin'	Nilsson
4. Good Morning Starshine	Oliver
5. Jean	Oliver
6. The Boxer	Simon & Garfunkel
7. Games People Play	Joe South
8. Traces	Classics IV
9. Lodi	CCR
10. Suite: Judy Blue Eyes	Crosby/Stills/Nash
11. Sweet Caroline	Neil Diamond
12. Laughing	Guess Who
13. Ruby, Don't Take Love to Town	K. Rogers/1st Edition
14. Baby, It's You	Smith
15. Welcome Me Love	Brooklyn Bridge
16. One	Three Dog Night

TITLE	1970 ARTIST
1. Ride Captain Ride	Blue image
2. It Don't Matter to Me	Bread
3. Ticket to Ride	Carpenters
4. Make Me Smile	Chicago
5. Knock Three Times	Dawn
6. Your Song	Elton John
7. Reflections of My Love	Marmalade
8. Question	Moody Blues
9. Big Yellow Taxie	The Neighborhood
10. Mr. Bojangles	Nitty Gritty Dirt Band
11. Band of Gold	Freddi Payne
12. Black Magic Woman	Santana
13. Celebrate	Three Dog Night
14. Have You Ever Seen the Rain?	CCR
15. For the Good Times	Ray Price
16. Long, Long Time	Linda Ronstandt

TITLE	1971 ARTIST
1. American Pie (Full Version)	Don McLean
2. Superstar	Carpenters
3. Joy to the World	Three Dog Night
4. Colour My World	Chicago
5. Night Drove Old Dixie Down	Joan Baez
6. Stones	Neil Diamond
7. She's a Lady	Tom Jones
8. Me and Bobby McGee	Janis Joplin
9. Me, You, a Dog Named Boo	Lobo
10. Brand New Key	Melanie
11. Without You	Nilson
12. It's One of Those Nights	Partridge Family
13. Moon Shadow	Cat Stevens
14. Gypsies Tramps & Thieves	Cher
15. I Don't Know How to Love Him	Yvonne Elliman
16. Superstar (Jesus Christ)	M. Head/Trinidads

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other person would contradict the premise that justifies our own rights. Thus, each person is free to do what he pleases as long as he does not violate the rights of others. How can we define the rights of others in practice? The "machinery of freedom" (as David Friedman calls it) is private property, and the problem of differentiating between different persons' properties is of a technological nature. Most disputes involve blurred, ill-defined property lines. Once people agree on who owns what in a definite way, then they can recognize each other's rights, accept and respect those rights, and deal with each other on a voluntary basis through production, trade, persuasion, and acceptance of gifts, maintaining clear and definite titles to specific properties.—*Sam Wells, Jr., Baton Rouge, La.*

As an anarchist of the communist stripe, I am compelled to reply to Samuel Blumenfeld's article on the free-enterprise libertarians. Implicit in the article is an insinuation that the old-style anarchists of the Haymarket variety were crazed madmen primarily preoccupied with bombings and assassinations. Anyone who has read deeply into the great body of classical anarchist literature knows that this just isn't true. I consider myself part of a great and noble tradition: militant, yes; insane, never.

Blumenfeld adds that communalism is a contradiction of individualism. I cannot accept this. The individual flowers through and finds his highest purpose in the communal context. We cannot isolate individuals from society; society would not exist without individuals and, I suggest, the individual cannot exist apart from society. As to the property question, which Blumenfeld links with the individuality issue, I can only repeat Proudhon's famous maxim, "Property is theft." The very essence of private property is to rob some individuals and enrich others, necessitating a state to preserve this relationship. In a truly free society, property is shared equally.

But the most abhorrent confession made in Blumenfeld's study is that the "new" libertarian seeks private agencies to replace government programs. There is nothing libertarian in such a policy. The very idea of private military agencies is laughable to any real anarchist. Equally nonsensical are private police and private courts. What we wish to destroy is power, and each of these functions, military, police, and judicial, is based on the acquisition of power—the power of one individual to rule over another's life. The issue is not whether the man who cracks my skull is a private or a public policemen; it is whether *anyone* has the right to crack my skull in the first place.

It is particularly irksome to assign Murray Rothbard a position within the anarchist movement. Here is a man who as recently as two years ago called for the forcible suppression of the Attica prison uprising. Even the most dedicated Rothbardian has to admit that Murray is inconsistent in much of what he says. It really bothers me that so much is being said today about Murray Rothbard, whose covert authoritarianism does so much to discredit the anarchist movement, when there are so many really consistent anarchists on the current scene who deserve a little of the spotlight themselves. Frankly, I'm tired of telling people that I'm an anarchist only to hear, "Oh, like Murray Rothbard?" It's no wonder that anarchism is having a difficult time gaining headway among youth; there are too many Rothbards running around misrepresenting libertarian philosophy.

I hope you are aware that there are people calling themselves anarchists who do not share Mr. Blumenfeld's particular conception of this philosophy. I might add that an excellent anarchist journal *The Match!* is being published in Arizona in direct opposition to the Rothbardian school. Your readers might like to examine another point of view.—*Paul Roasberry, Director, Prisons Abolition League, Ft. Collins, Colo.*

The "anarchists" Mr. Blumenfeld writes about in your November issue are well-known in the actual anarchist movement, but as glorified conservatives rather than anarchists—and self-glorified at that, until *Penthouse* got into the act. True, Dr. Murray Rothbard can find no functions of government that might not better be performed by private agencies; traditionally, however, (and still) anarchists oppose the very functions themselves as unnecessary and harmful. Our goal is not to privatize these functions, but to abolish them altogether.

While the Rothbardians favor an alternative of "non-governmental" private courts, private jails, private police, etc., anarchists oppose the courts, jails, police, and all. These functionaries are part of the reason for wanting to get rid of the State in the first place. We don't just want to abolish the government, but what the government *does*; the State by any other name smells just as bad.—*I.R. Ybarra, for The Match!, Tucson, Ariz.*

It is regrettable that your writer Mr. Blumenfeld happened to seize upon Murray Rothbard and the Libertarian Party as exponents of the philosophy of anarchism. There is in fact a moderately large and growing anarchist movement both here in the United States and abroad, but its writers and activists adhere to a libertarian theory which is largely at odds with the kind described in Mr. Blumenfeld's article. We are "the old anarchists" whom he puts to rest (conveniently in the last century) with a naive sermon about bombings and assassinations and failure to understand economics. We expect that from anarchism's hostile detractors, but from people who have investigated it, let alone claimed to be its friends? Never! Our anarchism concerns itself with a radical transformation of the present society so that we need not merely convert to a private business system of armies or prisons, but actually abolish these or any such coercive government agencies.

Your writer cannot have read any of the better-known periodicals or books by and about contemporary anarchists, and the impression he passes along to readers is largely distorted as a result. Those interested in a truer picture of the mainstream viewpoints of anarchism would do well to read *Freedom*, the anarchist weekly newspaper from 84 B Whitechapel High St., London, England, or *The Match!*, a monthly journal of anarchism read throughout the U.S. (Box 3488, Tucson, Ariz. 85722.)—*F.W. (name and address withheld)*

Mr. Blumenfeld replies:

Harry Browne is correct. His position did come out somewhat reversed. What I meant to convey is exactly what he says in his letter: that part of the price of freedom is the time and energy spent in trying to avoid governmental restrictions on your freedom. However, if avoiding the draft or income tax lands you in jail, obviously you have not succeeded in increasing your freedom. There are, as Browne says, dozens of ways of circumventing restrictions of all kinds but there will be times when one will have to accept a lesser restriction in order to avoid a greater one.

I would like to reply to Mr. Greenwell by saying that Miss Rand's views on voting for Hospers were conveyed to me by libertarians who apparently heard her express such views. I had no reason to

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believe that they would misrepresent her on this issue. As for reality being the final court of appeal, I can only say that reality is perceived by each individual in his own way. That, too, is reality. Thus, all perception is basically subjective, no matter how "objective" one may be. We may all agree that fire burns and water is wet, but when it comes to defining such values as love, each individual finds that he must deal with that aspect of life according to his own nature. In fact, it is individual differences which make freedom imperative. If the purpose of achieving political freedom is to conform to some objectivist straitjacket, then I hardly see the point in exchanging one authority for another. Objectivism is the product of Miss Rand's perception of reality in the context of her own values. The fact that it is uniquely her own formulation should tell us something about the subjective nature of human perception. That I subscribe to her views in perhaps 80 percent of the cases does not minimize the importance of the 20 percent where we may differ. No one can accept the full philosophical formulation of another human being without accepting that philosophy as authority. We are either forced to accept authority or we take it on faith or out of intellectual laziness. A truly sovereign individual needs no one else's authority by which to live. He may seek the guidance and advice of others, particularly in his growing years, but in the end he must rely on his own judgment and answer to his own needs. I appreciate and respect Miss Rand's contribution to the realm of ideas, but her perceptions and her values are strictly her own.

I agree with Mr. Wells that much of the argument between libertarians and right-wing "anarchists" is semantic. It all depends on what you mean by the words anarchy and government. Mr. Wells writes: "The proper function of the political state is not to govern (which would necessarily violate the right of the individual to govern himself), but rather to keep people from trying to govern each other through the use of coercion." But in order to achieve this, government itself must be given some sort of coercive power. Mr. Wells calls that government an "authorized protection agency of final resort." The key word is "authorized." Who authorizes it? And once it is authorized, who can resist it?

I would also like to clear up another misunderstanding. Although I can write sympathetically about anarcho-libertarianism and argue in its favor, I do not consider myself by any means an anarchist. I live my own life within a very strict sense of order. Chaos is an absolute anathema to me. However, as I suggested in my article, a society based on private order would be far more orderly than our present government-based disorder. Is there not some way that a society completely based on voluntary association and cooperation can perform the functions of that "authorized protection agency of final resort"? If we observe natural order, we see that it is achieved within the most complex organisms without "coercion." It is achieved through cooperation. Voluntary cooperation, based on enlightened self-interest, is the real principle behind civilized order. But even among complex organisms we have cancerous growths, which may be the biological equivalent of government gone wild. Maybe government is the social disease we shall have to live with until men can finally rise above it.

Only some individuals flower or find their highest purpose in a communal context. Others prefer private relationships or family relationships. The point is that a libertarian society would permit individuals to live in any way that fulfilled them without depriving others of the same right. In a left-wing anarchist society only a communal system in which property is shared would be permitted. That

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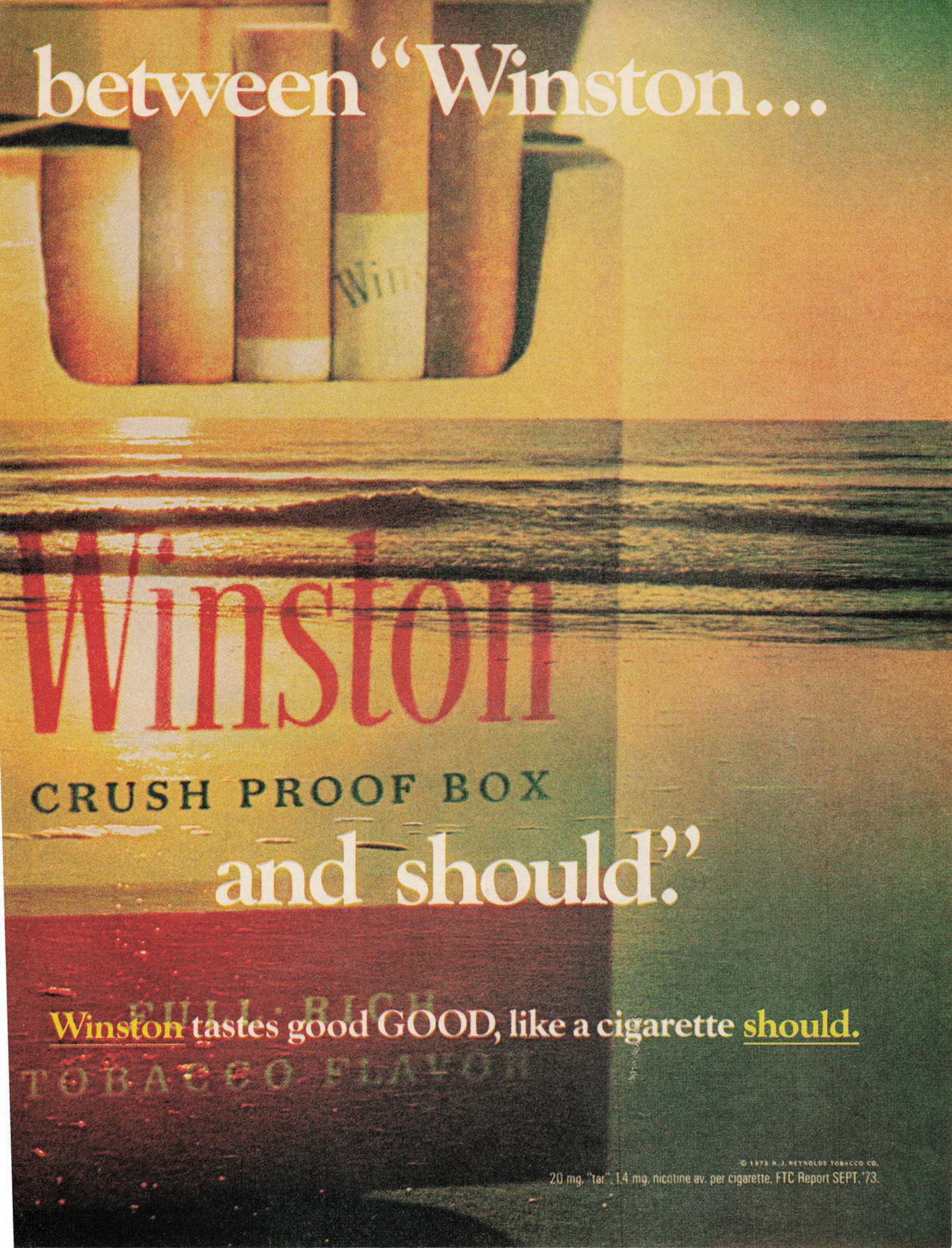
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in itself creates a basis for coercing those who don't want to live communally to do so.

Proudhon's maxim, "Property is theft," is an unfortunate oversimplification of a highly complex subject. If the very essence of private property, as Mr. Roasberry contends, is robbery, then there must have been an original legitimate owner from whom it was robbed. Obviously, Roasberry and the libertarians do not agree on what the word property means. It is difficult to argue productively when there is a basic disagreement on terms. The problem with left-wing anarchists is that they are satisfied to quote Proudhon's maxim without ever bothering to define the terms they are using. Which means that they are too intellectually lazy, too muddled, or perhaps too emotionally involved to want to sort things out.

I am impressed with the notion that Mr. Ybarra's anarchists don't just want to abolish the government, but what the government does. *Libertarians don't expect that private arbitration agencies and police would merely be replicas of our present government versions. As I pointed out in my article, a private police agency would be protection-oriented rather than retribution and punishment oriented. Hopefully, a voluntary society would minimize the need for protection. But is foolhardy to imagine that human criminality will disappear with the abolition of government and its functions. As I pointed out, however, ostracism would be a much better deterrant to crime than prison.*

Since it is obvious that the whole world is not going to go libertarian all at once, any initial libertarian society would have to be able to protect itself from outside invaders. Governments would see it as a threat and would want to destroy it. Also, in the transition from "governmentality" to voluntarism, libertarians will have to deal with the aggravated results of centuries of coercion-oriented life. The left-wing anarchists expect to go from one form of society to the other without a period of transition in which people adjust psychologically and emotionally. All one has to do is listen to a talk-show, and hear people call on government to solve all of their problems, to realize that libertarianism as a philosophy is in its infancy. Inasmuch as I do not see the possibility of a libertarian society coming into being in my lifetime, I am quite satisfied to discuss it as a theoretical position only. It seems to be that left-wing anarchists are philosophical masturbators who want to realize their fantasies whatever the cost in violence. I maintain that zero government, as a political idea, is still within the realm of science fiction.

Sex vs. metasex

I was delighted and surprised to read the article *The Eroticum: Sex Versus Metasex*, in *Penthouse* (November 1973) by Marco Vassi. I had never imagined that with training and an open mind man may learn to have, as Vassi calls it, "metasex." By the way, why does Mr. Vassi say Sex *versus* Metasex? Propagation really has nothing to do with intercourse for physical or spiritual desire. Dr. Alexis Comfort, in an article in the American *Center* magazine some months ago, offered the three ways of sexual intercourse that Mr. Vassi acknowledges. Around 1848, John Humphrey Noyes, in his Oneida colony, discovered that man and woman can lie together for at least an hour if the man controls his sperm flow. Learning to do so is not difficult, but Vassi's discipline is a bit harder to master. I hope Vassi is speaking truthfully: it seems a bit unfair, however, to have to accept that women may have numerous orgasms while men must rest for quite a while before having a second one. But if we come to know ourselves more maturely and more fully, the two parts of sex and "metasex," will gain a dignity they hardly now possess.

May I congratulate you, Bob Guccione, on your tasteful *Penthouse* magazine and your equally tasteful new *Viva* magazine. Men such as yourself will have much to do with bringing intimacy the dignity it has so long lacked and bringing intercourse close to the spirit, instead of being a mere "fuck."—*H.L. (name withheld), Trenton, N.J.*

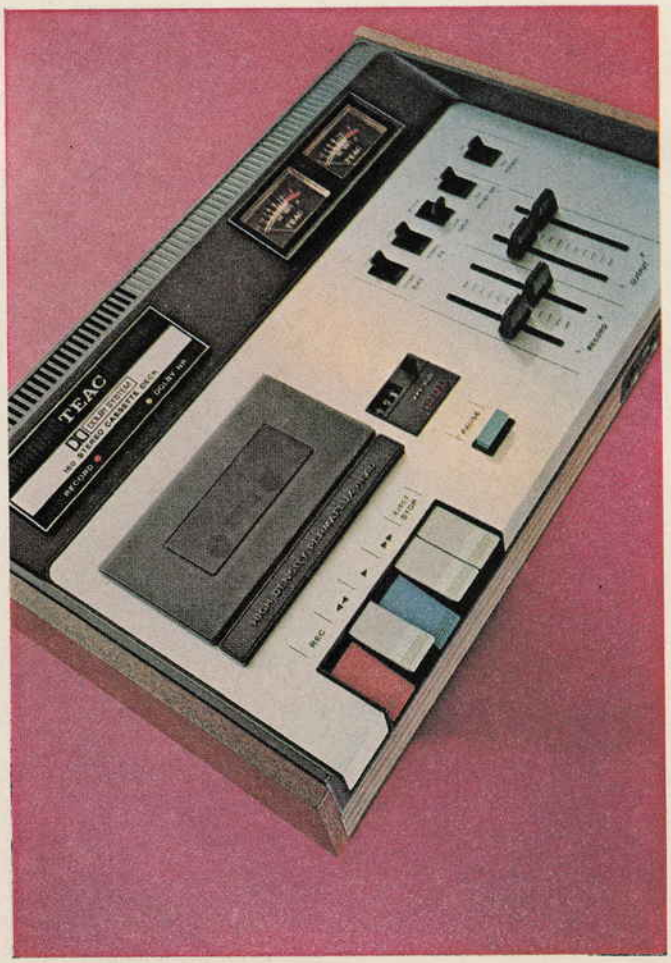
I would like to congratulate you on the November *Penthouse*, I think it's super! But I have a reservation about the article, *The Eroticum: Sex Versus Metasex* by Marco Vassi.

First, Vassi clearly separates the two categories by saying, "I arrived at an astonishing conclusion: that the old religious teaching that sex is only for making babies is absolutely correct. Sex, qua sex, is for the propagation of the species. Everything else we do that partakes of the forms of sexual behavior and feeling is actually metasex, a different matter altogether. . . .

"To create another human being is the highest act man is capable of."

Yes, man is capable of many things, even making mistakes. Mistakes in sex or even "metasex" become babies—wanted or not, they are there. Now, can you say that creating a baby that could become a nameless, unwanted child, is the highest act man is capable of? Maybe if people would use Vassi's definition of "metasex"—"There should be no exploitation, no lying, no damage," *if* they would live by this definition, maybe their lives, this country, and this beautiful world could become one!

This sweet mixture does not happen by accident, but is *created*. Dedicating himself to the metasexual ideal is the highest act man is capable of.—*M.E. (name withheld), Pearl City, Hawaii*



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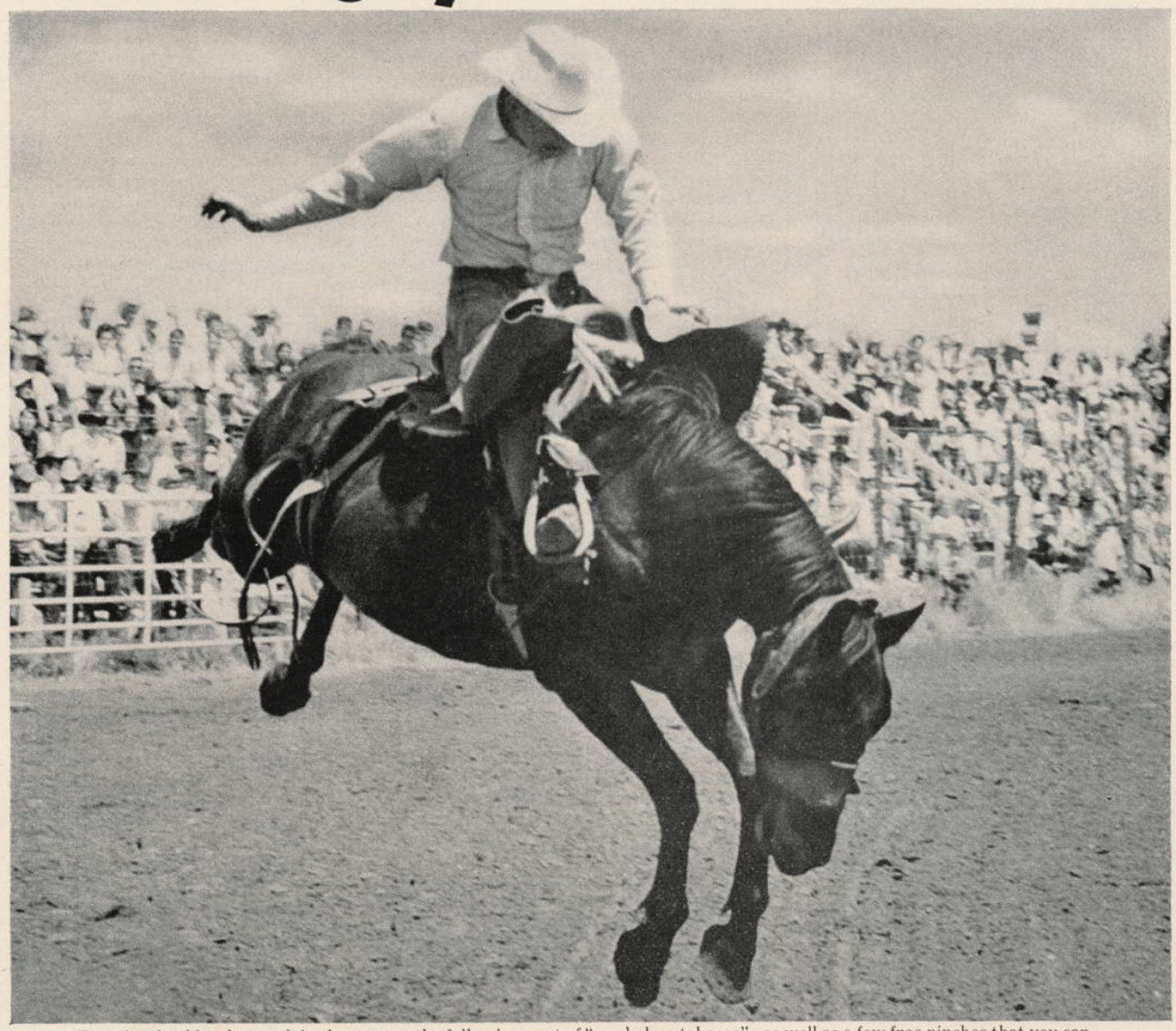

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Worldly girl

Cheers and raves for Carol Schwalberg and *The Whirl of the Worldly Girl* (November 1973). I can't really say if it's fiction, but it certainly got right to the point. She should gold-plate it and sent it to *Cosmo, Glamour, American Girl* etc., etc. I was disappointed when *The Worldly Girl* ended . . . but that's life. Also honorable mention for Marco Vassi's *The Kingdom of Come* (July 1973). Can't remember if that was classified "fiction" or not, but I can't help but think that it wasn't entirely his imagination. I believe that writers usually experience things that they write about—or come close to it. That story could have been experienced by a woman and told to Vassi. I mean, it was about things that it seems to me only a woman could experience. I've been abstaining for five months (a long time for a Scorpio) and am heavily into meditation, so the story really hit home. Your magazine is well done—I love it.—*Name withheld, Encinitas, Calif.*

Sound advisor hears things

In the July issue of *Penthouse*, the article *Stereo Sound*, by Robert Angus was not up-to-date audio advice, in my opinion. When I read *Sound Advice*, also by Robert Angus, in the November issue, my conscience forced me to voice my supposition.

Running down the list of brand-name recommendations, I seem to find a pattern of repetition. Is there a basic reason for this? I began to wonder! True, amplifiers have been nearly perfected at this day and age. Mr. Angus did not, however, seem to look at the prospects of continuing their up-to-spec performance after five to seven years of heavy use. Not all of your readers can come up with the bucks for an audio showcase every couple of years.

The worst insult to the inquiring stereo purchasers was not mentioning Tandberg or ESS. Why do Tandberg specs and performance match and surpass most in their prospective price ranges? It should be your encumbrance to report an item such as this to the general public.

Have you heard of the ESS Heil Air Motion Transformer? Nearly all of the technical audio magazines have for some time reported the AMT 1, and there is nothing but totally amazed applause. You cannot purchase, or hear, a better speaker system. It is comparable in price to the JBL 100's, but the AMT dominently outstrips the JBL's quality.

The AMT 1 performance can be placed in competition against any electrostatic system I have ever heard. Although electrostatics are highly priced and power hungry, until recently they provided the best reproduction of sound. The power capabilities are hard; you need a minimum of thirty watts RMS to power, but they can manage over three hundred watts RMS of pure undistorted power output. It is hard for me to accept that an article in such a widely read magazine would leave such an item unmentioned. This is one system in which you really do not have to be an expert to hear the difference. Please, for your own personal pleasure, find a dealer who stocks the AMT and go hear it. I really do think you will be as amazed as I was when you hear them.

Do you have a total infatuation with four-channel systems? They are far from taking over the market. You should also realize that price is a major factor in most people's decision in purchasing the equipment they want. Most people, like myself, like what they cannot get. I would like to make my system four-channel, but am unable. Others may feel the same. Many amplifiers are now rigged for four-channel, but what about the rest of the system? Do not by any means take this to be any kind of a reprimand from some irate reader. But do listen to the buzzing of little flies.

I am not, in any way, directly or indirectly, connected to the companies listed in this letter. I am an audio enthusiast!—*Thomas J.M. Media, New Haven, Conn.*

Robert Angus replies:

There are certain problems in preparing a feature on audio for a publication like **Penthouse.** *Not the least of these is the amount of room available to me to discuss audio—about fifteen pages each year, much less than the audiophile magazines have for the same task each month. Accordingly, it's simply not possible to discuss or even mention each new product, no matter how meritorious. While I readily concede that Tandberg makes a fine tape recorder, so do two dozen other manufacturers, many of whom have also been omitted from our coverage. Instead I must concentrate on those products I believe are likely to be of most interest to most of my readers.*

Although I've been involved in audio journalism for fifteen years, I have yet to discover any testing procedure that will show what five years of heavy use will do to any component—at least in any time short of five years.

To the best of my knowledge, there is no indication that the amplifier sections of receivers deteriorate any faster than separate amps and preamps; or that receiver turners need aligning any more often than separate tuners. **Penthouse***'s audio features, in any event, are not test reports. They are aimed at telling the reader what's new and what's interesting within the limits of the editorial space available.*

What's new and interesting to me is four-channel—and it seems to be interesting a growing number of consumers as well. At the moment, of every five component systems being sold, one is four-channel—and the percentage is climbing. It's perfectly true that four-fifths of component sales still are stereo—and there are some fine stereo components on the market. We try to cover them in some detail.

I have heard the ESS Heil AMT 1 not once but several times. It is not a speaker I would care to own, but that's a personal preference. Last year, some twenty-four manufacturers entered the speaker business, in addition to the large number already there. Each of those twenty-four has its admirers, not to mention those who love KLH, AR, JBL, Bose, Rectilinear, and a host of more familiar names. In addition to my personal preferences, there's the fact that the latter are generally more available to **Penthouse** *readers than the ESS.*

Fond of navel fondling

I was rather astonished to learn of the widespread lack of knowledge of the navel as an erogenous zone (View From the Top, November 1973).

These students are rediscovering something I knew about and enjoyed thirty-five years ago.

Let me illustrate the use of navel-eroticism as I used it in my youth. Nothing gave me greater joy then or now than to perform cunnilingus on a girl who really turned me on.

I was about twenty-one years old when I met a lovely, black-haired girl, with a body that had to be seen to be believed. It was evident from the beginning that she really loved sex. On our frequent dates, we did just about everything except for one thing. No matter how aroused she became, if I attempted to go down on her, she turned off but fast. She insisted it was "dirty" or "perverted" to use one's mouth on the genitals. When I persisted on later dates, she finally told me that if I couldn't be satisfied with fucking and occasional anal intercourse, she would stop seeing me. I was really hung up on this girl, so I promised to stop.

A few weeks after this we were on a weekend trip to a resort about one hundred miles from

home. After dinner and dancing on Saturday night, we went to our hotel room, ready for a long night of lovemaking. I proceeded in the usual manner of foreplay, tongue-kissing, breast fondling, and so on.

As I kissed her tummy, I came to her navel. I had done this many times before, but this time, instead of moving on to something else after a minute or so, I stayed there, gently probing with my tongue, and occasionally with my fingers, for about ten minutes or so. I felt her hand begin to stroke the back of my neck, harder and harder. At the same time, her tummy began to undulate, gently at first, then more rapidly. Suddenly, with a strangled scream, she grabbed my head with both hands, and pushed me lower. She was like a madwoman! She had an orgasm such as I had never seen. When I tried to come up for air, she grabbed me and kept me at it until she had at least four more orgasms, each one more violent than the previous one.

From then on, she was hooked! We went together for about a year after that, and most sexual activity had to be preceded by my "navel maneuvers," or no play.

One big bonus—she decided to try the same with me. Who said navel fondling was new? —*Name and address withheld*

Puzzling poster

I have just encountered the latest "Penthouse Poster of the Month" in the November issue of *Penthouse*. The spontaneous combustion I immediately experienced has burned itself out and I now find myself contemplating the memory of that picture with all the enthusiasm of one who has just been kicked very hard in the stomach.

I am not morally offended by such a photograph—indeed, it has its humor. But the humor is too expensive when the price paid is showing woman as merely a source of pleasure for man.

I like to think that your magazine is addressed to women as well as men who are trying to overcome their bondage to provincial sexual mores. (A woman who can communicate freely about sex is a woman liberated from sexual stereotypes, no?) By reinforcing the stereotype of woman's worth being directly proportionate to the amount of sensual pleasure she gives man, you are helping no one to overcome anything; this must be viewed as a serious disservice to your readers. —*P.H. (name withheld), Philadelphia, Pa.*

Cunnilingus, the sexual act satirized in the poster, has been neglected for centuries, conspicuous in its absence from the standard Western sexual repertoire. It is for many men an act in which their own physical satisfaction is often minimal compared to the gratification expressed by the assiduously "eaten" female.—Editor

Sweet tooth for chocolate bar

In your October issue, you ran Ray Bradbury's, *Have I Got a Chocolate Bar for You*. I was pleasantly stunned and shocked! That surely marked a new high in his writing skill. If there were any questions as to his ranking with the very best, this effort erased any doubts in my mind.

I sincerely hope your future issues will provide such total satisfaction. Thanks again.—*Donald K. Johnson, Downey, Calif.*

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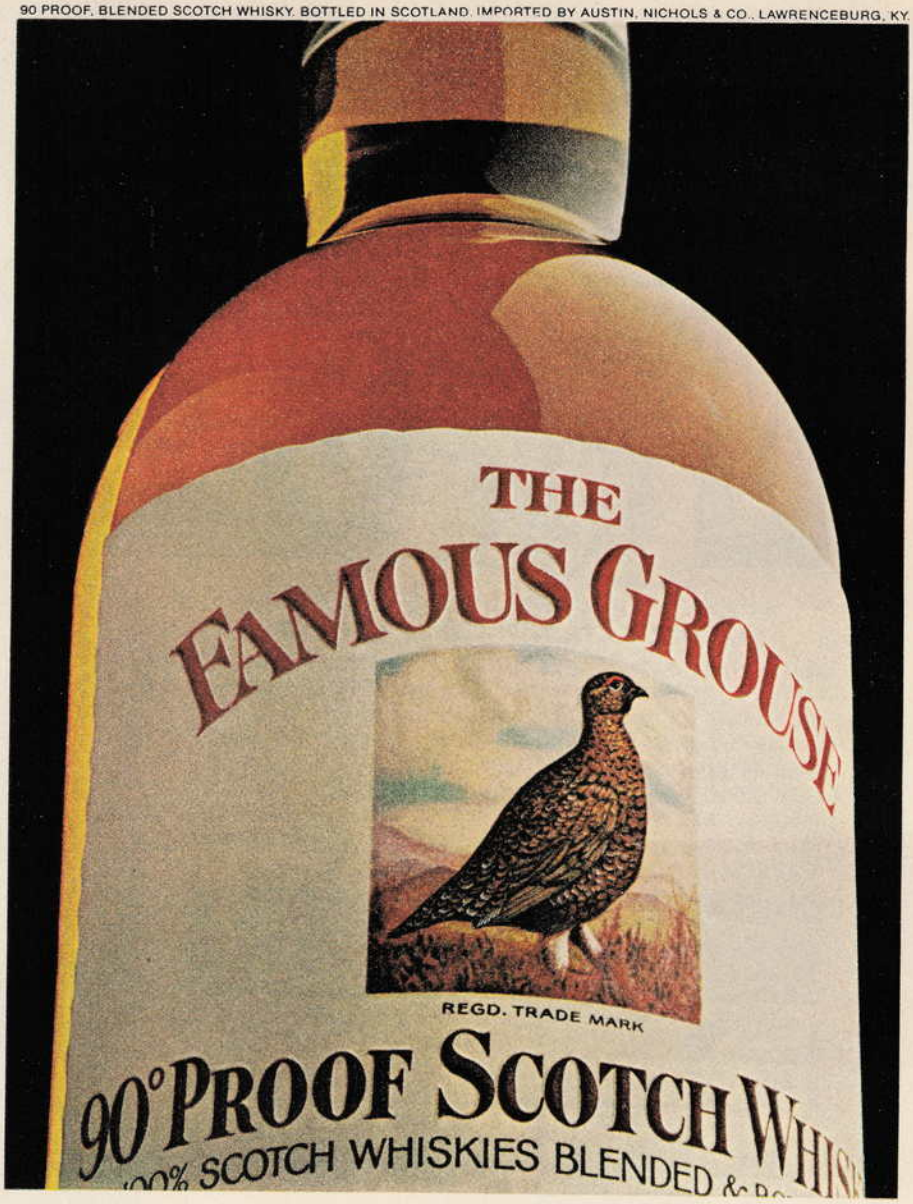

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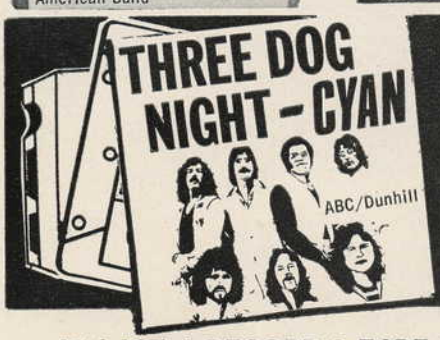

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SEXINDEX

puberty: First stage of adolescence during which secondary sexual characteristics begin to appear. Pubic hair is usually the first sign: in girls it starts growing at about eleven and is well developed by about fourteen; in boys it generally appears a year or two later. Armpit hair nearly always appears later than pubic hair. Girls develop tiny "breast-buds" between the age of nine and eleven, but breast growth proper, accompanied by a darkening of the nipples, does not usually begin until twelve and one-half. In boys, the testes begin a period of rapid growth at about age twelve, and the penis begins to develop at about thirteen. The age of puberty, however, is extremely variable and can occur in girls as late as sixteen or seventeen and in boys at nineteen or even twenty. It can also occur precociously, in both boys and girls, generally as a result of glandular disorders. One girl baby began having periods at the age of one year, and gave birth to a baby at six, and there are several cases on record of five- and six-year-old boys whose penises and testes were fully developed and who were capable of emission. Puberty is properly said to finish when reproductive maturity is reached—that is, with sperm production in boys and menstruation in girls. The later stages of sexual maturation are called adolescence.

pubic hair: Coarse curly hair which grows around the male and female genitals. It usually makes its first appearance at the age of eleven in girls, and twelve in boys. Length and texture of pubic hair vary from race to race and from individual to individual. A few freak cases are on record of pubic hair that was longer than the head hair, even reaching to the knees! Some men believe that luxuriant pubic hair is a sign of passion in women, though there is absolutely no evidence for this. Victorian sexologists claimed that if you masturbated your pubic hair would eventually become straight (of course, you would also go blind, deaf, mad, etc.). Attitudes to depilation have varied widely from culture to culture. High-born Greek and Roman ladies probably shaved, as do most Muslims today. An Egyptian insult is: "May my rival find his snare in her bushy pubic hair." Arab bathhouses have special attendants called *bellaneh* who offer a depilation service—accompanied by much titillating fingering, according to some accounts. The Victorians tended to regard pubic hair with mingled fascination and horror. All the artists of the period omitted it from their nudes, which is probably why Ruskin (*q.v.*) was able to remain ignorant of its existence until his wedding night. On the other hand, most Victorian pornographers dwelt lovingly on its details. "What a delightfully pouting little slit you have, Beatrice," remarks the heroine of *Lady Pokingham* to her girl friend. "We shall make a beautiful contrast, mine is a light blonde, and yours will be brunette. See, my little curly parsley bed is already half-an-inch long."

pyromania: An erotic obsession with fire. Many cases of apparently motiveless arson may be the action of pyromaniacs. Dr. Eustace Chesser, in *The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation*, cites the case of a thirty-one-year-old married woman who set fire to her brother's bed when he came to stay with her. She had had a sexual experience with her brother in childhood and the memory had obsessed her throughout her own (frigid) adulthood and gradually developed into a compulsion to set fire to his bed. Pyromania often accompanies other, more glaring sexual abberations. The Düsseldorf "werewolf," Peter Kurten, who killed at least ten people and tried to strangle twenty-three others, also committed twenty-two acts of arson between 1904 and 1929. At his murder trial in 1931 he confessed that all his crimes gave him sexual satisfaction: "I committed my acts of arson for the same reasons, my sadistic propensity. I got pleasure from the glow of the fire, the cries for help. It gave me so much pleasure that I got sexual satisfaction in these cases."

Rabelais, François (1494?–1553): French satirist. Little is known of his life except that he was first a Franciscan monk, then a Benedictine, and later studied medicine. His books were condemned by the Sorbonne but Rabelais himself escaped serious punishment—probably thanks to his patrons who included King Francis I. The work for which he is best known is the five-volume series of *The Great and Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1532–48). Written in a richly idiosyncratic style, it tells of the adventures of the giant Gargantua, his son Pantagruel, and Pantagruel's friend Panurge. Many of the stories are sexual or scatological in tone, which is why "Rabelaisian" has become a synonym for bawdy humor. The story of "How Panurge served a Parisian lady a trick that pleased her not very well" gives the flavor: Panurge—boastful, cunning, and equipped with an enormous codpiece—struts up to a highborn Parisian lady and informs her, "Madam, it would be a very great benefit to the commonwealth, delightful to you, honorable to your progeny, and necessary for me, that I covet you for the propagating of my race." She tells him "be gone," but he persists, begging her for "but one merry bout together, at the brangle-buttock game." Then he deluges her with compliments—"O heavenly gods and goddesses! How happy shall that man be to whom you will grant the favor to embrace her, to kiss her, and to rub his bacon with hers!" At this point, she threatens to call the neighbors, and Panurge runs away. The next day he sees her in church and says, "Madam, know that I am so amorous of you,

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

that I can neither piss nor dung for love." Not surprisingly, she spurns him again and so Panurge sets about planning his revenge. He finds a bitch in heat and kills it, taking the reproductive parts and chopping them into powder. Then he goes to the church where the lady is worshiping and surreptitiously sprinkles the powder on her clothes. Immediately all the neighborhood dogs come running to her, attracted by the smell: "Both small and great, big and little, all came, laying out their member, smelling to her, and pissing everywhere upon her, it was the greatest villainy in the world." Before she can get back to her house she has attracted a procession of 600,014 dogs and Panurge runs off, delighted with his revenge. Though many critics have attacked Rabelais for his coarseness, he provides his own justification in an introductory poem: "One inch of joy surmounts of grief a span;/Because to laugh is proper to the man."

rakes: Aristocratic young men of the 17th and 18th centuries who prided themselves on their adventures, amorous and otherwise. They formed clubs, such as the Mohawks, who ran around London slitting the ears of unfortunate passersby, and the Dancing Club, whose aim was "to put their arses, by one sort of dancing, in tune for another." Then there was the Wig Club, whose proud mascot was a wig made from the pubic hair of King Charles II's mistresses. Members had to obtain a contribution from their own lady friends, and in return they were allowed to kiss the wig and wear it for a while. Later on, their imitators tried to start a similar wig club based on George IV's mistresses, but all they collected was a few wisps in a snuffbox labeled "Hair from the Mons Veneris of a Royal Courtesan of George IV." A Scottish club, called the Beggar's Benison and founded in 1732, specialized in communal masturbation and had some lovingly wrought regalia, including a seven-inch hollow metal phallus, and a seal inscribed with a vulva and the motto "Sight improves delight." The most famous of the rakes' clubs was Sir Francis Dashwood's (*q.v.*) Hellfire Club at Medmenham, but there were several other hellfire clubs around. One in Ireland was created

by the Earl of Rosse, a particularly eccentric rake. One day he greeted a doctor who came to call on him by leaping into the room stark naked, and then running to the front door and gibbering at the passersby in the street. The most outrageous rake, however, was probably Lord Castlehaven, who in 1631 was tried for "Abetting a Rape upon his Countess, Committing Sodomy with his Servants, and Commanding and Countenancing the Debauching of his Daughter." The daughter testified that Castlehaven had made her sleep with a servant called Skipwith: "He used Oyl to enter my body first, for I was then but Twelve Years of Age." The wife testified that she had also been forced to sleep with Skipwith, and that her husband "took delight in calling up his servants to show their Nudities, and forc'd me to look upon them and to commend those that had the longest." The servants confirmed this story and added that Castlehaven "kept a Woman in his house called Blandina, who was a Common Whore to his Lordship and his Servants. His House was a Common Brothel-House, and the Earl himself took delight not only in being an Actor, but a Spectator while other Men did it. Blandina was once abused by himself and his servants for the space of seven Hours together, until she got the French Pox." Castlehaven was duly found guilty and decapitated.

rape: Forcible carnal knowledge of a woman without her consent. Carnal knowledge does not necessarily mean full intercourse, and there have been some rape convictions where the victim has remained *virgo intacta* or where the man has been proven impotent. Nor does the force used have to be purely physical. In fact, it is almost impossible to rape a reasonably healthy young woman by force alone, since the muscles which hold the legs together are among the strongest in the body. Usually the rapist relies on the element of surprise, or on semi-strangulation, or, most often, on threatening the victim with a gun or knife. Victorian ladies were always accusing men of "waving a chloroformed handkerchief" before their noses and then raping them, but modern forensic experts agree that no amount of handkerchief-waving would induce unconsciousness and it would probably be as difficult to chloroform a woman against her will as it would be to rape her. Rape, of course, is the crime that elicits more false accusations than any other, and it is also the most difficult crime to prove. Many girls agree to sleep with a man and then cry rape afterwards. On the other hand, some women who have been genuinely raped refuse to bring a charge because it entails extreme personal embarrassment. Though the victim's morality is not supposed to be taken into account, recent research shows that men who rape divorcées or "loose women" are treated far more leniently by American courts than men who rape virgins. The reluctance of victims to come forward obviously helps the rapist. One nineteen-year-old in Chicago was able to claim seventy victims before he was finally arrested. Another rapist in Peoria provides an even more vivid illustration. The police found a murdered woman, Mildred Hallmark, who obviously died as a result of rape. They suspected that the killer might previously have raped other women, so they appealed for rape victims to come forward with the promise that their names would be kept secret. The result was staggering. More than fifty women responded, all telling the same tale of having been attacked in the back of a car, knocked unconscious, and then raped. Not one of them had previously complained to the police. The rapist's method was simple: he took photographs of his victims as he was raping them and then threatened to show these photos to their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

WHAT TURNS YOU ON?

The suspicion, in fact the accusation, is growing around the sophisticated world that man is enjoying only a tiny percentage of the sexual pleasures open to him. • No other animal would put up with it! • The genial and giant genital called the brain has never been fully unleashed. A research project has already demonstrated that sexual pleasures proliferate when partners renounce shame and openly proclaim and coordinate their own unique sexual dreams, desires, imaginings—let's call them fantasies. • If you've followed the concept to here, you're part of The Project already. The thundering crunches which have now been heard 'round the world are the ice-jams of sexual rigidity beginning to crack. Penthouse has been a warming Gulf Stream in this process since its opening issue. Now it's time to apply the blowtorch. • This is one investigation (some call it the most important liberation movement ever mounted) where everybody's testimony is coequally important. The Project, whether you are prude or panderer, doer or dreamer, in puberty or reminiscence, needs your help. • Tell us please, anonymously but authentically, what your fantasies are. What do you really want to do or have done to you in sexual exchange? (If you think this is a stupid question, then thanks just the same but you are no longer part of The Project.) If you are an enthusiastic self-congratulating "normal," we add our own congratulations and best wishes, but you're not the ones we're looking for to melt the ice. • Do you have your own private sex fantasy that up to now has oppressed or exalted you? Better yet, is it something you've kept from even your most intimate lover? Best of all, is it so cockeyed, private, and far out that you're still not sure said research project would even be interested? If so, yours is precisely the testimony we need. • Do you fancy your mate somehow "guilty" and in need of "punishment" complete with "witnesses" to insure "humiliation?" Does your psyche squeal with higher delight at the thought of your own mortification? Does your sexual feast truly invite only when you are frolicking with your mate illicitly in a boxcar of kidney beans freshly plucked by 14-year-old Mexican virgins? Is the hair, the nostril, or the kneecap of your mate more compelling than the penis and vagina of song, legend, and conventionality? Do you want to bite, tickle, or decorate an ear, foot, navel, or clavicle, not as supportive carnival but as utterly central to your core desire? • Some of us do, too, and we need each other. • And the "normals" have a much heavier stake in understanding us, the unique fantasists, than they have in understanding the homosexual, transvestite, or any other already recognized subsexuality. With these, most normals can only exercise the virtues of tolerance and curiosity. With us, through techniques of fantasy elicitation and accommodation, they can rocket upward to sexual melodies and majesties of uncalibrated megatonnage. • Please detail your fantasy legibly and concisely for this deeply serious and long overdue research project and mail it with or without your name to The Project, P.O. Box 3230, New York, New York, 10001.

Salem refreshes naturally.

- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.

King or Super King

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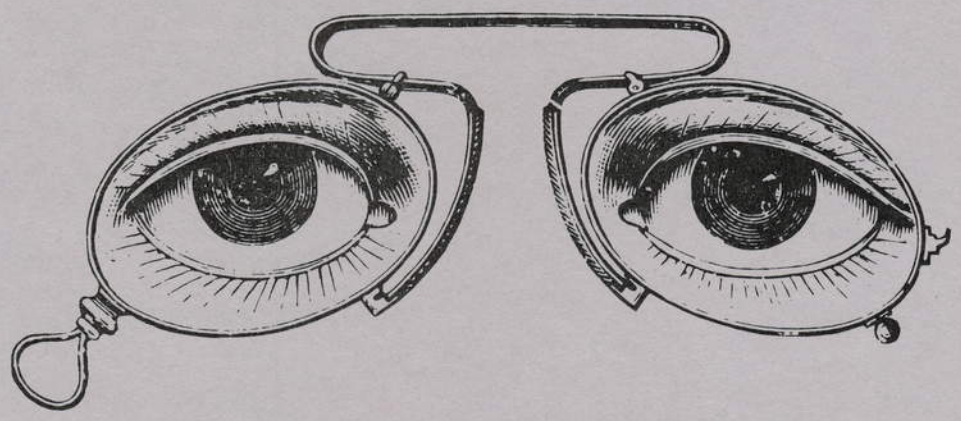
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



BLIND JUSTICE

So you want to be a censor when you grow up! Well hold off a minute, kid. I know what you're thinking. You'll get to see a lot of "dirty" movies and read a lot of "smutty" books. That's true. But you'll find that it's a lousy, thankless job. It leads nowhere. And the pay stinks.

Mere titillation is meager compensation. Even when added to the satisfaction of saving others from the effects thereof.

Besides, how do you know you've got the qualifications? Nobody knows what they are. How do you prepare for the job? There are no courses available, either in the vocational schools or the colleges. And there are no textbooks on how to be a censor. I once thought of writing one, but I realized it would never get past the censors, so I gave it up.

You see, kid, when it comes to censoring, it's really *who* you know more than *what*. Because censors are appointed. And those who appoint them don't have any better credentials than the people they appoint. All they really have are their "basic feelings" (otherwise known as prejudices) regarding what is prurient or indecent. The rule of thumb is: prurient is whatever feels good; indecent is doing it or showing it being done. Back in the good old days of the Puritans, that even applied to dancing, kite-flying, and wife-beating.

All right, so you're not interested in my advice and you still want to be a censor. And you want to know how one goes about getting chosen. Well, maybe you'll find the story of Clarkstown, New York, instructive if not inspirational.

Clarkstown is a bit northwest of New York City proper. Only it's probably a little more proper. The township includes such hamlets as Nanuet, New City, West Nyack, Congers, and Upper Nyack. Last fall, following the Supreme Court decision that left the definition of obscenity up to the local communities, the five-member town board decided that Clarkstown should be the first place in the nation to determine officially what its standards were, if any.

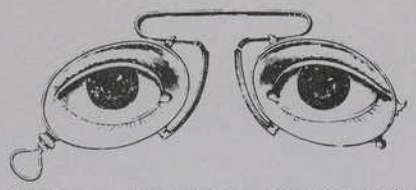
Now, if it had been a question of building and construction standards, the job would have been pretty simple. They'd just hire some expert consultants—architects, engineers, and the like. A report would be turned in and eventually voted up or down. And that would be that. But finding experts on obscenity among "decent" people is a somewhat stickier wicket. We know that anyone who has been exposed to dirty stuff for any length of time is bound to have been hopelessly corrupted by it. And anyone who has not can't claim to know much about it. The town board knew it had to find some ingenious way around the dilemma.

They decided to establish a nine-member "obscenity committee." It would be empowered to screen films, cabaret acts, and printed matter. And it would also be empowered to conduct a survey among adult residents of the community to determine whether the people wanted a committee to be doing that job for them. Each town-board member appointed one member to the committee, and the other four were chosen from among a surprisingly large number of volunteers. Each volunteer was from a different township, to assure good geographical balance. The committee then elected a chairman. Of course, the chairman would have to be the one most qualified among them to head up this great endeavor. And that turned out to be Marty Snyder.

You don't remember Marty Snyder? Too young, I guess. Mr. Snyder gained national recognition back in the World War II days as General Eisenhower's mess sergeant. On the strength of the popularity achieved in that post, he later opened a restaurant. And on the strength of that experience as a businessman, Snyder was made a member of the advisory board of the Small Business Administration when Ike entered the White House.

Snyder had also been active politically. During Eisenhower's presidential campaign—and later during Mr. Nixon's campaigns—he made a practice of calling the local phone-in radio shows to act as a one-man truth squad, using the nickname he claimed was given him by the radio station: Mr. Truth.

"They chose me to head the committee," Snyder told us, "because of my organizational ability." And he says the first thing he organized was a postcard poll—he mailed out



20,000 questionnaires to taxpayers and registered voters—to determine whether the community really wanted an obscenity committee. "For all I know," he added, "they might very well vote us out of business."

Among the responses was a lawsuit filed by six local families in Federal District Court in New York City, challenging the committee's authority and aimed at putting it out of business. One of the plaintiffs, Stanford A. Chalson, suggested "the committee itself is an obscenity."

Mr. Truth detected some bias on the part of his challengers. They were, he said, a bunch of "jerk-knee [sic] liberals." Their attorney, moreover, was a "publicity-seeking civil-libertarian lawyer" whose counter-questionnaire he had filed "right in the garbage."

Even one of the volunteers, a woman, turned out to be a ringer. Mrs. Jean K. Bauman, he revealed, "has already declared openly that she is a member of the American Civil Liberties Union and is opposed to closing down X-rated films!"

"How could she serve on the committee," he asked, "if she's not open-minded?"

Mr. Truth, of course, admits to no countervailing bias of his own. He agreed with a judge who had recently ordered the film *The Devil in Miss Jones* removed from local screens, because it was "strictly a commercial operation" (unlike his restaurant).

People were so disgusted by the movie that they had come from as far away as Connecticut and New Jersey, and paid double the usual admission price to see it. Synder left little doubt in our minds how he would vote when such a movie came before his committee for approval.

Obviously disturbed by the filing of the lawsuit against his committee, he told us, "First these people argued on the basis of the First Amendment. But the Court ruled obscenity is not protected by that. Now they're using the Fourteenth Amendment. Next I guess they'll try the Fifth."

Mrs. Bauman told us he was wrong on all three counts. She referred us to Article I, Section 8 of the New York State Constitution, which says in part, "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects . . . and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

Mrs. Bauman, who began her "admitted" A.C.L.U. activity twenty years ago with a paper condemning McCarthyism, said she had never actually seen an X-rated film. Not that she wouldn't like to, but a bad back made it hard to travel. She just felt that those who could, and wanted to, should not be prevented from seeing them just because someone else didn't like them.

As to Marty Snyder's qualifications to screen films for his community, there's one other problem. Nothing he should have to answer for, but it might serve as some indication of the kind of thinking that motivates the appointers of our would-be censors. Mr. Snyder has been blind for four years. He has to depend on what other board members tell him is going on up there on the screen. Then he'll vote based on how he feels about it.

"Pornography," he told us, "isn't a case of seeing. It's a case of feeling."

Sure. But it's stretching things a bit, I'd say, to have those who do his seeing for him also do our feeling for us.—*Fred Darwin*

HAPPENINGS

THE STRIPPER

Stripper II is her name, and she is decked out in red and blue and cream. She lies there on the floor, and she starts to hum as she moves her parts, her lips hungry, her mouth agape. . . .

Actually, Stripper II has *two* mouths, circular and made of beige rubber. Their harsh suction has meant humiliation for hundreds of authors in the past two years. For Stripper II is a robot employed by the United States publishing industry to destroy huge quantities of books in a campaign against book counterfeiters and against the industry's own overproductiveness.

Why has the world's richest country spawned sixty Stripper II's since early 1971? And why have they been used to mangle more than 20 million perfectly good paperback books that happened to be unsold? After all, the sick, the poor, the old might have gotten some pleasure from reading those books, and their authors might have liked to *give* them away, rather than have them destroyed.

But instead, the Strippers used their suction-mouths to strip off the front covers of all the books—hence the name—and carefully cut in half the first thirty-five pages of each one, leaving it unfit for reading. They turned that huge horde of books—which might have remained trees, which might have become food for men's minds—into what amounts to a pile of kitty-litter.

To understand the need for Stripper II you can turn to the man who loves her best—her chief designer, a bearded inventor named Vincent Vulcano, who runs the Brooklyn plant where the Strippers are made. You might think Vulcano is a cold-hearted, dollars-and-cents man, but in reality he has the soul of, well, a lover. Asked about his brainchild, he says, "I fell in love with the damned thing. It has a female temperament. Sometimes it runs fine for thousands of hours, and sometimes it gets dopey and causes you a little heartache."

To be perfectly frank, the Strippers don't merit all that affection on the strength of their looks. They are squarish, Xerox-like machines, forty inches high, fifty-three inches long, and thirty inches wide. Their operators feed them the books via a metal chute, and the Strippers can take on as many as three thousand an hour. Besides stripping and tearing, the machines also count the covers, stamp them with the code number of the middleman who couldn't sell them, and then spit out the remains.

Although the outsider may view this process as wasteful and destructive, Mr. Vulcano sees it as a respectable aspect of free-enterprise capitalism. He is a book lover himself, and when you ask whether he has any second thoughts about the Stripper syndrome, he says, "I can only think of it because I'm an American, and I know the American way of doing business. You have to create volume and diminish costs, that's why the problem exists."

The "problem" is the fact that the American book-publishing industry produces far more books than the country can properly absorb. For one thing, writers *write* too many new books; 14,000 came out in the first half of 1973, compared with 12,000 for the same period of 1972; and 27,000 came out during all of 1972, five percent more than in 1971. Even the publishers can't read all those books—Oscar Dystel, the president of Bantam Books, a big paperback firm, said in a speech not long ago, "Frankly, the deluge is appalling."

But beyond the number of new books, or "titles" as the publishers call them, lies phenomenal overproduction of copies of those books, notably by the paperback firms. The paperback executives say their publishing houses—there are more than a dozen big ones—turn out over a million copies a *day*.

This is far too many and the industry figures prove it: paperback executives say an average of 34 percent of the books they distribute are eventually returned, unsold.

Why this wasteful system? It is not exactly because volume diminishes unit costs, as Mr. Vulcano says. After all, if you have to destroy much of your production, your original volume is meaningless. Actually, it is largely because paperback distribution is a highly imprecise science. The publishing houses don't know in advance how many copies of a book will be sold, and many of them often err spectacularly on the side of overestimating what the market will bear.

And then, in due course, the unsold copies are returned by the retailer for a refund. But to reduce shipping costs, the retailer often re-

turns just the cover of the book, which is why the Stripper strips it off.

The publishing business is not as genteel as people think, and the sad fact is that crookedness has crept into this complicated system in various ways. Unscrupulous dealers have been known to resell books whose covers have been sent back for the refund. And counterfeit covers have cropped up among what the industry primly calls "the returns."

Enter Stripper II, therefore, with a blare of trumpets provided by the publishers' association. (There was a Stripper I, also turned out by Mr. Vulcano, but she was less sophisticated.) Some publishers helped to defray Stripper II's development costs, and their association provided the fanfare with a communiqué that claimed she was the best thing for "mutilating the body" since napalm. Addressed mainly to paperback wholesalers, it said: "Innovated by a consortium of sixteen major paperback publishers as a means of reducing wholesalers' costs and eliminating counterfeit cover traffic and secondary markets for stripped books, Stripper II . . . mechanically and at high speed removes, retains, and counts paperback covers, simultaneously mutilating the body of the book as well as indelibly embossing your unique identification code upon the back of each cover. All of these functions are integral to the machine and cannot be bypassed.

"Stripper II saves you money because it requires only one operator with no special skill or training. No more manual cover stripping!

"Stripper II saves your exclusive market by eliminating traffic in stripped books via illegal secondhand dealers by destroying the body of the book while still in the machine.

"Stripper II solves cover counterfeiting problems and offers you total return security because your unique code is automatically and indelibly embossed upon the back of every cover the machine strips.

"Stripper II is the most economical solution to your backroom operation."

And indeed, the firm Mr. Vulcano heads, Compu-Sort Systems, Inc., leases Strippers to some wholesalers for as little as $150 a month, which is much less than it generally costs a writer to support himself while he is writing a book.

So perhaps one day the publishing industry will mechanize its operations further by introducing a machine to write the books that are to be destroyed by another machine. No more manual book writers!

And so, gentle writer, eat your heart out envying Ernest Hemingway. He scribbled his short stories in his notebook in that romantic Paris café, unaware that at the end of the literary trail was not the bitch-goddess success, not some poetic muse, but Mr. Vulcano's darling—reclining in the backroom with her beige lips ready, her parts lubricated, waiting.—*Eric Pace*

VIRTUE REWARDED, OR,
WHO DELTA THIS MESS?

Hey, you. What would you do if *Penthouse*'s March 1973 Pet of the Month and cover girl Avril Lund fell into your care, rendered helpless by the cruel decree of circumstance? Of course you would . . . and so would we. And it's guys like us who make a helpful, courteous, considerate individual like Larry Clowney in the photograph to the right look like a knight in shining armor. Which is why he's in the photograph in the first place, being nuzzled by a grateful Avril, whom Larry has just extricated from a crisis bordering on catastrophe, holocaust, and nervous rash.

The facts are these: on May 16, 1973, Avril found herself stranded in Memphis, Tennessee. She was scheduled to do an advertising promotion for House of Sound in Springfield, Missouri, and left New York fully expecting to

arrive in Springfield via Memphis. But, Avril arrived in Memphis to learn that, due to an administrative error, she was not booked on the flight from Memphis to Springfield.

Undaunted, Larry Clowney, a ticket clerk for Delta Airlines, chartered a plane and flew Avril to Springfield, arriving in time for the promotion. Although Larry cannot fly for Delta because he lacks certain educational requirements, we believe he has shown that he possesses more than sufficient smarts to pilot, plan, and/or promote for Delta Airlines.

In gratitude, Larry has been awarded the first *Penthouse* Golden Key Award.

And that's why a selfless benefactor like Clowney is to be found in the company of such as Lund, while clowns like us can't even remember to hold the door for our ladies fair. Well, everybody gets what he deserves.—*Marvin Sanger*

SHOWS

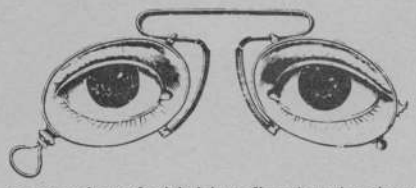
SURVIVAL AND DOOM

"Through desert and mesa, across the endless miles of open range, we made our headlong way. . . ."

Imagine a big black Cadillac trailing clouds of dust over the flatlands, put it together with that feverish prose ("Through desert and *mesa* . . . "!) spoken in a young girl's uninflected Southwestern twang, and you will have assembled some of the incongruities that make up Terrence Malick's fascinating first movie, *Badlands*.

Imagine another scene, a pitch-black night. The Cadillac's headlights pick out just a few yards of featureless soil, but far to the north there burns a safety fire in a natural-gas field, while to the south the lights of Cheyenne—a city larger than any the girl has ever seen—glitter in the distance. On the car radio, Nat King Cole begins to sing "A Blossom Fell," and the girl and the boy she's run away with get out to dance, slowly, close, the way they did in the 1950's—when all this is taking place. Out there, in the middle of nowhere, they seem to sense it will be their last night together. They will be discovered soon. She is tired of their adventure. And he has killed maybe half a dozen people since he shot her father to death back in the tree-shaded house in a quiet little town in Texas.

Their names are Kit and Holly. She is under sixteen, a baton twirler, musically inclined, and as you have seen, something of a homegrown poet. He is ten years older, a garbage man and stockyard hand—before he turned murderer and runaway. Fictional creatures, they owe a bit to the real-life Caril Fugate and her deadly boyfriend Charles Starkweather, a bit more to the movie-myth figures of Bonnie and Clyde, and perhaps most of all to the ill-fated lovers of Jean-Luc Godard's *Pierrot le Fou*, a work of almost seminal importance to a whole generation of cineasts. Terrence Malick belongs to that generation. Just about thirty, a former Rhodes Scholar with a background in philosophy at Harvard, he has made in *Badlands* both a return to sources and an



expression of a highly refined and rather literary sensibility.

Before his characters drive their stolen car north from Texas, they hide out in a forest where they play at living aboveground and below. "He planned a huge network of tunnels under the forest floor," Holly narrates, "and our first order of business was to decide on a new password each day. . . ." And though the order of play changes (Kit soon shoots in the back three men who come searching them out), the play itself never entirely stops. Holly does arrive at a certain appreciation of her friend's peculiarities ("Kit was the most trigger-happy person I had ever met. It all goes to show how you can know a person and not know him at the same time."). But she eventually grows more bored than horrified, and that is why she leaves him at the end—leaves him to plan the drama of his own final chase and capitulation. A laconic egomaniac, probably crazy in other ways as well, with a face—as everybody notices—like the late James Dean, Kit is something else. But even by these standards, Holly is something else again.

The film is controlled, artful, almost too precisely beautiful. Malick backs his marvelous depiction of small-town Texas, rural Montana, and South Dakota, with choral music by Carl Orff and Eric Satie's "Three Pieces in the Shape of a Pear." Nothing quite fits, and nothing is supposed to. The whole conception of *Badlands* depends upon a dislocation of word and image, action and response—all worked into a carefully gauged lyricism, so that nothing is very funny or even immediately terrible. Thoughtful is the word I'd use, and cool, and deeply unsettling.

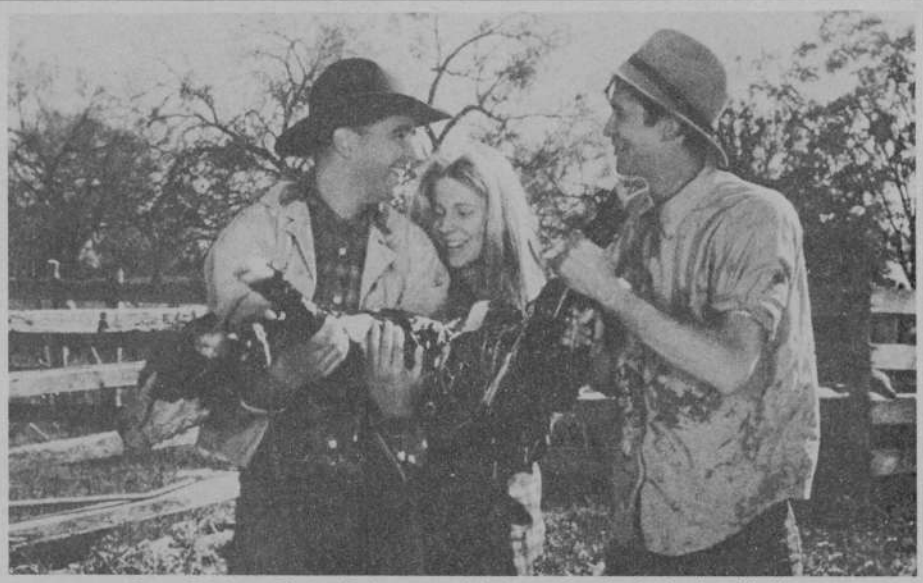
As Kit, Martin Sheen gives a performance of great resourcefulness and ingenuity. There are brilliant moments that I suspect are his own ideas of what to do with his nutty character. For this, and a lot else, he must be a director's dream of an actor. But the film—the narration (written by Malick), the point of view—really belongs to Holly. And to her, a not very well-known actress named Sissy Spacek brings red hair, freckles, wide blue eyes, high cheekbones, a perfect voice, supreme unvoluptuous sexiness, and a presence that gives the movie half its *frisson* and all its considerable awe.

Sidney Lumet's *Loving Molly* had been called *The Wild and the Sweet,* after it was called *Molly, Gid and Johnny*; and for all I know it may have been called something else when it was first adapted from *Leaving Cheyenne,* the Larry McMurtry novel. Among the prerelease titles, I like the first, though I can see how it wouldn't grab customers at the box office—a fatal one less than *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice.* But the mere profusion of titles should suggest the problem of what the hell you call a movie about two men and a woman who have nothing remarkable about them except that they love one another all their lives long. Many years ago, Ernst Lubitsch, adapting Noel Coward, called a great movie with a similar theme *Design for Living.* But that was another era, and almost another country—and it was also no marvel at the box office.

Loving Molly touches three periods—during 1925, 1945, and 1964—in the lives of three exceptionally likable Texans. Gid (Anthony Perkins) inherits a farm and a sense of responsibility. He eventually marries a woman —not Molly—but fathers Molly's first child. And he never gives up his friendship or his rivalry with Johnny. Johnny (Beau Bridges) also loves Molly, and he never marries, though he fathers Molly's second child. He punches cattle and has nothing of his own except his sense of humor, his joy in living, and some material gifts from Gid. Molly (Blythe Danner) does marry—a wild kid named Eddie, who dies in an accident soon after. She never stops loving Gid and Johnny, and giving herself to both of them, though she'll marry neither.

These relationships may sound too ridiculous to matter. They are not. They are kept honest partly by the strong and apparently unending sexual appetite Molly has for her men and they for her; and partly by Blythe Danner's warm, intelligent, splendidly gracious performance at the center of the film.

Everybody seems young all through the movie. Tony Perkins, now forty-two, has trouble acting even as old as twenty-five. And for Blythe Danner, *Loving Molly* brings the latest technology to that grand tradition of Hollywood aging by which the heroine at sixty merely glows with a greater luminosity than she does at seventeen. I'm being unfair. Molly, Gid, and Johnny all age enthusiastically, if unconvincingly. And since the film's interest is in feelings, not appearances, the ease with which *Loving Molly* tosses off its forty years of physical fact is part of its meaning and quite a lot of its charm. I don't know how much it owes to its source (Larry McMurtry also wrote *The Last Picture Show,* and his work seems to be lucky for movies). Like *Badlands,* this film is partly narrated, and, like *Badlands,* it has a definite, though more mellow, literary quality. Everything filters through a sort of kindly personal memory that ameliorates each person's unhappiness—Molly's sons' deaths and her ultimate loneliness, Gid's bad marriage, Johnny's failure at everything except loving Molly—without the need of pretending things are better than they seem. It is an uncommonly sane and decent view of living. And it promotes a sense of gentle elegiac stoicism, like some of the nonmilitary films of John Ford—something rare and lovely.



Beau Bridges, Blythe Dahner, and Anthony Perkins in **Loving Molly.**

Both *Badlands* and *Loving Molly* depend upon a romantic but unillusioned appreciation of their women. Full-bodied, generous, emotional, almost tragically independent, Blythe Danner's Molly is like the open gift of life. Sissy Spacek's Holly is like the closely sealed mystery of life. The mystery is more attractive, intriguing, easier to take. But the gift—overbearing, and at times unbearable —is ultimately more important. That is why I prefer Lumet's movie to Terrence Malick's. For all its occasional roughness, its unspectacular technical virtues, *Loving Molly* deals with better materials. Survival is more interesting than even the most wistful of dooms.
—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

EROTIC ART

"Apart from irrational violence, it [sex, what else?] is almost the only transcendent experience we have left," asserts Alex Comfort, author of the best-selling *The Joy of Sex*. Trouble is, the orgasm is both brief and private, so that sex can't be as religions once were, a kind of "emotional technology"—something our otherwise technological society conspicuously lacks, Such an emotional technology, or *Sadhana*, as the Hindus call a man's chosen path, serves "to make conscious or at least manageable the unacceptable unconscious forces in our own minds and in our interaction with others and with 'the world.' "

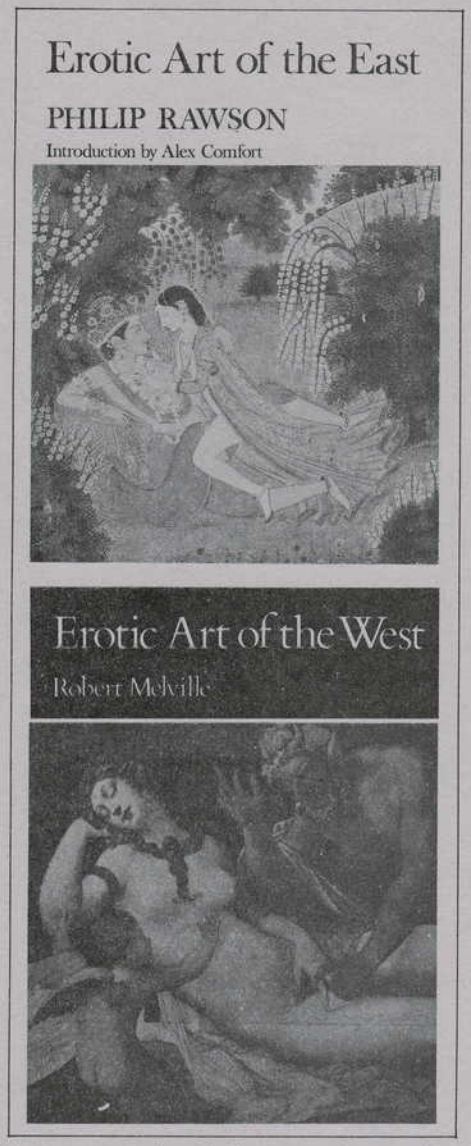
The answer for us, concludes Comfort, lies in art, "our other surviving transcendent experience." His conclusions are unsurprising, because Comfort, a remarkable combination of scientist and art critic, has written these words to introduce a remarkable series of three books on erotic art.

G. P. Putnam's Sons has brought out the books as a *World History of Erotic Art*, though it's not clear that they were planned as a single work. The introduction by Comfort appears in *Erotic Art of the East*, the first volume (which costs $20), and serves for all three volumes. The rest of the text for *Erotic Art of the East* includes Philip Rawson's writings on India, David James's on China and Islam, and Richard Lane's on Japan. *Primitive Erotic Art* (priced at $25), edited and introduced by Rawson, has pieces by several writers, including Anne Ross on Celtic and Northern art; Cottie Burland on North American, Middle American, and black African art; Harold Osborne on art of the Central Andean region; and Tom Harrison on art of the Pacific Islands. *Erotic Art of the West* ($25) is by Robert Melville, critic for the *New Statesman*. It is very much his own book, but it's prefaced by a short history by Simon Wilson. All three books are big and colorful.

Comfort chooses art to make our *sadhana* of sex because graphic sex and our reactions to it are at the roots of what art is about—"its magical functions, its privileges. . . . In erotic art two powerful magical or emotional tools are combined."

The *World History of Erotic Art* is not going to remake anybody's life, but it is certainly not merely a collection of dirty pictures dignified by the name of art. In fact, the many who will buy it for lubricity will be disappointed, even though nothing is suppressed. The man who cares will not be disappointed, even though the books are flawed in many ways—for example, some pictures mentioned in the text are not in the books at all, and others are difficult to locate in relation to the text. Whatever the commercial compromises, these books actually do make their point that art can contribute to integrating our lives.

They come at a time when Americans appear ready to react with something more than titillation, and willing to learn from other sexual cultures and from the earliest symbols of fertility that we all share. It's not a matter of learning new "positions" from the *Kama Sutra*, a vain lure held out to our youthful prurience. Rather, it's a matter of learning to deepen our lives through sex.



The Eastern volume is concerned primarily with India, notoriously the culture richest in erotica. Out of India has come not only the *Kama Sutra* and the *Kakashastra*, instructive classics of love, but the fabulous erotic art of Hindu temples that we have all seen in photographs. And verses available in good translations sing detailed and uninhibited praises of God's own sexual partners.

Hinduism is so diverse that it appears morally equivocal to Christians: gods are one or many, male or female, according to the need of the worshipper. While there is room for ascetics, sexuality partakes of the divine afflatus. Indian eroticism is not the sort of sexual athletics that we read into the *Kama Sutra* by extension of our own rationalist attitudes. "*Mere* orgasm is never the goal of love," says Rawson. The italics are my own Western emphasis.

Rawson finds one idea underlying the whole of Indian eroticism through all the confusing overlays of centuries of cultural change. "The idea is that sexuality is intrinsically divine." This is not a unique notion; Christians also regard procreation as part of God's plan. But in Hindu eroticism there is an effort to raise the actual sensations to a mystic state of union with the Divine.

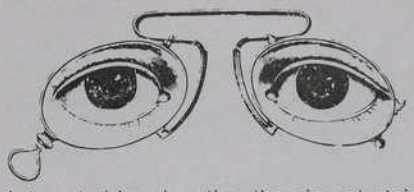
The sect that has based its whole view on this notion is Tantrism. The Tantric disciples seek to turn genital excitement back into the whole nervous system and finally into the brain, where with practiced imagery it produces unspeakable bliss. This involves the man controlling his orgasm, and has led to Indian and Chinese cults in which retention of semen is thought to produce special powers —a notion that was in favor with some YMCA types a couple of generations ago.

Nobody has much to say about the woman's role in all this, and presumably she could be "skimming"—as the swingers call floating from orgasm to orgasm. You can't tell from the pictures whether anybody is having an orgasm, since the only indication of sexual activity is the penis lodged in the vulva. The facial expressions are more suitable to a couple being introduced at a formal tea, and in one picture a beautifully dressed princess is offering her sartorially resplendent prince a drink in a delicate and leisurely manner; meanwhile, down at the raunch, they are involved in what would specifically, if lamely, be called fucking.

In Japan, fucking is fucking, and its portrayal is a popular rather than a religious art. The same is true of Chinese erotic art, because in China religious eroticism didn't produce graphic art. (Communist Chinese art is aggressively anti-erotic—too damned busy.) The Japanese go at it fiercely in their pictures. Despite the fact that the facial expressions may seem inscrutable, the passion is unmistakable—and the cocks are enormous.

Islam, the other culture in the Eastern book, is so opposed to graphic representations that its erotic art is all but negligible, although it is interesting for its strong homosexual tone.

The fucking is the most fun, even when it's a little frightening, in *Erotic Art of the West*. This is not merely because its iconography is home, but also because Robert Melville is less



interested in educating than in entertaining. His book is no history—history is dispensed with in Wilson's introduction.

Melville has arranged a vivid personal selection of art, from antiquity to pop, under various sexual categories such as "The Penetration," "Lesbianism," "The Kiss," "Violence and Violation." This arrangement throws together widely disparate styles from all periods, and gives insights into the meanings of eroticism rather than the development of art—a fortunate thing, since the latter is available in many books.

Melville wears his excellent scholarship lightly, and it includes not only the historical and technical, but also the gossipy and biographical. He answers questions we always wanted to know about famous paintings but were afraid to ask. Such simple things as why is she smiling? Who is that character with the wings about to goose her? Melville is both authoritative and witty.

Melville assumes, of course, that we know why erotic art exists at least as well as we know why any art exists. He wastes no space on theoretical generalities, preferring the informative—and often delicious—particulars.

It falls to Philip Rawson in *Primitive Erotic Art* to ask the big why's. In a persuasive essay he provides some surprising answers. In the beginning, erotic art was not a kind of art; quite the contrary, art itself was a kind of eroticism. Art was born of erotic expression.

Sexuality, however, was not a "department" of primitive man's life any more than it was a department of his art. The fact that we have been able to compartmentalize sex as much as we have is evidence to Rawson that we are uprooted. "Unless we want to live in our present state of miserable divorce from the roots of our own worlds, which effectively prevents them from flowering, we must keep open our channels of communication with those roots."

Rawson agrees that "many of the works in these illustrations may not at first seem erotically stimulating to us." We certainly agree that his creatures are not *Penthouse* Pets. But with his aid, and that of his colleagues, we can accept and profit by his invitation to his reader "to explore all the corners of his own memory, to search for echoes from his own past experience, and enrich his present knowledge of himself and his world."

RECOMMENDED READING

Return to Earth, by Col. Edwin E. "Buzz" Aldrin Jr. with Wayne Warga (Random House, $7.95). We have inevitably come to think of astronauts as supermen of a new breed—not the lusty hero, but the perfectly balanced and controlled technician who is more fearless than courageous. Aldrin, second man to step on the moon, reveals their full humanity for the first time, in recounting his own inner crackup on return to earth.

Malcolm Lowry, A Biography, by Douglas Day (Oxford University Press, $10). You don't need to have read Lowry's single masterpiece, *Under the Volcano*, to get caught up in this account of a man who visited hell repeatedly—though you will of course want to. Lowry wrote his publisher: "I am telling you something new about hell fire." He did.

Crash, by J. G. Ballard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95). It's easy to be glib about the automobile as a sex symbol, but this macabre, cinematic novel roars along on quite a different level. How a perverse technology can pervert sex into death is not so much the book's theme, but one reader's gut reaction to the book.—*Norman Hoss*

SOUNDS

CLEO LAINE

A "singer of songs"—that's how British vocalist Cleo Laine describes herself, refusing to be "bagged" as a jazz, pop, or serious singer. But whether she likes it or not, she is probably the best jazz singer around today.

A Cleo Laine concert is like a musical smorgasbord: she'll mix a reverent "Day by Day" with a sassy "Peel Me a Grape"; the sultry lows of "You Must Believe in Spring" with the soaring riffs that turn Carole King's "Music" into a virtuoso piece. After honoring Bessie Smith with "Gimme a Pigfoot," she'll ease into her husband John Dankworth's silky jazz settings of Shakespeare.

In concert or cabaret, Cleo Laine dazzles—not with the psychedelics that are so much a part of today's music scene, but with just plain beautiful singing. She needs only four musicians led by Dankworth's sax (or clarinet, depending on his arrangement), and then she simply opens her mouth and fills the house with her voice, using it as an instrument to complement Dankworth's horn, or matching it note for note. A master of the art of underwhelming, Cleo makes you feel, by the end of a performance, that you're her intimate friend.

Interviewed between shows at the Rainbow Grill, Cleo is wearing a black and silver caftan. After munching boiled eggs and soybeans, she pours tea and tells her story. (Dankworth, meanwhile, is napping on the floor under the clothes rack, not in the least disturbed by the talk.) As she describes her long and unique career she relaxes, and her almost regal demeanor gives way to flashes of the cockney charwoman she plays so hilariously in her "Mad About the Boy" number. That career has taken her from the treadmill of countless auditions ("My brother lumbered me into it—I was *terribly* lazy!"), to gigs with John's band, West End theater runs, the opening bill of London's Queen Elizabeth Hall, and finally TV and concert appearances all over Europe, Australia, and now the U.S.

Hard work has taken her from a contralto range of an octave and a half ("*if* that") to a range of almost four octaves, exceeding the "super G" above high C with which she ends "Clear Day." That's higher, one might add, than most sopranos—operatic and otherwise—reach in a lifetime. She can be throaty or reedlike, breathless or boisterous, queenly or gutsy. There's virtually nothing she can't do, and very little she won't do.

"I sing everything." (Witness her most recent albums, *I Am a Song* and *Day by Day*.) "What I do is mix it all up—James Taylor and Judy Collins and Carole King, with people like Gershwin and Kern. Why should I ignore them? They're as good today as they were fifty years ago!

"People ask why I don't do *Carmen*. I certainly wouldn't do it with a straight operatic voice, because there are so many people who can do it that way. Mine would be either a mediocre *Carmen*, or so unconventional that they wouldn't accept it." Yet she has sung Eve in George Newson's opera *Arena*, under the direction of Pierre Boulez, as well as Schönberg's *Pierrot-Lunaire*, Walton's *Facade*, Brecht-Weill's *Seven Deadly Sins* and *Little Mahagonny*, and Schubert songs.

We asked her how she's able to sing "serious" music and jazz/pop—and win acclaim in both camps. Cleo replies: "If people with *trained* voices did the things I do, it would really muck it up. But as my voice is *already* mucked up [because of the yearly bouts of bronchitis, to which she attributes her

"smokey" sound] it really doesn't matter, you see. Seriously, I do things in a two-hour concert most 'serious' singers wouldn't dream of doing—it's really just a matter of using the two voices."

Cleo is also a mother of three children. With her absolute dedication to her work, how does Cleo reconcile the roles of mother and entertainer? "Well, I'm a much better singer than I am a mother, and I've faced up to that. At one time I had a guilt thing, but John is *adamant* that I'm a much better singer than housewife, and my children say exactly the same. If I'm not working and I'm home for a couple of months, while they're home on holiday, for example, they eventually say to me, 'Oh, go back to singing! You keep tellin' us off!' They get *dreadful* dinners when I'm home."

Cleo and John have opened up the grounds and converted the stables of their 115-year-old rectory home to house their Wavendon Allmusic Plan, a non-profit enterprise dedicated to breaking down musical barriers for the benefit of artist, student, and audience alike. A children's Easter course and summer camp for teenagers are funded by the Wavendon Season: a ten-day festival of all kinds of music with performances by top artists.

It's been a long haul for Cleo, despite her devastating talent. Has she ever thought of giving up? "Oh, there were many times when I felt I wasn't getting anywhere, wasn't getting any help from the people who were supposedly looking after my interests. I think there was one period when I said to myself that if I didn't make it within five years, I would pack up—but in that five years I'd pull everything out that I possibly could, in every way. Obviously, it must've worked a bit," another great gust of laughter, "because I didn't pack up."—*Pearl Eskell*

SPACE-ROCK

"Space is the place," as Sun Ra is fond of advising, but even that groundbreaking interstellar voyager might be surprised to learn of the increasing numbers of astral-oriented musicians beginning to turn their eyes toward the stars. Basing their appeal around synthesized electronics and a steady rhythmic drone that probably resembles the hum of the galaxy wheeling on its axis, these new band mutants have built themselves from the underground up, to a point where they now look to be on the verge of a major breakthrough both on the charts and in the hearts of fans everywhere.

Science-fictional elements in pop music are admittedly nothing new, though in the Fifties it would have to be said that any seriocosmic import was as farfetched as . . . well, as landing a man on the moon. Records like Buchanan and Goodman's "Flying Saucer" or Sam Space and the Cadets' "Take Me To Your Leader Cha Cha Cha" all posited themselves on the little green men so popular in then-contemporary UFO theory. It wasn't until the mid-Sixties and the sudden dawning reality of the space age that less fanciful visions began to emerge, reflected cinematically by Kubrick's *2001* and musically by the early explorations of the Byrds in America and Pink Floyd in England.

Despite each of these group's groundings in the basics of psychedelia (random howls and whines were very popular with the mind-blown set), the Byrds and the Floyd shared a common fascination with alien technology, a carefully wrought landscape in which dwarf suns and faster-than-light drives were held to be the norm rather than the exception. The Byrds, before they decided to go cowboy and kick off the country-rock revolution, heavily traveled the spaceways in such songs as "C.T.A. 102" and "Space Odyssey"; while the Floyd—masterminded by the eccentric Syd Barrett—took the concept a step further by plunging wholeheartedly into the vacuum beyond, their "Astronomy Domine" (from *Piper at the Gates of Dawn*) an eerie pass into multidimensionality, followed by the deadly pure "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun."

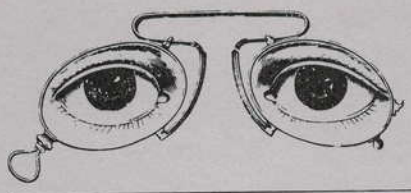
Pink Floyd eventually went off to dabble in more prosaic matters, especially after Barrett left the group in the hands of its classical contingent, and the Rolling Stones "borrowed" heavily for *Their Satanic Majesties Request*. For a while it looked as if the space-rock field was about to lie fallow. Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane proselytized, even to the point of having his *Blows Against The Empire* nominated for a Hugo (science fiction's equivalent of an Oscar); Van Der Graaf Generator took Pink Floyd licks and honed them into a fair imitation of same; Elton John scored with "Rocket Man"; and even David Bowie, searching for a vehicle to catapult him to fame, chanced on the *Clockork Orange* stylizations of *Ziggy Stardust* and rode to worldwide renown.

But it was ironically a waft of the-air Werner Von Braun once breathed that began to power things into overdrive again. In Germany a veritable progressive upheaval was taking place, combining the *musique concrète* of Stockhausen with the solidly anchored rhythms of contemporary dance into a mesmerizing haze of image upon Visigothic image.

Bands with metaphysical names like Ash Ra Tempel, Popul Vuh, and Tangerine Dream were lumped under the heading of "Kosmische Musik," and if they often had less to do with science fiction than rampant imagination, so much the better.

Amon Dull II.

Today, a visionary combine named Amon Duul II is the undisputed leader in all this. The group is Germany's premiere export to the western world, and an immeasurable catalyst in its own country. The members have been together since 1969, when a commune of musicians split into two bands (hence the numerals), and frame their music much as the other groups discussed here: thick slablike



Hawkwind.

foundations of bass and percussion over which the lead instruments and ornate vocals are layered, chilled and darkened by the malevolent flavor of the Teutonic language.

Can, another German entry, joins Amon Duul II in carrying this planetary message out to a larger audience. With organist Irmin Schmidt twisting and turning Bach in his grave, and a heavy-breathing Damo subliminally gearing them on, Can has met phenomenal response in their homeland. They have several albums to their credit, the best of which is titled *Edge Bam Yazi*, and are also among the most prolific of the space-rock groups, having done soundtracks to numerous underground and avant-garde films.

Yet to break free of their subterranean reputations, the bands that comprise space-rock desperately need a wedge in the face of pop programmers and casual listeners. And for all their creativity, the German representatives of the form are essentially too bizarre to fulfill that role. Enter Hawkwind, a British group whose reputation first began when they played for free outside the gates of local festivals. They have now constructed a stage presentation and mythology that rivals the future histories and cosmologies of some of the greatest names in science fiction.

Actually, this isn't unusual, since they have one of those very names working closely with them, in the person of writer-editor Michael Moorcock. Moorcock made friends with the group shortly after the release of a fairly restrained first album, and by the time Hawkwind was ready for its second outing, they were collaborating on an epic called *In Search of Space*. The record was complemented by a "log" purported to be that of "the spacecraft Hawkwind . . . found by Captain RN Calvert of the Societe Astronomae (an international guild of creative artists dedicated in eternity to the discovery and demonstration of extraterrestrial intelligence) . . . in the vicinity of Mare Librium near the South Pole." Predictably, the booklet contained as much sense as it contained little sense, and whatever the net analysis, there wasn't much doubt that the group was in the vanguard of solar exploration. Two albums and a hit single ("Silver Machine") later, Hawkwind has yet to stop.

And to think they once laughed at old Captain Video.—*Lenny Kaye*

SHORT TAKES

NEW AND RECOMMENDED

All-American Boy/Rick Derringer (Blue Sky KZ 32481). Rick Derringer is a rock and roll professional with a decade's experience, first in the wonderful and grossly underrated McCoy's, later with Johnny and then Edgar Winter's bands. As you might expect, Rick's guitar playing is lean, brash, and exciting, but it is his voice, sinewy and expressive, that makes the package really impressive.

Barry Manilow/Barry Manilow (Bell 1129). If you loved Bette Midler you won't necessarily even like her pianist and producer, Barry Manilow, a cocktail bar level performer who is a classic case of being someplace at the right moment. Nothing special.

Facts of Life/Bobby Womack (United Artists LA043-F). Bobby Womack is a fairly successful West Coast soul artist and composer (and producer of Jimmie and Vella's first record on UA many years ago) who does not seem to be hampered by having no particular style of his own. This effort is particularly erratic, running from a weirdly compelling "Nobody Wants You" to the disastrous title song.

Journey's End/Matthew Fisher (RCA APLI 1-0195). The world was once filled with Procol Harum fans but that mostly ended after the departure of keyboardist Matthew Fisher. Fisher has finally come up with a solo LP, and if you miss those days of yore, you can relive them again, sort of, as the pianist/organist takes you all the way back to church rock.

Mind Games/John Lennon (Apple SW-3414). Bad press, no hit singles, a relatively weak last album, and still John Lennon shoots to the top of the charts. If you don't have it yet you should. A very important album.

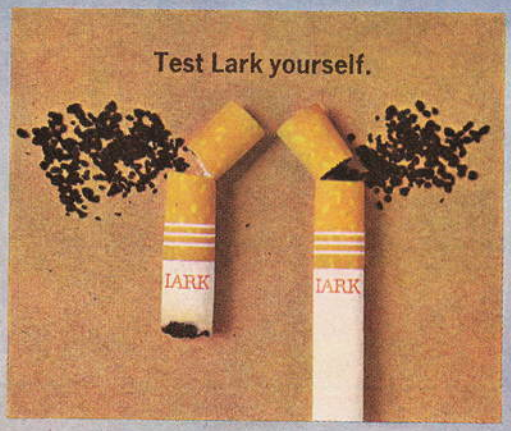
Ringo/Ringo Starr (Apple SWAL-3413). And while we're at it, Ringo's latest record proves he's no slouch either. Besides "Photograph," there's a delightful rendition of Johnny Burnette's "You're Sixteen," amid other goodies. There really was a lot of balance in that group.

Sweet Revenge/John Prine (Atlantic SD 7274). Don't be put off by Atlantic's choice of a single from this album. It's by far the worst cut from by far the best John Prine release.

Attempted Mustache/Loudon Wainwright III (Columbia KC 32710). Like John Prine, Loudon Wainwright is becoming something of a rock and roller. Present, also, is a self-confidence that was missing from his previous recordings. His best album yet.

Taking My Time/Bonnie Raitt (Warner Brothers BS 2729). Another club musician whose albums have never come up to her live performances, blues-based songstress Bonnie Raitt finally gets it together in a big way on *Taking My Time*. Her version of Mose Allison's "Everybody's Crying Mercy" is worth the price of admission all by itself.—*John Gabree*

Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.



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Extra Long: 18 mg."tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug.'73.)

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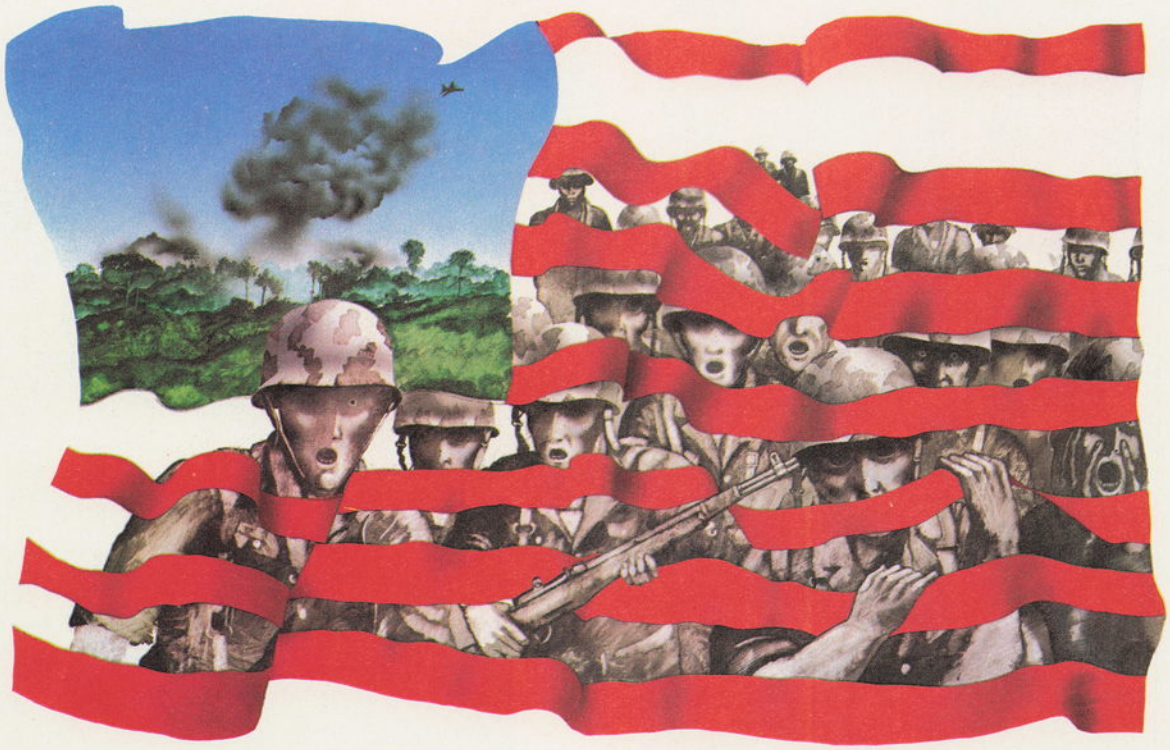

THE VIETNAM VETERAN

This month *Penthouse* begins a definitive series of articles about the Vietnam veteran's dilemma—the tragic story of America's prisoners of peace. We'll examine the causes of their unemployment, their drug addiction, their criminality, their maltreatment by military courts and hospitals, their alienation from traditional veterans' organizations, and the despair that many feel about life in a country that wants to forget them. In *Prisoners of Peace*—the first article in the series—Tim O'Brien, *Washington Post* reporter and Vietnam veteran, writes of the two combat zones that veterans have faced—Vietnam and America.

The Vietnam Veteran—
Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden—Commissioner of the New York Mayor's Office for Veteran Action
Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler
Research, Joshua Nelson

A STATEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER

With this issue, PENTHOUSE begins a new series on and for Vietnam veterans. It will be different from any other in several ways, because it has been conceived with different objectives in mind.

Most of the articles you've read, like the speeches you've heard on patriotic holidays, have made the point that more should be done to ease the Viet-vet's return to the mainstream of American life or to provide better care for those whose injuries have forced them into lifetime confinement at home or in hospitals. But having made the point, they've moved on to other things and left it to others to follow through.

Getting the story told—revealing the facts about the shabby shortchanging of this latest crop of returning service men and women—is only part of our plan. And even here, we hope to do a better job by letting the vets themselves—not just professional writers and reporters working largely from agency handouts—join in telling the story. But having helped them get it said, we're determined to follow through with the hard part: getting something done.

We'll be keeping a close, suspicious eye on Congress and the White House, on the veterans' organizations, and on all the government agencies, federal, state and local, charged with assisting veterans in such vital areas as employment, education, rehabilitation and pensions. What they're doing—or failing to do—will be reported here in subsequent articles. And our pages will serve as a continuing forum for veterans—many of whom have received little more than a runaround from the bureaucrats or from other branches of the media. That's why the series will be open-ended. It will run as long as it takes to get positive results on a broad front. A year. Two years. Whatever time and circumstances require.

Why?

Because, important as it is, the plight of America's Vietnam veterans is really symptomatic of a much greater problem; one that reaches deep into the soul and psyche of America herself. It's a clear indication that somewhere along the way we've lost our perspective, and with it a very precious resource: our capacity for compassion, for gratitude to those who have sacrificed for us. Most of all, we've lost our capacity for that now-discredited emotion called patriotism—based not on a sense of self-righteous superiority but on an honest and old-fashioned love for our country, its principles and its people.

When I was a young kid growing up in the war years, I believed that any man who wore a uniform was a hero. We had simple values then. We fought for a way of life that was and still remains unique in all the world.

I remember those unforgettable scenes in Times Square. VE Day. Then VJ Day. Scenes duplicated in every town across America: Boys being welcomed home as heroes, hugged and kissed in the streets by strange, adoring girls, serenaded by brass bands. More important, most of them got their old jobs back or better new ones. There was a real G.I. Bill waiting, too, with free college or loans to start a business and low-interest mortgages to buy a home. The best medical care. The works.

What are today's veterans getting? Mostly bullshit.

Spot announcements on the radio and television: "Don't forget; hire the vet." Skimpy allowances toward renewed education that don't even cover tuition, let alone living expenses. Long lines at the unemployment offices with no jobs at the end. Turndowns and humiliation even from *welfare!* Second-class treatment at V.A. hospitals, topped off by budget *cuts* in the treatment of the disabled.

And worst of all, vets are being regarded with suspicion and distrust, shunned as "killers" and "drug addicts." But you'll be reading the details as the series unfolds. We're still spending more, for example, on the rehabilitation of the Vietnamese than we are on the men and women who fought our battles for us.

Vietnam was an unpopular war. Current opinion holds it to have been a wrong war. But we aren't going to expunge our feelings of communal guilt by punishing those who accepted their government's word then that it was right. They didn't start it. Or plan it. And none of them liked it. Their goal—the goal of all soldiers in all our wars—was to get the damn thing over and get home. And we have no right to make them sorry they made it.

As publisher of this magazine, I take pride in the fact that we brought some incidental measure of comfort to our troops. Surveys taken at the time show that PENTHOUSE was by far the most popular publication among our guys in Vietnam. Now perhaps we can return the favor by taking their case—collectively and, if and when necessary, individually—to the people of America.

—Bob Guccione

Grahm Macallum

PRISONERS OF PEACE

By TIM O'BRIEN

We marched in herds. Six million of us. Singing our songs. Young blood. Muscles firm, good wind in our lungs, strong teeth, quick flesh, prime meat.

"What is the spirit of the bayonet?" the drill sergeants called.

"The spirit of the bayonet is to kill! TO KILL!" We shouted it out, loud and clear.

We were dressed in green. Toted rifles, leg-weary and soul-weary. Afraid. Embittered. Enraged. Curious. Adventure-seeking. Learning the skills of battle, kicking up the American soil in preparation for the Asian war.

"All right, trainee. You see this? This here's an M-16. You know what it's for? It's for killing Cong. It don't kill nothin' but Cong. You shoot a GI with it and it won't kill him. You shoot a dink with it, it'll splatter him across the rice paddy, and it'll make fertilizer out of him."

We were America's sons. We marched through Fort Polk's Tiger Land, the rain of Fort Lewis, the dust of Fort Sill, the prairie country of Fort Leavenworth. Fort Dix and Fort Carson and Fort Benning.

We marched to the quick-kill range, marched to bayonet training.

"Dig low. Crouch and dig. Dinks are hard to kill. They ain't got no blood. You gotta stick 'em good."

"YES, Drill Sergeant," we shouted.

We marched to morning chow and we marched to our bunks at night. Singing all the while. . . .

If I die before I wake,
Pray to God my soul to take.

If I die on the Russian front,
Bury me with a Russian cunt.

And if I die in a combat zone,
Box me up and ship me home.

The lyrics to our marching songs never

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"We're your army.
What's left of it.
Not much perhaps, but
we're all you have.
We're nothing special.
If America peeked in
a mirror, it would
see the face of
the Vietnam veteran.
We are mean,
irrational, stupid,
arrogant, evil.
And we are
also brave, kind,
thrifty, reverent—
Boy Scouts."

made much sense. Neither did the war.

"Why you goin' to Nam?" the drill sergeant asked a black recruit.

"Don't rightly know," the recruit said. "Kill commies, I guess. . . . I give up. You tell me. I don't know nothing about big politics. Why am I going?"

"I'm asking *you* why!"

The black recruit scratched his head. "Look, Sarge. You don't want me to go? Just tell me. I won't go. But don't ask me for reasons. I haven't got any."

"Shit," said the drill sergeant. "Shit. Gimme fifty, trooper."

The recruit dropped to his belly and gave him fifty push-ups.

They wanted us to go. The big, gruesome THEY. Not many of us understood why, we still don't, but they wanted us to go.

We went. Some out of fear, some out of love of battle, some for glory, some in a trance.

Vietnam. May 3, 1969

"Incoming!"

"Jesus, it's a war!"

The village trembled.

Mortar rounds exploded inside the perimeter. We cradled our rifles, curled in our foxholes, ducked our heads—"pray to God my soul to take," we sang, "box me up and ship me home."

The village trembled.

Some of the huts caught fire. A Vietnamese woman ran out of one. She was on fire, too. The mortar rounds exploded everywhere—zinging sounds, red flashes, shrapnel, terror. The woman rolled in the dusty village square. She put out her fire, and then while the mortar rounds came in she tried to save her hut.

She screamed for help.

The mortar rounds kept dropping. One landed by a cow and blew it to pieces, and hunks and globs of flesh spun through the village, which trembled.

The woman was still screaming for help. She beat her burning hut with a blanket.

"*Sin loi*," Josh said. Everyone laughed. "*Sin loi*, old woman. Sorry to ruin your day."

We fired M-60 machine guns blindly into the paddy. We called for artillery support. The paddies turned black, smoke rolled through the village. The stink was awful.

"Send a platoon out after them," the company commander said.

"No way," a platoon sergeant muttered.

Another round exploded. Everyone shut up and waited for it to end.

"Jesus, they've got us bracketed," Josh said.

"Ought to beat feet. Ought to make tracks out of here," the medic said.

It was a large, sprawling village, built of mud and grass. It was being blown apart and we were inside it.

"Jesus, they're attacking their own village," Kansas said. "Must want to kill us bad."

"No ethics," a black soldier said.

"That's the problem with this war, no fuckin' ethics," and everyone laughed and ducked and was afraid.

Darkness settled in. The company commander ordered us to evacuate, so we crawled on hands and knees through hedgerows. The mortar rounds stalked us. One exploded near the second platoon. Two men screamed. But they could walk. They stumbled along after us.

The smell was awful. Cordite, burning grass—a stink that went to our bones and made them stink, too.

A chicken had been killed. It was a mush of tissue and its feathers blew about, getting in our eyes, sticking to our clothes.

The war was a roller-coaster ride. Carnival noises in the background, blinking lights and animal smells, blinding speed, pure motion, carny hawkers screaming in the background, shrill voices, up and down, zoom, swoosh, hang on for dear life, hang on to your hat, hang on to your head. The war rattled us, bucked and squealed. It ran crazy on its track, well-oiled and in high gear. Somewhere off on the sidelines, down below in the crowd, were our families —blurred faces crying for us, cheering for us, taunting us, everyone holding his breath. Clenched fists held up to us. The tears of our mothers, the hard memories of our fathers. The roller coaster went wild and we hung on. Our girl friends were watching us—fine curled hair, lithe thighs, warm eyes. Our hometowns, our friends, our neighbors. They wanted us to go. Some of us went believing in the war, learning later. Some of us never learned. Some of us, the dead and the crippled, learned the hard way. But we went.

As wars go, it was a quick one. A one-year tour. Bang, bang, bang. We were drafted, we enlisted. We fought. We were home again. A fast ride, little time for thought. One moment we were at war; three hours later we were in a World Airways jet (recorded music, stewardesses with gorgeous boobs—many of us had missed big all-American boobs). The stewardesses served coffee and roast beef, we howled, we took a last look at Vietnam. Then we were flying east toward home—Seattle or Oakland.

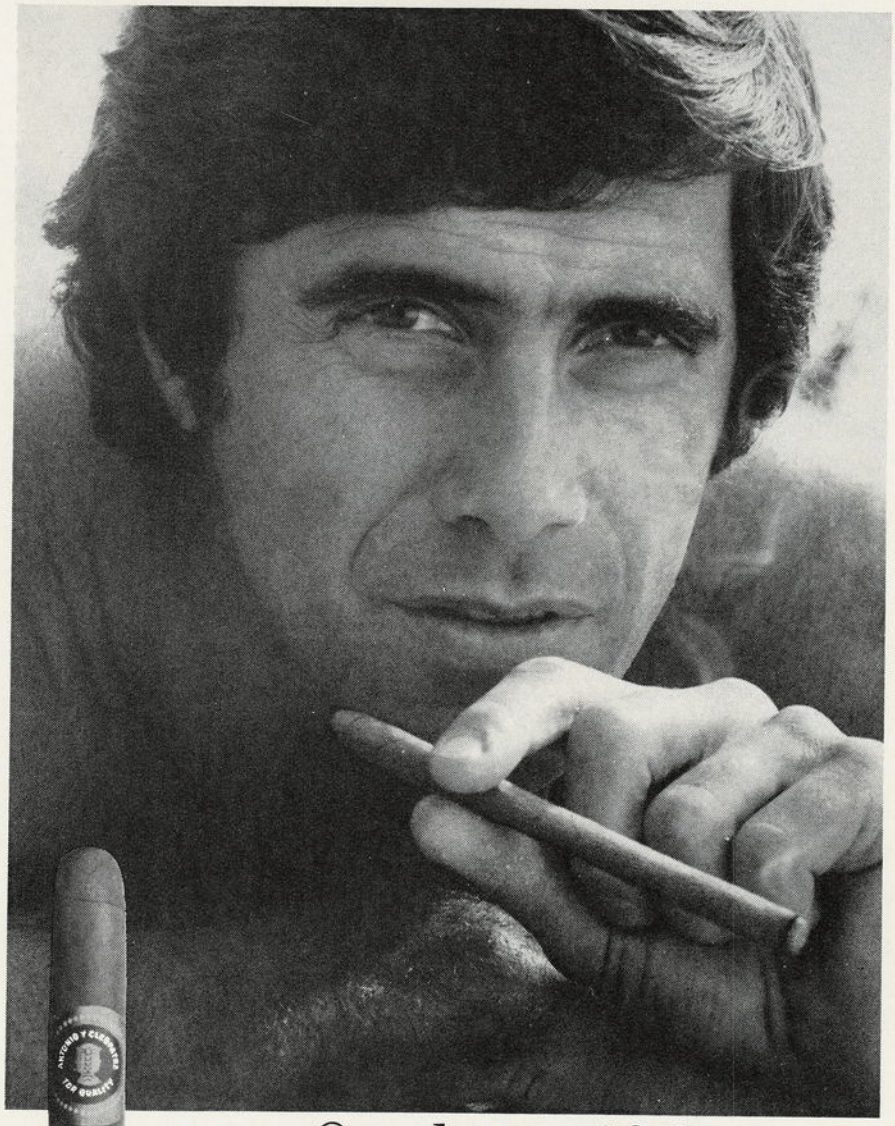
"Will you look down there! It's the golden arches, it's a McDonald's! We're home!" The plane erupts. Joy! We'd been saved! We were the winners.

The engines roared in deceleration, pressing us against our seat belts. The ride was over. Pandemonium. Kiss the stewardess, rub against her.

We got off the plane. Some of us touched

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

"When they wanted us to go to Vietnam they didn't worry about spending a little money, they didn't waste time. But when it comes to helping us now—now that we've fought their war for them—now they worry about money... now they cut disability payments."



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CALIFORNIA DREAMING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

"I'm magnetic," says Sarah Crutchfield. "I just seem to draw all kinds of men, even men I have nothing in common with and wouldn't want to have anything to do with anyway. I'm as impersonal to them as a car or an ice-cream cone. But I'm an individual human being, too—a private, personal *woman.*"

To nineteen-year-old Sarah, the recognition of her personal style of femininity is a declaration of independence from immaturity, a flag signaling the beginning of a new lifestyle that's opened for her ever since "I lost my virginity last spring."

"People used to tell me 'act like a lady,' but I was a wildcat. My slogan was 'Why not?' It still is. But I fell in love—with a carpet layer. We went on backpacking trips in the High Sierras...fishing, waterskiing...and we even took a trip to Colorado in a truck. But the whole time we were doing all these *sporty* tomboy things together, his maleness was finally bringing out the real woman in me."

With a bright new world opening around her, Sarah decided that her personal key to success would be acting. She's now studying at Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood.

"I don't expect my acting classes to turn me into an actress. I have to do that myself. But I think I can become a good one. I don't mind waiting years for success and working in bit parts and not making a lot of money for a while. I want to be a great

artist *and* a rich, famous one. And why not?"

Sarah's slogan is as audacious as she is herself. Born of an old frontier family in Winsboro, Texas, Miss Crutchfield was raised and still lives in Pasadena, California, where American traditionalists dwell in serene dignity on the edge of suburban futurity. Here, her fantasies flourish but are tempered by the all-pervading spirit of a sensible and peaceful Pacific.

"I've always had this dream...I guess I'm an unusually romantic person, but my dream is this: I would be sitting in a beautiful woods with flowers and trees all around, all by myself. I'd sit there while the seasons changed, and then one day the man of

my dreams would ride up on his horse and for weeks we'd make love like crazy. Then all of a sudden he'd get up and ride off...but I'd know that he'd be returning soon and I'd wait for him, living on the dreams of the time we'd had together....

"A good-looking man turns me on at first but there has to be something special about him that really stands out. Inner beauty is most important. But a man's mouth is also important to me, because it's very erotic...I guess I look at the mouth first and then the hands. After all, those parts of the body are second in importance...so I like to get acquainted with them first. Builds suspense."

Sarah Crutchfield—why not?

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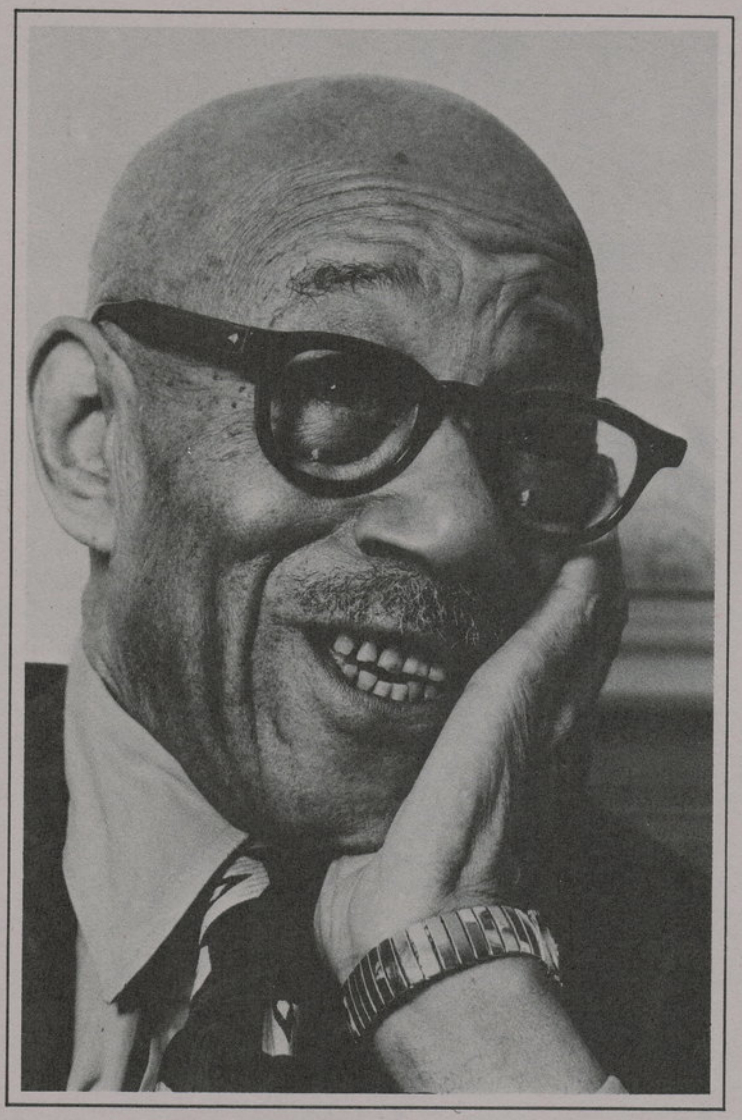

EUBIE BLAKE

"I remember a time when a Negro couldn't get his picture in a magazine unless he stole a ham or a chicken. That's not true anymore. Without us blazin' a trail, nothin' might have happened."

Ed Gallucci

Eubie Blake was thrashing away at the keyboard when he was only six and he's stuck with it for over eighty years—first creating the ragtime piano rage of the 1890's, then polishing and refining it in black bars and nightclubs, vaudeville, Broadway, and speakeasies. Now he's reviving it before standing-room-only audiences at Lincoln Center, the Newport-New York Jazz Festival, and the Boston Pops. He's busy lecturing and jamming on college campuses and upstaging cheesecake on talk shows. Music authorities Robert Kimbell and William Bolcolm have compiled an opulent volume of interviews with Eubie Blake and his longtime lyricist, Noble Sissle, in *Reminiscing With Sissle and Blake* (Viking, $12.95). And a series of albums on the Eubie Blake Music label are soon to be released.

With Eubie's comeback following the rediscovery, a few years back, of Scott Joplin's compositions, the renaissance of ragtime is upon us. And no one is more qualified to talk about it than Eubie himself, who at ninety is as sharp as a needle and salty as a cracker and bald as an egg and as frisky on the ivories as he ever was. Probably friskier.

James Hubert Blake was born in Baltimore on Feb. 7, 1883. His mother and father were born slaves. One fateful day in 1889 he was separated from his mother in a department store. She found him playing an organ in the music department—and before they left she had arranged to buy a $75 organ for 25 cents a week.

"I wasn't really so hot," recalls Eubie. "Mozart was better at four." But shortly thereafter he began playing church hymns in a ragtime that Mozart never knew, or, if he did know, paid little heed to. By the time Eubie was sixteen, he was picking up loose change playing piano in a local bawdy house. From there, he joined a medicine show, then played the saloons where ragtime was born. Eubie met many of the men who made music in America in this century and at the end of the last. Men like Jesse Pickett—a pimp, gambler, and sometime musician who taught Eubie to perform with "dirty" guttural bass that made the lesbian whores cry out for more—and Irving Berlin, who used to listen to Eubie play in Atlantic City in 1911 and holler, "Hey Eubie! Give me my song!" That song was "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Eubie's first tune was "Charleston Rag," composed in a Baltimore bar in 1889. Since then, he's written hundreds of songs and he's still at it. In 1921, he and Noble Sissle wrote the songs for *Shuffle Along*, an all-black musical, which featured "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and soon became a milestone in American musical theatrical history: it brought black artists to Broadway in unprecedented numbers and ushered in a decade of sophisticated black musicals, including *Liza*, *Hot Chocolates*, and several editions of the *Blackbird* revues. It was the *Blackbirds of 1930* that introduced Eubie's beautifully nostalgic *Memories of You*.

Eubie never stopped entertaining and was one of the most popular pianists on the World War II USO circuit. Today he lives in Brooklyn with his second wife, Marion Tyler, whom he met when she was a dancer in *Shuffle Along*.

In recent years, Eubie Blake has been reproached by black militants who have called him an "Uncle Tom" because some of his songs are about "mammies" and "pickaninnies," but Eubie retorts, "I'd like to see some of these loudmouths talk the way they're talking now if they had been tryin' to make a livin' in the days when the Ku Klux Klan was marchin' down Pennsylvania Avenue, fifty thousand strong."

Talking to *Penthouse*, Eubie spoke freely about his childhood, his parents, and his early days in Baltimore. Interviewer Ric Ballad made no effort to contain him, saying later, "It would have been like telling Picasso to paint a bit more neatly."

Penthouse: Your best-known songs are "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and "Memories of You"——

Blake: Well, I had five *selling* hits. I had nineteen hits on the stage. Like "Cravin' For That Kind of Love." Boy, when Florence Mills sang that, she was so great that people never heard the punch line. They jumped up, screamin' and throwing their hats up. Then they'd go out and ask for the song—sheet music and records, you know—and they'd say, "You got that song, 'Kiss Me'?" They had the title wrong. That happens a lot. You give a good song a title people don't remember and it's harder to sell.

Penthouse: Yes, there's a song titled "In Other Words" but everybody calls it "Fly Me To The Moon."

Blake: Sure. That happens all the time.

Penthouse: How did you meet Noble Sissle?

Blake: It was 1915. May the 15th. It was an *event*. You know, I had written a lot of numbers at that time but I didn't have no words to them. So when Noble was introduced to me I says, "Sissle? Sissle? That name rings a bell. Did you write a song once?" He says, "Yeah." And I says, "Well, I'm lookin' for a lyricist." And we shook hands. Fifteenth of May, 1915. And we're still partners. He's eighty-four years old. The first song we wrote was, now get this because it was a *local* hit, "It's All Your Fault." And Sophie Tucker sang it.

Penthouse: You knew Sophie well?

Blake: Oh, yes. That's what hurt me so bad at her funeral. Something *told* me to take a taxi. But I took the subway and I got there late. And they had the funeral on Seventh Avenue in New York and I was across the street and I said to the cop, "Listen mister, I wrote songs for that girl. I gotta be there. I'm Eubie Blake and this is my partner, Noble Sissle." And the cop says, "Yeah? And I'm Booker T. Washington." Wise guy. So he wouldn't let us cross. And I never did get in. And they held the funeral up for me, too.

Penthouse: When did you and Sissle form your vaudeville act?

Blake: Well, it happened when James Reese Europe got killed. He had a dance band that I played with. He also had a military band. Then Europe was killed in Boston, and they brought John Philip Sousa out of retirement. But Sousa had cut off his whiskers, and he cut off about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars when he did that. People didn't know Sousa without his whiskers. They were his trademark. Listen, it's like me, I don't want this damned little mustache. But I can't cut it off. Once you establish something, you gotta stick with it.

But, anyway—how I got in vaudeville. Well, when Jim Europe was killed, we had been working for millionaires—in his dance band, that is. Blue-blood millionaires. We never played for the Rockefellers or like that. We never played for the Fords, see? Because they weren't blue bloods.

Penthouse: Who *were* the blue bloods?

Blake: Vanderbilts, Astors, Goulds, Rhinelanders, Cabots. And we worked in tuxedos. So when Jim died, we went into vaudeville. We opened in New Haven. We played three days and then came in to the Harlem Opera House near Seventh Avenue. And then we were supposed to see these people about playing the Palace. So we get up to the sixth floor of the Palace Theater Building. Now, Pat Casey was our agent and he was one rough Irishman. A top agent. He handled Sousa, too. But how that man kept a telephone I'll never know! God, he talked so rough. He was terrible.

So we get to the office on the sixth floor and this guy says to Pat, "Tell you what we'll do. We get grotesque clothes for 'em. All ragged. And we have a piano on stage, in the box. We don't take it out of the box."

Now, I gotta get up for a minute to show you what this man wanted us to do. He says, "Now, Sissle and Blake come on in these ragged clothes. And Blake says, 'Hello dere! Wha' . . . wha' dat?' And Sissle scratches his head and says, 'I dunno wha' dat is. Wha' is dat?' So then Blake inches up on the piano, lookin' scared and he says, 'I'm . . . I'm gwine touch it. Look out!' And he hits one note and he says, 'Why dat's a pia-anna!' "

Now, the most ridiculous part is that he wanted me to sit down then and play the piano. That was supposed to be the joke. So Pat Casey says to him—well, I can't say it 'cause you're tapin' this. But I tell you that man *cussed*.

Then he says, "You want Sissle and Blake?"

"Yeah."

"Good act?"

"Yeah."

"What did they wear when you saw them?"

"Tuxedos."

"Well," says Pat, "if you want Sissle and Blake you're going to take 'em in tuxedos and they're not going to act like that. Now, if you don't want 'em, I'll sell 'em to the Shuberts."

And the guy yells, "Oh, no! Don't do that!"

So we went from the Harlem Opera House straight into the Palace. Now I'm not sure, but they claim no act ever went from anywhere in the sticks straight to the Palace. You had to work up to it through other big theaters. I wonder if Pat Casey is alive today? He must be a hundred and five. I ain't read that he died.

Penthouse: You played piano and Noble sang?

Blake: He sang. Oh, man, what an actor! When that guy used to sing "Pickaninny Shoes" he'd be holding a pair of imaginary baby shoes in his hand. They weren't there, but he could make you believe they were. Great actor. Of course, you can't say "pickaninny" now.

And he'd sing, "Mammy's Little Choc'late Cullud Child." You can't say "Mammy" now, either. Have to say "Mommy."

Penthouse: These were all your own songs.

Blake: Yeah, sure. We wrote our whole act. All original. When we first went on, see, all the rest of the acts except us and Bill Robinson, they all dressed grotesque. Bill wore a tuxedo or tails, of course. But all the rest did comedy.

Penthouse: You've been called an "Uncle Tom" who perpetuated black stereotypes. What about that?

Blake: Well, now, you know I play colleges. And I tell the audiences what I'm going to do. It was right here in a New York City college where I said, "The first number will be 'Bandanna Days.' " Oh, my! A groan went up. Four or five of 'em don't like it. So I said, "I knew you were gonna do that. Now I'm going to tell you, you are here today, in this university—you're getting everything and you're being treated like human beings. You know who are some of the people responsible for that? Miller and Lyles, and Sissle and Blake—the old vaudeville teams." Listen, Jack Johnson was on the stage. Heavyweight champion of the world. Jack Johnson knew he had the right to marry who he wanted to marry. But this country said no. They framed him and they sent him to prison. After that, they didn't fire *all* the other Negro entertainers. But they gave us less work.

But Miller and Lyles, and Sissle and Blake put Negroes *back* on the stage again. Now, if you had been a composer in those days, with songs that were hitting, what would you do? It's so easy to talk brave about civil rights, now. It wasn't so easy then.

I remember a time, not too many years ago, when a Negro couldn't get his picture in a magazine like *Life* unless he stole a ham or a chicken. That's not true anymore. Without us blazin' a trail, nothin' might have happened. I speak of Miller and Lyles and Sissle and Blake as I would of Sammy Davis, Pearl Bailey, and Joe Louis. When Joe Louis was born, he was born the heavyweight champion of the world. When Sammy Davis was born, he was *born* the greatest star of his generation.

Penthouse: I don't quite understand.

Blake: I mean you're *born* to do certain things. *Born* to it. Like Jockey Lee. He was born to ride like that. Jockey Lee rode nine straight winners. He said he'd do it, and he did. He couldn't read or write or nothin'. Happened at Latonia, Kentucky. Nine races. Kid North was his valet. Now Jockey Lee could tell time on a stop watch but not on a straight watch. He'd say to Kid North, "What is the name of that horse in the first?" And he'd tell him. "Who's the jockey?" And he'd tell him. "Okay. I'll win that one. What's the next one?"

And so on, down every horse in every one of those nine races. He called the turn. He beat Snappy Garrison in a match race, too.

Penthouse: Who was Snappy Garrison?

Blake: A great jockey. Now, you know, English jockeys used to sit back, with the weight on the horse's back. A horse drives from the back there, his power is in his hindquarters. So Jockey Lee took to ridin' up on the shoulders. Now the horse is carrying nothing back there to hurt his drive, his momentum. But you know who first rode that way?

Penthouse: No.

Blake: Todd Sloan. Before him, everybody rode English style.

Penthouse: Was Todd Sloan black?

Blake: No! What's the matter with you? Todd Sloan was white.

Penthouse: You really love horses. Do you go to the track a lot?

Blake: Well, I used to be an exercise boy. I always liked horses. I don't bet on them, though. You can't beat them. You know why?

Penthouse: I have some ideas but I'd rather hear yours.

Blake: You can't beat them, because the horse can never tell you how he feels. Now a prizefighter might say, "I can't fight today because I've got the abba-dabbas and I don't feel too good." A horse can't do that. Every horse in that race is a question mark. You can't win. I go to the track for fun. You know what I do? I give my wife and our lady friend down the street one dollar each.

Penthouse: But you can't bet one dollar at a track. You need two.

Blake: You're catching on. They got to put their dollars together to make one bet. Makes 'em careful.

Penthouse: During Prohibition you played in speakeasies, owned by gangsters——

Blake: Yeah, I worked for a place Dutch Schultz owned, up on 54th Street. But I didn't know about *him* at the time. I just knew they owed me four hundred dollars. I went to the union. You know what they told me? Sue him. I says, "*I* don't have to sue him. I'm paying you twenty dollars a year"—that was the dues then—"so *you* sue him."

Well, I didn't know I was working for a gangster. That's why *they* didn't want to sue him. Who wanted to fool around with Dutch Schultz? But I did get paid, finally.

That reminds me of my friend Henry Kramer, a great lyricist. He put together a show for Arnold Rothstein, a big gangster. Kramer worked

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AN OPEN LETTER TO AMERICA

There are too many days when Vietnam and all its misery just won't let me be! My mind flashes back to battlefields—the insufferable heat and searing, burning-flesh smells of dying people in places that were combat zones to me, but home to those who lived and died there.

Sometimes my whole body tenses, every muscle tightens, and the slightest noise jerks me into the all-too-familiar tension of another fight for survival. Every soldier knows the minute-by-minute anxiety that comes with fire fights, exploding napalm, mortar shells, and the sound of ricochet bullets you just *knew* were meant for you. "Victory" doesn't even cross your mind. Survival does. The fantasy of winning the great battles played up in every book, marching song, and war movie, crumbles when a buddy's leg twitches and separates from the rest of his body. The childhood romance of being a combat soldier breaks up so brutally. War toys don't bleed and scream and die.

But I am home again, here in New York City, not back in the Nam! And yet, all too often these days, the flashbacks explode in my head and I realize that I'm still in combat. Whenever I find out that proposed GI benefits fail to clear even *subcommittees* of Congress; that disability payments and ratings are tampered with; that no housing exists, that there are no jobs, no redemption for guys with bad-discharge papers . . . then I know that you can't come home again.

So I and thousands of guys like me are still fighting. The stakes are the same. Only the hometowns, cities, and farmlands of the America we so dearly longed for in war now become our combat zones. But the rules of engagement are no longer known to us. And we have very few allies. The deafening silence of our elected leaders is only surpassed by the tremendous public indifference towards truly bringing us home. Physically touching "America" does not mean escaping memories of death and war—even if TV has stopped covering it. We shout that we're back, but only a few loved ones respond. We try to convey what America has done to her sons by training them to kill for a war without victory or honor. And as the Israelis and Arabs lock horns, and the North Vietnamese move once again down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, I sense the impending repacking of duffle bags for another long journey to be taken by another army of America's sons.

Can a country sell fantasy twice—in the same generation? I pray to God not, but I know that it is very possible.

It is for America and all her sons and daughters not yet "wasted" in battle that the true story of the Vietnam vets must be told—no matter how long it takes.

TV, radio, newspapers, and other national media have never given Vietnam vets the attention they deserve. Editors are saying the war is over, it's too depressing, nobody gives a damn—let's cover something else. But *Penthouse* believes there's a story to be told—like it is. This series—The Vietnam Veteran—will tell the whole story and will not stop until something is done by all of us.

Only then can we come home again.

Carl M. A. McCarden, Project Consultant

PRISONERS OF PEACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

the tarmac runway with our hands. Touched America.

No crowd, no music or confetti. It was midnight. We glided through the night, into buses, to the mustering-out station.

Silently, America absorbed us. In the dead of night, we melted into her.

"Got any problems you want to talk over?" the army shrink said.

"No, sir. Not that I can think of."

It was 3 A.M. We were in herds again, waiting in lines. The processing station was brightly lit, deadly quiet.

"You're sure?" the shrink said.

"Yes, sir. If I think of any problems I'll write you a letter."

We wanted to go home. We wanted no delays, no more orders, no more sergeants and officers.

"Good," the shrink said. He wiped his brow, yawned. "Good. . . . Next!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Quite all right, son."

We left the army in taxicabs.

We rode alone. We wanted to talk to the cab driver—"Hey, man! It's me. I'm home." But even then we sensed America's indifference. The cab driver yawned. It was not quite dawn.

The airline terminal was brightly lit, hollow and empty. We boarded flights that took us to Minnesota and Detroit and Atlanta and Denver and Arkansas and Vermont.

We're home now: 2.6 million veterans of Vietnam; 3.3 million veterans of the Southeast Asian theater; 6.5 million veterans of what people in Washington, D.C., call the Vietnam era. We're all home. Where you are, we are. You may not recognize us, but we're there. We are young. Some of us have nightmares: giant Cobra gunships chasing us through the shadows of the valley of death. Many of us don't have jobs, many of us want to go to school but can't afford it. Many of us are hooked on heroin. If the Pentagon's statistics are correct, quite a number of us are killers.

Who are we? We're called the invisible army. The silent army. The Vietnam ghosts. The forgotten army, the discarded army, the lost army, the betrayed army. We are all those things and we are none of them. We are individuals.

So many of us are loners. Like wolves. A capacity for fierceness. Naturally shy, unsocial. Stalking under the moon. Loners.

We went to war alone. No troop trains pulling out of New York City. No units marching to war together and marching home together. No unit colors flying.

Loners in war, we are loners in peace. We lick our wounds in isolated, shadowed dens. Shy away from our old herds. We are bewildered, out of key, out of joint, out of tune with the Song of America. All this is called the Post-Vietnam Syndrome, or by its initials, PVS. The scientific meaning of PVS

is unclear, but it's as good a term as any to cover the sensation of aloneness, of estrangement, that hangs over many of us day and night. PVS is both cause and effect. It's a cause of joblessness, rootlessness, and drug addiction. And it's an effect of the war, an artifact, a quicksand of memories that doesn't let go. But what PVS finally boils down to is *aloneness*. Loners in war, we are loners in peace.

But we were loners even in battle. Isolated battles, private little wars waged by private men. Companies and squads, platoons and five-man teams. Ambushes. Midnight hunts. Good friends tracking the fox. Where were the parades? Where the hell was everyone? Where was Patton? Where was Bradley? Where was Ike?

We are losers.

That's what we're called: "Losers." Winning is what America is used to, winning is the name of the game, the score of the gore. We did the best we could, fought the war to a stalemate, but we're still losers. Losers and Loners. "Candy-assed," World War II vets call us.

We are also silent.

Among ourselves we will sometimes talk about the war, but even then we don't say the important things. We don't mention the terrible fear, the smell of a corpse, the smell of burning grass or red clay. We don't talk about the silence that hangs after a firefight, the sound of a Cobra gunship buzzing out death, the stink of napalm. The feel of war.

We meet in bars. "Haven't tasted beer this bad since that stuff in Nam—Tiger Beer. Now that was *awful* beer!"

"Were you in Nam?"

"Yeah. Sorry. Didn't mean to mention it."

"That's all right. I was there, too."

"No shit? Who were you with?"

A moment of silence.

"Americal Division."

"Jesus. You poor guy. Let me get you a beer."

"Thanks."

Americal. The most inefficient, unlucky American unit ever to hit a Vietnam battlefield.

We drink our beer and watch the girls float about the bar. Not much to say. One guy fought his war, the other guy fought his. War stories buzz in our brains—we remember, we get sad.

"See some bad shit over there?"

"Yeah. A little."

"Me too. You a grunt?"

"Yeah." There is an awful pride in it. To have been an infantryman—a "leg"—is to have been a soldier. Nothing else is impressive. We want to say more, we look at each other, but it falls dead. "Well." We smile. "Think I'll hustle me a woman. Peace."

"Peace, brother."

Over three million soldiers, sailors and fliers served in the Southeast Asian theater. Do numbers say anything?

Arms lost in battle—about 800.

Hands lost in battle—about 170.

Multiple amputations—1,081.

Genitals lost in battle—"no official statistics," says the Veterans Administration.

Vietnam-era veterans crowding VA hospitals last year—90,000 to 100,000. (The VA says it keeps no official statistics.)

Vietnam vets with less-than-honorable discharges because of drug habits—about 18,000.

Vietnam vets hooked on heroin—anywhere from 60,000 to 200,000, depending on various estimates.

Dead by hostile fire—46,092.

Dead by nonhostile cause—10,317. (Peterson was playing with a hand grenade, pitching it into the sea to kill fish. It exploded early, and his groin opened. *Dead by a nonhostile cause.*)

Wounded in action—153,311. (The grenade sailed out of the bushes and hung in the air like a football. We all jumped, but Clauson didn't jump fast enough and it exploded while he stood with his mouth open, his teeth showing. *Wounded in action.*)

Wounded by nonhostile cause—150,341. ("Stupid, stupid Tully," one soldier said. "He's not stupid," another said. "He's gonna go home. *Home, man.* Takes guts to blow a fuckin' hole in your foot." The other soldier nodded. "Yeah." *Wounded by nonhostile cause.*)

Legs lost in Vietnam battle—about 4,500. (Red legs and brown legs and ivory legs. Red inside—red meat, white bone. Parts of the legs are still lying in the minefields of the Batangan Peninsula.)

Vietnam-era vets classified as 100 percent disabled—23,214. (Meaning 23,214 of us are so messed up we can't earn money, can't hold a job. Money, the measure of all things.)

Total number of disabled Vietnam-era vets—331,611.

Vietnam-era vets classified as 100 percent disabled for psychological or neurological reasons—13,167.

"You know," a man at the VA says, "all these aren't Vietnam casualties. Some of them lost hands after the war. Poor circulation and things like that."

Dr. Marc J. Musser, the VA's medical director, says that "because of technology recently developed by the VA, the spinal-cord-injured veteran of the Vietnam era is, almost from the beginning, more independent and mobile than was the spinal-cord-injured veteran of previous wars."

The man at the VA continues: "A lot of these are multiple amputations, you know. That means it doesn't hit as many GI's."

"But don't multiple amputations mean it's worse for the guy who does get amputated?"

"Well, sure. But you have to remember the numbers. The numbers are the important thing."

What are the real numbers, the GRAND TOTAL, BOX SCORE, MISERY INDEX: 300,000? 500,000? 800,000? Do we count families, friends, girl friends—all paying, all in misery? A million? Five million? The score of the gore.

The VA, because it is "not necessary for the records," does not separate actual Vietnam vets from the big, deceptive category called "Vietnam-era" veterans. This classification trick allows the agency to downgrade hospitalization and disability figures by saying, "Oh, a lot of them are old soldiers who happened to leave the army during the Vietnam War years." Or another favorite VA line: "Oh, a lot of those guys served in Germany or Korea during the war." Either way, it's a part of the agency's way of saying, "Don't trust the numbers, even if they're ours."

We're your army. What's left of it. Not much, perhaps, but we're all you have.

We're nothing special. If America peeked in a mirror, it would see the face of the Vietnam veteran. We are mean, irrational, stupid, arrogant, evil.

And we are also brave, kind, thrifty, reverent—Boy Scouts.

General Karl von Clausewitz, Prussian military genius: "War is fought by human beings." That's all we are.

If we are warriors, then the farmer in Wisconsin is also a warrior. So is the businessman in Chicago, the editor in New York. The American Republic will soon be two hundred years old and already she has fought ten full-fledged wars. More than 28,000,000 living Americans are ex-soldiers. One-fourth of all living American males.

Vietnam veterans are not freaks.

America may be no more warlike than the rest of the world, but she is no less. Nations fight, Hobbes and Machiavelli and other great thinkers tell us. America is a nation. America fights.

Von Clausewitz: "War is part of the intercourse of the human race."

We are veterans.

We are members of the human race.

Vietnam. May 3, 1969

Off in the distance, about a click away, the village was still burning. It would burn forever.

We made our camp in the paddies.

It was dark—no moon, no stars. The village fire was red and yellow and bright, making a lot of noise.

We heard the huts collapsing.

Cows and chickens and dogs were trapped in the fire, howling animal howls.

We dug in. It was tough—the paddy was soggy and our foxholes filled quickly with water.

We lay in the water and were afraid. The fire died, the night became black. Smoke from the burning village rolled over us. We smelled it, breathed it. It filled our bodies.

"Absolute silence," the company commander intoned. He gave those kinds of orders. Authoritative voice: "Absolute silence." The order was passed down to us by platoon sergeants.

We were frightened, but it was not hard to sleep. Being frightened made it easier—easier to pretend. A way to escape. Dream of Maryland, dream of ice cream and hot rods, Watts and Central Park. The nervous

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

"To hell with them."

On the surface, such a statement would be considered about the most unpatriotic assertion that could be aimed at our fighting men today.

Yet that is the attitude being displayed daily by apathetic Americans—and these men realize it.

The statement itself—"to hell with them"—was borne by men who sorrowfully consider this our attitude toward them and their welfare.

They believe that they are forgotten men, fighting to halt aggression halfway round the world, and receiving little or no recognition for it. As evidenced by this statement, which is generally accepted by the GI as matter-of-fact, the morale of our servicemen is not as high as it should be.

The average American offers the returning veteran no encouragement, much less praise and commendation for the superb task he has completed as part of the greatest fighting force today.

Men over there die in accidents, guerrilla raids, and on patrol, but there will be little reward for their sacrifices when they return home—unless Americans change their attitude.

We are not necessarily a forgetful people. We just have to be reminded. Our organizations, such as churches, lodges, and civic groups, should take it upon themselves to furnish these reminders, for it is only through group action that community recognition of the veteran can be assured.

Since man can recall, it has always been customary to welcome home the victorious warriors of battle. The crews of the galleons of early Rome, the knights of King Arthur, the minutemen of America, and the world war GI's of the 20th century all received the highest form of commendation during their respective eras.

But the veteran today is, in a sense, a forgotten man. His overall absence from society and from the community is not so noticeable; it often passes without public attention, as though he were on vacation somewhere. And he can be expended—there is always someone on hand to fill his place in the social and business world.

Since his absence did not create a manpower shortage as it did in World War II, his value is appreciably lower as far as the businessman is concerned. In most instances, the veteran is in his early twenties, having no more background than a high school education.

Because whatever talents he possesses can and often have been substituted for during his service, his value may not be considered so highly, and the cheers not so loud, and the open arms not so many as for the returning World War II veteran.

But that is all wrong. The veteran needs the attention, consideration, and helping hand that is so sorely absent when he returns home today.

As an example of the public's failure to recognize the "jobs well done" of these forgotten veterans, I want to tell you a true story.

An American Legion post held a night of recognition for returned local veterans. A famous general of one of our services, a native of that town, was the main speaker. But the general spoke not to an armory full of citizens, but mostly to empty seats. His speech was heard by more veterans than townspeople, the turnout was so poor.

The veterans received their Certificates of Honor, but the hollow absence was to them a true indication of the fact that their return was unhonored and unsung in the hearts and minds of their lifelong neighbors in that community.

But that is only one town, one occasion, and one example. There are many. Since the war first began, hundreds of thousands of American fighting men have become casualties. Many have returned to civilian life with permanent injuries. Yet their identity as heroes remains unknown in their own communities.

Millions of men have been discharged from the war. They wear no lapel buttons setting them apart from nonveterans, nor does their service to their country set them apart in any other way. If any public recognition has been made in their home community, it is small, and soon forgotten.

What happens when they return home? Their families greet them enthusiastically. They have been missed there. Maybe a neighbor says, "It's good to see you back, Joe," or the bartender at the neighborhood pub sets him up to an extra drink. But that isn't enough.

Where is the public response that so enthusiastically welcomed home our doughboys, gobs, and leathernecks of World War I and our GI's of World War II?

It is understandable that, due to absence of rationing, personal sacrifice, and suffering, the apathetic American has no eye-opener, no individual loss to remind him that his nephew or the next-door neighbor's boy is away fighting for his life.

We all share in this stigma of general apathy in this question-mark war. How can these men be expected to cheer over a war that has never been officially declared, a war from which their return is marked by no homecoming ceremony or other public recognition?

Can you blame our troops for low morale? They are dying and shedding their blood in a hopeless war, while they are forgotten at home.

I urge all community groups—luncheon, civic, labor, business, social, church, and school—to make it part of their current activities to welcome back all returning veterans, to express their appreciation of the great services these veterans have rendered, and to assist them in every way in their readjustment to normal lives.

It's a long and hard and tragic journey from war to our Main Streets. Let there be a genuine and warm handclasp at the end of this tough trail for all the gallant fighting men who come back. Hospitality and friendliness must begin at home, and the veteran has earned them!

(These remarks are taken from an address delivered by a department commander of the Iowa American Legion on April 8, 1953. They refer to another war, another generation of veterans. But their haunting and prophetic meaning is more stark, more real, and more imperative today than when these words were first spoken two decades ago. The man who gave the speech is now charged with insuring that the Vietnam-era veteran will not be "the forgotten man": Administrator of the Veterans Administration, Donald E. Johnson.)

system absorbs only so much war, so much horror, then it takes no more.

And we slept.

Near dawn, a short barrage of mortar rounds fell on us.

"Like a farm rooster," Kansas said. "Like getting woke up by a damn rooster."

"Don't Charlie sleep?"

"He's taking this here war too damn seriously. Gonna get somebody killed."

"Won't be me," said Josh. He was sure of it: it would not be him.

The mortaring ended at daylight. We ate C-Rations—jungle junk—ham and eggs mashed into a brown tin can, coming to us with the love and best wishes of the fine folks in East Orange, Indiana. We ate, then we packed our gear and waded across the paddy, back toward the village. Midway across the paddy, we stopped to clean our weapons. There wasn't enough gun grease to go around, so we used spit.

First platoon then fanned out along the western edge of the village. Third platoon fanned out along the southern edge. The rest of us pushed in from the north and east. We moved slowly. The notion was to confront the enemy or force him back into the waiting blocking force.

The village was desolate. Carcasses of cattle and chickens and dogs were strewn about. Only two or three huts still stood. The rest of the place was smouldering junk.

No people. No children, no mama-sans or poppa-sans.

A black soldier stepped on a booby trap. It wasn't much of an explosion. But it blew him into a tree, killed him.

Two of his friends cried.

There was nothing to shoot at. A deserted village, except for the mines and the booby traps.

It had been three days, and we hadn't seen the enemy. Three days of searching the village, with these results: four shredded arms, two dead soldiers, one pair of bloody legs. We could only cry and get angry.

A dust-off chopper was called in, and the black soldier's friends carried him to it and dumped him into the cabin. Then we stood back and held our bush hats on our heads. The chopper roared, moved up, then it dipped its nose and flew away.

We continued through the village. We found nothing. The day went on, became hot; we rested in the ruins and took a resupply of C-Rations and bags of iced Coke and beer.

Then we waded back into the paddy and dug in for the night.

"Something has to happen," Josh said softly. "We have to find Charlie, he's out there somewhere."

"I hope we never find him," Kansas said. "Hope we lose our maps and lose our way and stumble our way across Vietnam, into Cambodia, into Burma, into India. I hope we end up in the Bombay Hilton."

"Dream on."

"I will. What else can I do?" Kansas shrugged.

"Dream on. Me, I'd rather just go out guns blazing till it's either me or Charles. No more of this mine stuff. Just me and Charles, winner take the works."

Who are we, the veterans of Vietnam? What are our thoughts now that we are home? What do we want? Are we bitter? Or are we thankful it's over, happy to be home with our lungs and hearts still working?

Are these the questions?

Or is this the question: Do any questions matter? Does anyone care? Should we ask questions?

Dr. Gordon Livingston, an army psychiatrist: "Today's veterans are survivors of what happened in Vietnam and have become a crucible for all of society's doubts and misgivings about our involvement in Vietnam."

The Educational Testing Service, Princeton, New Jersey, reports that our national newspapers—and the editors and journalists who man them—have decided vets do not make good copy. "Veterans," a Washington editor says, "are not sexy. Who cares?"

The *New York Times*, our liberal watchdog, published sixteen times more "veterans stories" after World War II than in the latter years of Vietnam.

"Forget it!"

In 1946, popular magazines printed over five hundred articles about veterans. In 1972, they printed less than fifty.

Ask a college teacher for advice: "Forget it," he says. "War's over. You can't fight it anymore, you can't battle what happened."

Forget it.

Ask an uncle for advice, or a cousin, or a buddy: "Stop crying. Wise up."

Forget it.

Ask a magazine editor about doing a story on the problems of veterans: "We're winding down the Vietnam War."

Ask a major book publisher: "Vietnam books don't sell. It's that simple. They don't sell. No one wants to read about it."

Forget it! Forget it!

"War's over. For Pete's sake, the war is over, over, over, over, over."

"I'll throw up if I hear another word about Vietnam. The word makes me vomit: *Vietnam*. It's an ugly word. *Vietnam* translated into English means boredom, despair, frustration. I hate the word *Vietnam*. Ban it. Cross it off our maps. Throw it out of the dictionaries. Find people who use it, toss them into the clink, throw away the key, flush it down the toilet." The shoe salesman spits into the street to emphasize the point.

"But what about the guys who fought the war? What about them?"

"I don't know. Do you know any?"

"A few. Not many."

"Poor guys."

"Yeah."

"Some of them are freaks, though. I've read about it. Dope. Loonies. They scare me."

"Wouldn't want your daughter——"

"Don't have a daughter."

"Oh."

Even the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, our Washington power bases, seem to be forgetting. Big bellies, grand words, big smiles, big conventions. The Educational Testing Service study sets out the documentation in very scholarly words, very careful words. It concludes that, when it comes to care and concern for the Vietnam veteran by the organizations representing him in Washington, he is at a "distinct disadvantage" to the World War II veteran. The Vietnam veteran understands the American Legion and the VFW. "They don't care, they don't honestly care. Not when it comes to action. Not when it comes to lobbying full-time for a decent GI Bill."

So we are not joiners. The statistics say that relatively few of us join these organizations. We have no place in the American Legion. The very words—American Legion—make many of us shudder. A place to go to play bingo, to wallow in pride and self-congratulation. But we have no victories to celebrate till we die; *we* did not win; *our* war, it is said, was not a just war. We are loners. Loners and losers.

Vietnam. May 4, 1969

"Hey, Kansas. Kansas! It's morning, wake up, man."

The earth's revolution slowly turned us into the sun. The light hit the tips of trees, then spread out over the rice paddy, and the war was with us again.

We paid no attention.

We lay on our ponchos, closed our eyes. Black flies . . . we woke up slowly . . . moved in slow motion, in funny jerks . . . ate peaches . . . popped open cans of beer . . . languished. Finally the orders were given. We filed across the paddy, toward the village, that same village, and the day began.

Slocum hit the mine. It was a dull thud, not much noise, but it tore up his leg.

"Echo 34, this is Apple 34. Request urgent dust-off, repeat urgent. Grid 765756. Repeat—urgent! U.S. casualty. Mine. Grid 765756. Repeat—urgent!"

"It's all right, man," a soldier told Slocum. "You're on the way home now, it's all over. Hang in there, baby. War's over."

Slocum hurt bad. It may have been shock or it may have been courage, but he made no noise. Everyone was proud of him. His leg and foot looked bad. A splinter of white bone dangled.

The chopper settled down. Slocum was carried aboard. Then we set off again for the village.

"Where's Charlie?" Josh asked. "I wonder where Charlie is. Think he's watching us? Think he saw Slocum hit that mine?"

"Who knows."

"I wonder. I wonder where ol' Charles is."

"You're standing on him," said Kansas.

"You crazy? I'm standing in water."

"You got it, man. You're standing on Charlie. This is his water, baby. His dirt."

"I'm scared," Josh said. It was the bravest thing said all day.

We marched through the minefields of Quang Nhai province. Shoulders hunched, eyes pinned to the dirt. *Step on a crack,*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

Marie

"My bottom is the center of my eroticism. When I touch myself there . . . it feels good."

BOTTOMS UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS LARSSON

"I believe in
making a man work
for me... I think
I'm worth it,
n'est-ce pas?"

Life imitates art. For example, French painters of the 19th century often emphasized the backsides of their nudes to make them appear more sensual. For eighteen-year-old Marie Ekorre, the backside needs no more emphasis than she gives it, for she is blessed with an undulantly ungirdled hipness about the *érotique* of her immaculate ischia.

"My bottom is the center of my eroticism," says Miss Ekorre. "When I touch myself there... it feels good."

How odd that her subarctic Sweden should be the environment of Marie's symetrically equatorial hemispheres, and yet—no contradiction!

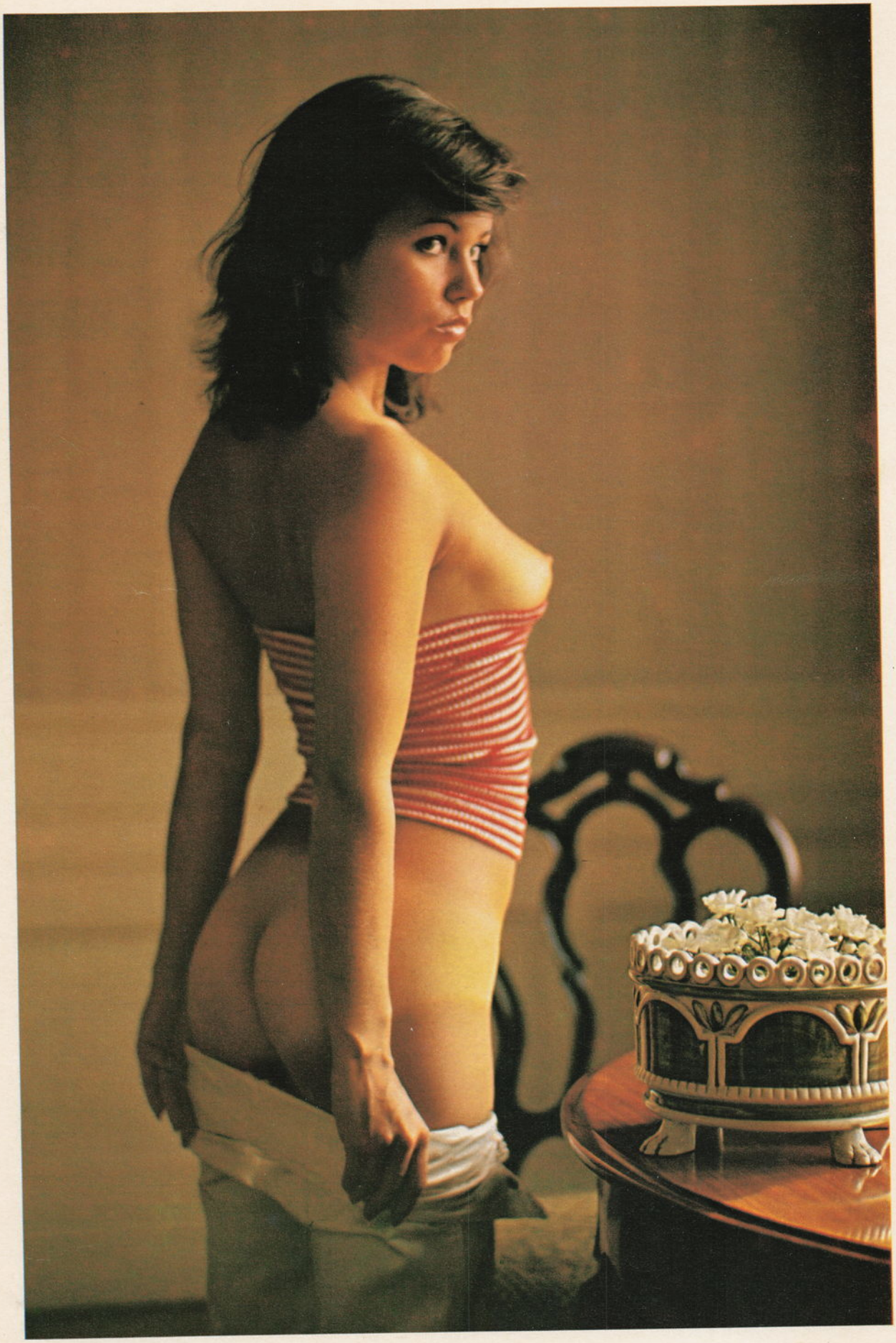
For this Scandinavian is a sexual riddle, a carnal question mark, as chaste . . . or as opaque . . . as the blinding white snow that blankets her suburban Stockholm at this time of year.

"Sex is the most important thing in the world to me, but I'm very immature, and I know it," Marie admits. "I know I need more life experience, and before I make myself available to any man, I want to be satisfied that I know how to integrate love, sex, and emotional maturity. . . . I'm not saying I'm a virgin and I'm not saying I'm not. But I think a man should be kept in suspense. . . .

"And if I'm a mystery to him, it gives a man the freedom to treat me like a child, to be kind and gentle with me . . . even though so many women expect to jump into bed with every other man they meet. A man should feel that he has to persuade me, to *win* me, because he's going to take something from me that he can never give back to me, and that I'll never give to anyone

"Sex is the most important thing in the world to me, but I'm very immature . . ."

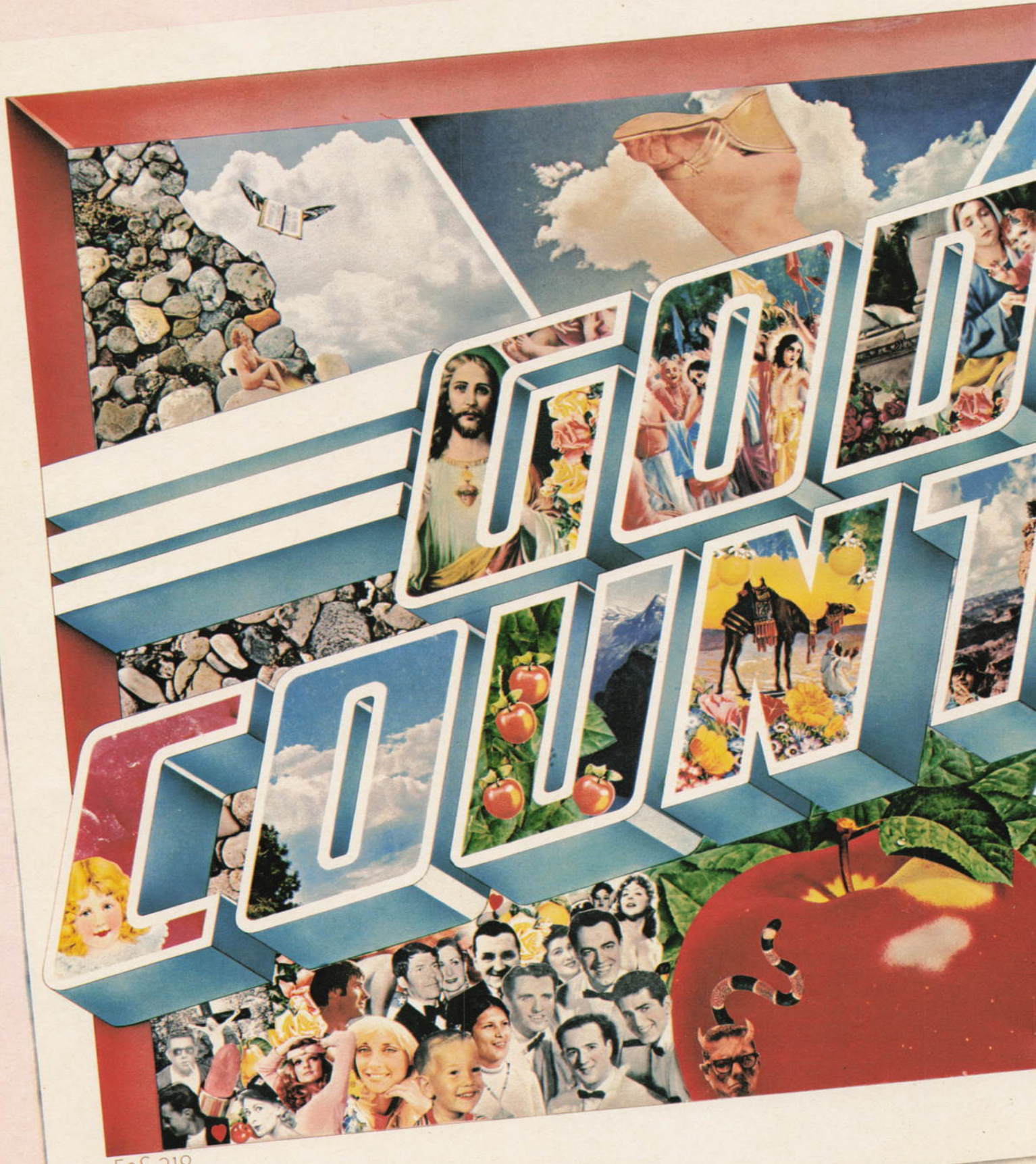
else. He really has to make me think he's very special, and to do that he has to learn to believe in himself." Indeed this mystic (35-24-35) maiden seems to emanate therapy from top to bottom, as is only fitting in one whose convent unbringing has created a need in her to serve others. Gainfully employed now as a cocktail hostess in a resort hotel, Marie is saving her salary and tips for the apartment she and a friend will share next year. "Ingrid and I are great friends: even though we disagree about everything, we get along fine. For instance, she likes rock music, while I prefer either classical



music or singers like Frank Sinatra. As long as we can get a very big flat, we'll get along fine. Also, she thinks she has to have intercourse with every man she meets or else men won't like her—she's very beautiful, but she's terribly insecure. I don't believe in postponing my pleasure, but I believe in making a man work for me . . . I mean, I think I'm worth it, *n'est-ce pas?"*

With currencies devaluating everywhere, there's no question of Marie Ekorre's bottom dropping out. No doubt she'll go on to great things—but her real future is behind her.

MISS MARIE EKORRE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



F&S 312

By Peter Benchley

CAMBRIDGE, Ohio (UPI)—Inspired by the success of Disneyland, a group of religious-minded men is planning a $30-million Biblelands—complete with camel rides, fishing in the Sea of Galilee, and side trips to the land of milk and honey.

It had to happen, I suppose. In every great career there are bound to be a couple of setbacks—sort of pauses on the way to the top. But when they came to me with their proposition, it looked too good to refuse. It was a gamble, sure, but I'm in the business of gambling.

Technically, I'm a public relations man. But that's like saying that, technically, Thomas Edison was in the lighting fixtures business or that Xaviera Hollander sleeps around. I'm the original multimedia man. I create, package, promote, and sell. I make the market. For example, before the Crud came to me, they were nowhere—just a bunch of grimy kids who sang a lot of moon-June-croon stuff. It was me that thought up their outfits, dressed them in garbage bags, and put coffee grounds in their hair and smeared them with bacon grease. It was me that wrote their new material, goldies like "Wasting Thyme Is Offal" and "Don't Ordure Me Around." It was me that thought of the idea of throwing chicken heads at the audience at the end of each performance. And that's just one act. My client list reads like a Who's Who in everything—from the Cunning Linguists to Daryl, the Boy With Two Dongs.

So it was natural for God's Country people to get together with me: natural for them because they wanted the best in the business; natural for me because I felt it was time for my career to take a new tack. I was sick of pushing smut. Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against smut—it's the spice of life. But it's like a poet who gets sick of writing poems and decides to write plays. Change is part of the creative process.

Besides, the deal was a sweetheart: five thousand a month for consulting, plus stock options, plus 5 percent off the top of any gross profit.

We worked together real good at first. They had a couple of hundred acres, a man-made lake stocked with carp (the Sea of Galilee), and a whole bunch of camels they bought from some Arab. But beyond that, they didn't have too much of an idea of what they wanted. All they said was they wanted the place to be inspirational and fun. That's where I came in.

I began to brainstorm. The first thing was to find a name for the hotel where the tourists would stay. A snap: I called it the Manger Inn, and I had the guests sign in on stone tablets. To add to the atmosphere—really important if you're trying to be inspirational—I set up a room in the Inn called the Temple, where guests could exchange their money for pieces of silver (zinc, actually, but nobody cared) with a nice picture of Jesus stamped on one side and the Golden Rule ("In God We Trust") on the other.

We had a restaurant on the property. It was called the Burning Bush Burger Pit, and you could get everything from a snack (Goliath Burgers) to a full meal (a plate of Adam's Ribs). The saltshakers were all custom-cast to look like Lot's wife. It was really cute. We had games for the kids—games that *taught* as well as entertained—like the one where you threw deviled eggs at the head of John

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

Total orgasm engulfed the group.
Butch Medusa had unleashed the infinite forces of sexual energy.

CIRCUS OF JADE

by Marco Vassi

Butch Medusa lay amidst the pile of bodies. There were eleven other women in the heap, the result of the most ambitious project she had ever undertaken. The group contained representatives of each of the world's races, and was a palette of wildly complementary skin colors and hair textures. Each woman was from one of the sun signs of the zodiac, and Butch had personally tested and tasted all of them for the copiousness and flavor of vaginal secretions.

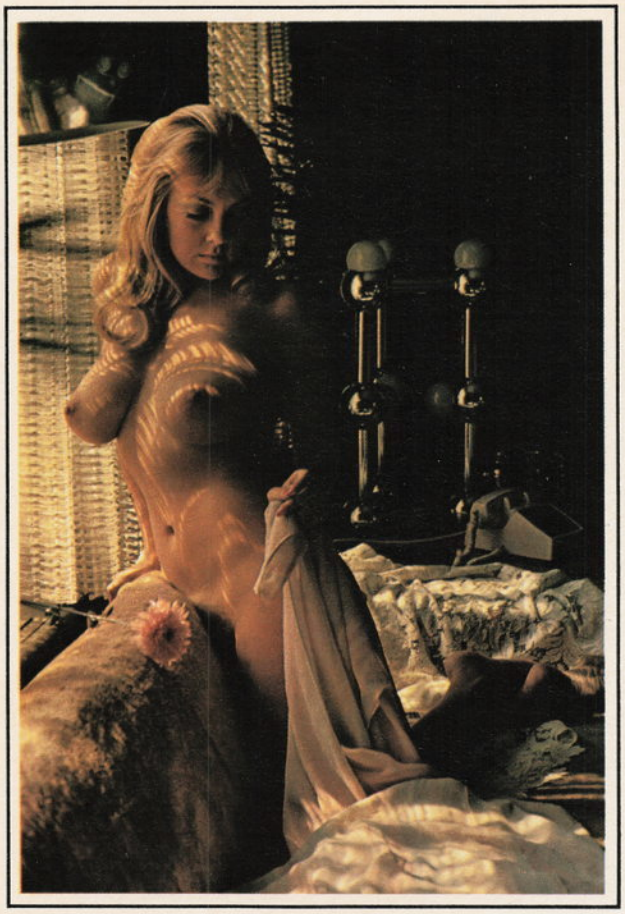
But now—after all the drugs and music, after the hours of flirtation and foreplay, after the weeks of preparation and expectation—now as asses and cunts and mouths and breasts and feet rolled and flashed in a continuous panorama of ultimate sensuality, Butch had to admit that she was bored.

"This orgy has no socially redeeming value," she said to herself as a lithe Ethiopian sword dancer sucked one of her nipples between eager lips. Loathe as she was to admit it, Butch had come to the end of a cycle and was unwilling to garner the energy to break into a new phase.

She had begun her career by sweeping into a lesbian bar one night, dressed in a suit of chain mail and carrying a mace. The place was instantly polarized, the more strident exponents of the new female image finding her intolerably *outré*, while the lustier women flocked to her side, glad that at least one person was still ready to champion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Paul Birkbeck



thoroughly modern Suzie

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

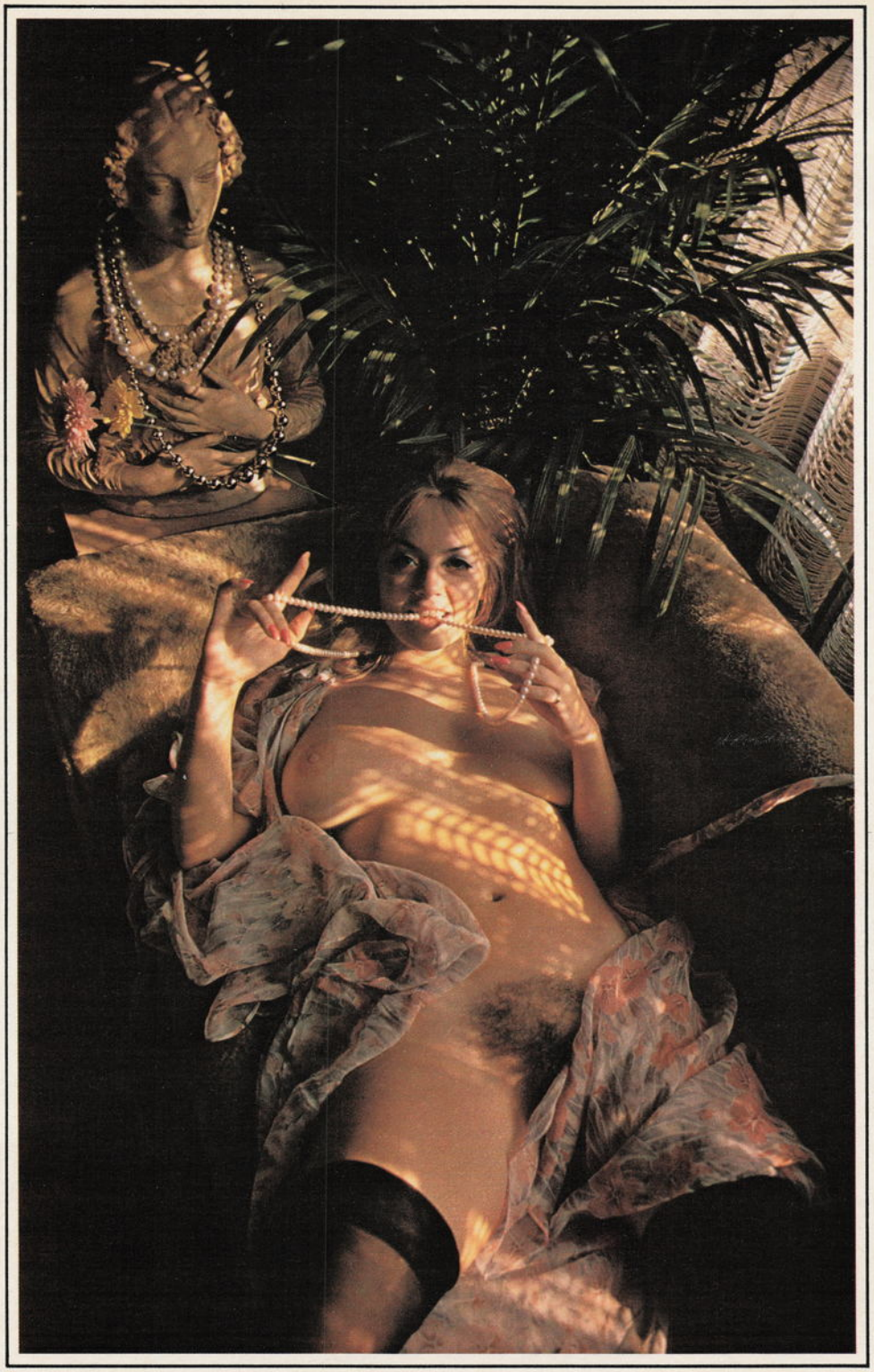
"I'm particular," says Suzanna Hayes, "about the sort of guys I go out with. A man's looks are not terribly important ...not in the sense that makes them so important to other women...and I can't stand pretty, pretty boys, but I'm very turned on to *well-developed* men...especially men who are well-developed sexually. Personality, intelligence and *big* statistics count more than anything else."

Massachusetts-born, Florida-raised, and farm-bred, this thoroughly modern miss finds herself identifying more with Mae West than any other contemporary personality. "I know it sounds silly, but Mae West was years ahead of her time. She knew where it was at and she had the courage to live a fully liberated and unconventional life long before it became fashionable. Mae *was* liberated—maybe the first truly liberated woman in America.

"We even have the same taste in men...or at least in the way men should be handled. I don't want to marry until I'm thirty, and even then I'd much rather have an open relationship. I'm very sex-oriented and I have a healthy respect for other people's needs. I don't mind if my man plays around... as long as I can enjoy the same freedom and as long as he and I have a firm understanding between us. If we're truthful to each other, and if we're mentally and emotionally com-

patible, then anything goes. I'd hate to wind up with a stuffed shirt who freaked out every time I made a sexy suggestion."

Like Mae, Suzie's gravitation toward show business was inevitable but, unlike Mae, her prodigious visibility quotient has been completely obviated by a career in radio. "I'm very eager to get into television but radio is still my first love. People have to sit around and *watch* television, but radio allows you to do anything you want and still commands your attention. I do a little of everything. I host my own show, do news spots and commercials, produce and write.... It's fascinating and vital."



Suzanna prides herself on a unique ability to remain aware of current events. She's into the whole youth scene and regards it as a significant, however disjointed, foundation stone for the trends and principles of tomorrow's social establishment. She is a super-intelligent creature with an unusually flexible philosophical approach to life. "I've had one or two bisexual experiences. They were interesting, for making love to another girl is somewhat like fulfilling the constant dream of self-love. All in all, I don't believe you're capable of becoming a *whole* person until you've experimented with different parts and aspects of yourself. . . ."

Her parts irrefutably intact, this twenty-two-year-old, 42-25-37 Libra, holds forth many a significant pattern of hope for an intelligent, sensitive, and liberal America yet to come.

This is the first in a searching new *Penthouse* series of interviews designed to explore both sides of the sexual relationship. By considering the male and female perspectives individually, the shared experience will be brought into sharper, more comprehensive relief.

While some of the interviewees may try to deceive or exaggerate, the reader will be able to judge the truth for himself by reading the other side of the same story. Experience indicates, however, that the couples will generally speak frankly.

As an investigative vehicle, Couples provides a rare insight into the most intimate and carefully guarded areas of human activity. It is the first mass-audience sex investigation designed to improve our knowledge of the complex interpersonal relationship between sexual partners.

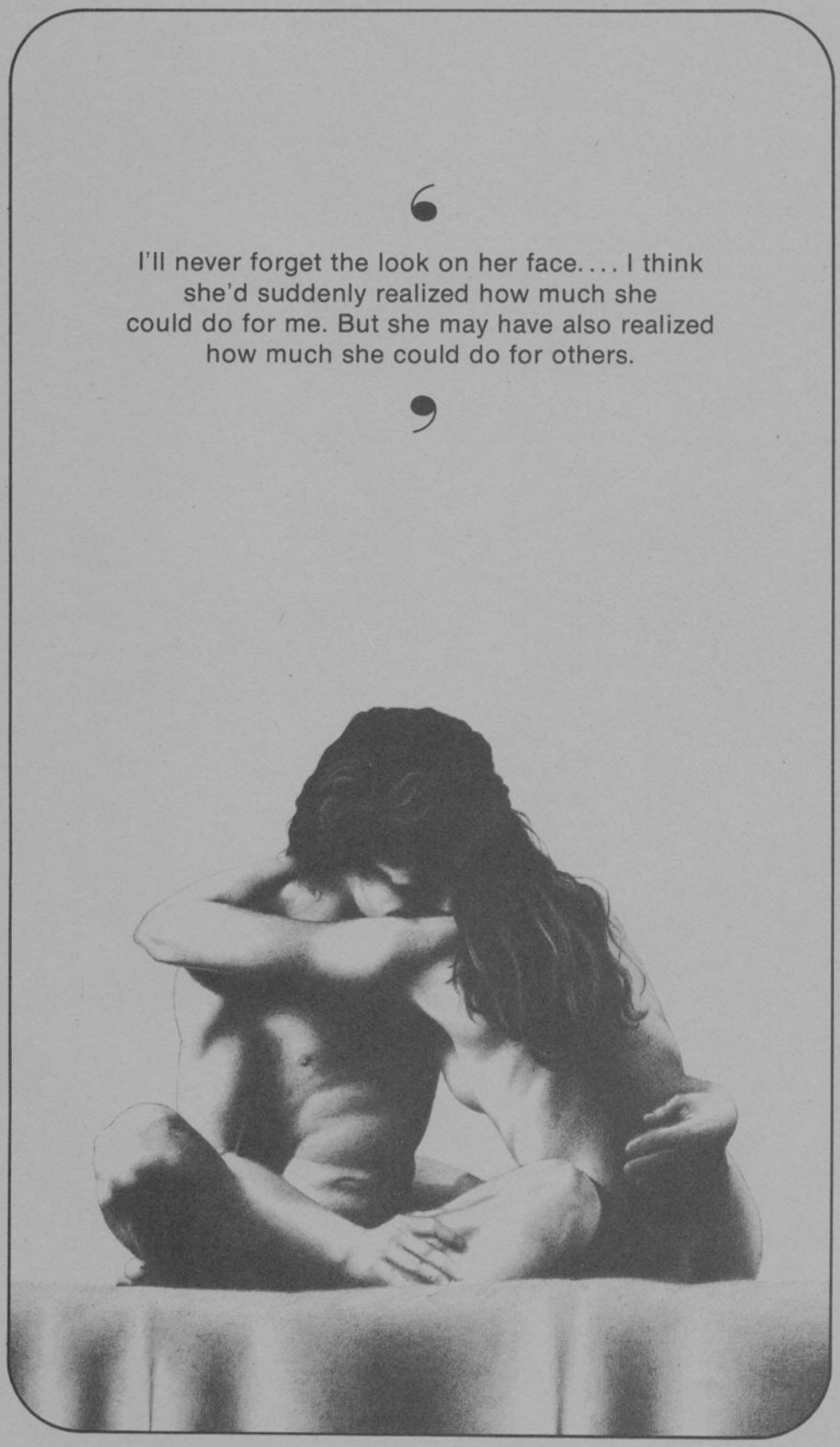
You can join Dr. Robert Chartham and the *Penthouse* insight team by making and voicing your own judgments and evaluations of these intimate case histories in our Forum (letters) section. The most interesting, insightful, and constructive letters will be published. Names and addresses will, of course, be withheld.

The couples interviewed are all volunteers whose anonymity is guaranteed by *Penthouse* If you and your partner-in-love would like to be interviewed, please write in confidence to The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022.

COUPLES

Howard Pemberton

I'll never forget the look on her face.... I think she'd suddenly realized how much she could do for me. But she may have also realized how much she could do for others.



Mike, twenty-two, trainee furniture designer, and Amelia, nineteen, art student. Mike's story:

"I think the hardest part, looking back on it, was accepting that Amelia was capable of having a sex life of her own, in her own right. The fact that I'd been the first person ever to have her made me feel that I had a right to expect complete faithfulness from her; and I suppose that made me careless about her, as though we were married or something. The shock of realizing that she could actually make it with someone else hit me really hard, and made me really depressed for a long time. But when I got over it, when I accepted her as an independent sexual person, then things started getting better.

"I met her when I was taking a course down at the art college, where she was taking a fine arts course. She is really a great-looking girl, and I noticed her the first time I went there. There's a lot of things I like about her, but I suppose it was her blond hair, and her eyes, and her figure that attracted my attention at first. She's got fantastic tits, I mean really fantastic. People say that tits don't matter, they're not important, and you're childish if you like them, but I think they're great. They bounce up and down when she walks along.

"About the third or fourth time I was there, I got on sort of nodding terms with her. And then one day I met her and some friends of hers in a bar. They were all going down to see this rock 'n' roll band, and they asked me if I wanted to come along, so I did. I couldn't really get near Amelia at first, but after a few drinks I plucked up the courage to ask her for a dance.

"I remember she was wearing this T-shirt you could see her nipples through, and tight satin pants. I used to wonder whether she deliberately wore stuff like that to turn people on, or whether she just liked it and people got turned on all the same. When she danced, her breasts jiggled up and down, her shiny little backside kept vibrating about, and I started to get a hard-on. There was a slow song next, and we danced cheek to cheek. I couldn't resist pressing myself against her, and she must have felt this great stiff prick rubbing up against her, but she didn't say anything.

"That was when we first kissed. We left together afterwards, and went for a long walk. We kept stopping and kissing—you know how you do when you first meet someone you like, you keep kissing them all the time—and after a while we got a taxi and went back to my apartment.

"I think she seriously thought she was going to sleep in my bed by herself, and that

I was going to sleep on the floor. She turned the light out, and I could hear her undressing and getting into bed, so I took my own clothes off and got in with her. She still had her pants and bra on, she was that modest. She didn't kiss me very passionately at first—I think she was frightened. But then we got more and more carried away, and I undid her bra, and her nipples were like those rubber erasers you get on the end of pencils. When I started to put my hand down to take her pants off, she tried to stop me but she touched my prick by mistake—and after that she didn't try to stop me again.

"She was very worked up. Her pubic hair was all slippery with juice, like seaweed. I didn't know whether she was on the Pill or not, but I was too far gone to do anything about it. I think I said, 'I want to get into you,' or something like that, and then I started pushing myself into her.

"It wasn't too bad, I don't think it hurt her too much. I came very quickly because she was so tight. She said something, but I don't know what. I asked, 'Are you all right?' and she said, 'I think so.'

"After that we made love every time we went out together. It got so that we couldn't wait to get back to the apartment after the movies or whatever it was. Her pants would be soaked before I'd even begun to undress her. She got much more enthusiastic about sex, and often wanted to make love when I was feeling less than excited.

"But I'll never forget the first time I got her to suck me off. We'd gone for a walk down near the river on a Sunday afternoon, and we were sitting on this bench. There was nobody around, and we started kissing a lot. I slipped my fingers up the front of her skirt, got my hand inside her tights, and started to masturbate her slowly with my fingers. She undid my pants and got my prick out. She was rubbing it up and down, but I wanted her to suck it so much I could hardly sit still. I gently pressed her head down until her lips were practically touching it. I didn't know what she would do or say, but I had to get her to do it. She resisted a bit, but then she gave it a bit of a lick, and finally opened her mouth. I pressed her head down even more so it went all the way into her mouth. She was only half-fighting me. She sucked me until I felt my balls were going to burst, and I kept her head down while I came in her mouth.

"I'll never forget the look on her face when she sat up, with all that come on her lips. I didn't know how she was going to react. She started crying, but she wasn't upset. I think she'd suddenly realized how much she could do for me. But she may have also realized how much she could do for others.

"About three weeks later I called her and she said she couldn't go out that night. She said she was getting a cold, and better stay in. I believed her—there was no reason why I shouldn't.

"I called her again later in the week, and we arranged to go out together. When I saw her everything seemed all right, until the end of the evening when she said she didn't want to go to my apartment.

"I said 'What do you mean?' and she said she wasn't sure about making love with me anymore. I said, 'How can you stop just like that?' She said, 'I'm not sure, I want to think about it.' So I just had to let her think about it. I was really depressed. I spent about two weeks walking around under a black cloud. Then a friend of mine said he'd seen her with another guy, and that just about put the lid on it. When I saw her next, I faced her with it point blank, and asked her what the hell she was playing at. She said she wasn't my property, and she could go out with whoever she liked. I hit the roof. I really hit the roof. I told her I was going home and if she wanted to come back with me she could, but if she didn't, she'd never see me again. She didn't come with me.

"But about a week later she called me and asked if she could come over. I felt like saying no, but when it comes down to it, I can't really resist her. So I said yes.

"She came over and she was wearing this really sexy crochet dress. I sat there smoking furiously, until she sat down next to me and started kissing me. Somehow that made it worse. I couldn't understand what she was up to at all. She kicked her shoes off, stood up and took off her dress, and when I saw her standing there wearing nothing but tights and a bra, I was completely knocked out.

"She practically raped me, except I wanted her to. She unbuttoned my shirt, took off my pants, and pushed me back on the bed. Then she got astride me as I was lying back there, and got me up inside her with her hand. I went crazy. It felt like a steel spring was tightening up between my legs. I was helpless. She pumped up and down on me until I practically passed out, and then I came. I thrashed about and bit the blankets and everything. I've never known anything like it.

"Afterwards we sat there with no clothes on and had coffee. I was really worried that this was the last time we would be together. I said, 'Was that the last time?' She said, 'No, I'm coming back. I want to be back with you.' I said, 'Why?'

"And she just looked at me in this funny way and said, 'I don't think you would understand if I told you.' "

Amelia's story:

"It's hard for me to talk about Mike because I still haven't got my feelings really sorted out. I suppose I'll stay with him—I mean, I decided to stay with him—but things have got to change a bit and it's difficult because he won't discuss anything.

"He's very vulnerable really, and I don't want to hurt him. Oh, I know he talks big and seems very sure of himself, but actually he's totally mixed up and I don't want to mix him up anymore. I think I'll just let things ride for a while until we've recovered from this split and then I'll try and talk to him and sort things out.

"He was the first man for me, and that means a lot. Actually, looking back on it, I can see he wasn't all that good—I mean he didn't care about me, he was so selfish. But for a girl, the first man is always important. I wish he had been more considerate, though. All he could think about was getting me into bed and so in the end it just seemed easier to let him. It was agony, it really was. I mean I still had a hymen and everything, and I could feel it tearing. And just as I was thinking, 'It's not so painful now—soon I will start to enjoy it,' he had finished and it was all over. My first instinct was to never let any man do that to me again. But then I talked to my roommate and she said that was silly, because I'd get a complex about it. And actually, the very next time I went out with him, I got really worked up in the movies and I actually *wanted* him to do it—and I thought, 'At least it won't hurt this time.' It did hurt a bit—I think maybe I was still sore from the first time—and again it was all over before I had time to feel anything. And the awful thing was that this pattern continued. We would begin to make love and I would start feeling sexy, and then as soon as he got on top of me—he always does it that way—I would stop feeling sexy, as though I'd been switched off.

"He is not very good at the—what do you call it?—foreplay. I mean he squeezes my breasts for a few minutes and then: Whoomph! Sometimes he almost suffocates me because he's very heavy.

"The other thing I resent is that he expects me to go down on him but he never does it to me. He forced me to do it the first time and I was almost sick, I mean literally. Also it makes you feel like a slave or something —you working away and him just sitting there. I don't enjoy doing it at all. I know some women apparently do, but I can't understand why—it's just something you do for his sake. And I know he loves having it done, so that makes me want to do it for him when I'm feeling loving.

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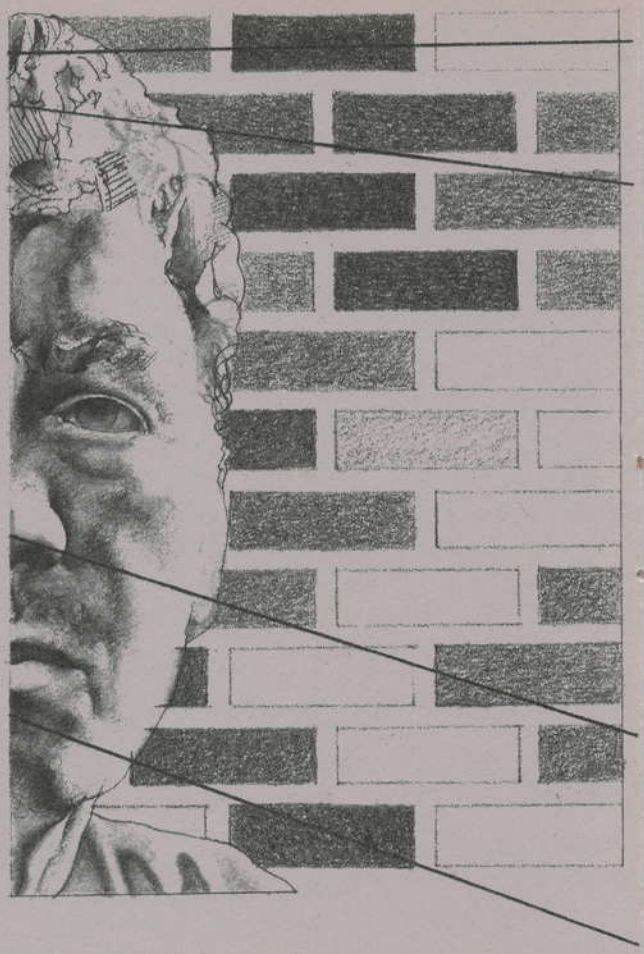

A best-selling novelist says, "The writer can't help putting his fucking nose and prick into everybody's business."

MY UNCIVILIZED PAST

by PIETRO DI DONATO

It was a real fucked-up day in March 1939. I was a twenty-six-year-old Italian-American bricklayer who had written a novel, *Christ in Concrete,* that was ready for publication. That was the day the Book-of-the-Month Club judges were to choose between my book and John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* for the September selection.

There were seven brothers and sisters I was taking care of. We lived in a rented house on the hill in Northport overlooking Long Island Sound. I hated like a sonofabitch to leave home and the symphonic radio music in the kitchen on that cold depressing morning and go all the way to the Flushing meadows to lay brick on the new World's Fair, but jobs were scarce and men were sucking asses for a day's pay.

Before I drove to the station the radio broadcast a bulletin that the Nazis had invaded Czechoslovakia and Hitler had arrived triumphantly in Prague. A few months before, when the United States recognized the Franco dictatorship that had been put in by the fascist armies, I had written letters to Chamberlain, Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini, calling them every kind of a cocksucker I could think of. I was madder yet when the criminals neither answered nor got the FBI after me.

Of course the lousy Long Island Railroad got me to work an hour late. The foreman was pissed off and I had words with him.

He said, "Wise guy, if you're so smart why are you slinging brick? Now I see why they call you 'Pete the Red.' "

"Red your mother's cunt!" I said, "Fuck you!"

Having to work outdoors in winter weather for your fucking bread makes you wish you were never born. Wind came up through the snow in a crazy gust and sent an ironworker off the high steel. I saw the dying man go into quivering sleep cradled into eternity on the concrete floor by a pile of brick. His rugged hands, his athletic body were divorced from things that remained to be done. No one stopped laying bricks. It was just another case for the Workmen's Compensation death claims.

All day I could only think of the judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Was it possible for me to have some goddamned good luck? As a counter-evil-eye Italian, with every brick I laid I said aloud, "Fuck them! Who needs them? Fuck them!"

At the end of the day, sure enough, I was fired. That was the evening I had to go to the publisher, Bobbs-Merrill, then located at Fourth Avenue and 28th Street, to find out whether the Book-of-the-Month Club had chosen Steinbeck or me. Being laid off I had to take my four-foot level and big white canvas toolbag with me. I hated to carry tools in the street and subway—it made me feel like a goddamned robot slob.

I was furious about my insecurity; there was nothing glorious about being poor. The fucking Book-of-the-Month Club could change my life in a minute. A story is an author-rigged thing, but reality is a 100 percent unpredictable whore. I swore that if fortune smiled on me I would tell the world to kiss my ass.

Kevin Brooks/Artists Associates

In the novel I gave labor a soul. I made family an intimate, sacred community. I theatricalized the fable of religion, placing each scene within the framework of ritual, instinctively patterning my work after the morality plays of dark mystic times gone.

Was it possible to be an artist without prostituting oneself? When I had finished laying bricks and a building was complete, I wanted to demolish it and return it to the dust it came from. I looked around me in the subway. Why try to bullshit myself? The truth about the common man was as obvious as the sun at high noon: the mass man was just the blinding incontinent will to propagate; he was the jerk who endlessly bred jerks. Da Vinci had said he was a human sack who took food into the top hole and let it out at the bottom hole; and I saw that from the sack, from Joe Blow, came all the power and evil in society.

As the train pounded along, the nice-looking kid next to me was reading *Moby Dick*. Suddenly, he burst out laughing and said to the black woman on his other side, "This sailor rents a room that he has to share with a stranger—and do you know what? His bedmate turns out to be a cannibal with a bone in his nose and wearing a silk top hat!"

I looked ridiculous myself, wearing a beret, a Prince Albert dress coat with a velvet collar, Lee work pants, and Sears-Roebuck's best cement-stuccoed work shoes. I had bought the formal coat at Rogers Peet at 41st and Fifth Avenue with a part of the money Arnold Gingrich had sent me for *Esquire*'s purchase of my first short story, "Christ in Concrete." William Saroyan, with Armenian acumen, had taken me to the young men's department where the prices were lower. My Prince Albert, and a pearl gray homburg, gray gloves, and spats, were to provide a proper literary appearance at the Plaza party given for me by Gingrich and Meyer Levin.

Hemingway had come to the party, thinking he'd see a gorilla-like, swarthy, Hoboken-Italian laborer (I was born and raised in Hoboken). But I was slender and aesthetic; I didn't smoke or drink. He said to the blonde with him, "He has the writing juice, but this bricklaying Donati cocksucker ain't so tough!"

I told him my name was not Donati but Di Donato. And I'll swear that squeaky-voiced, beady-eyed Hemingway had the most disgusting, dirtiest mouth I ever heard.

Then Clifford Odets, Ben Appel, Millen Brand, Mike Blankfort, Louis Adamic, Louis Bromfield, and other famous authors of the day came out to Northport, like visitors to a zoo, to look me over. They came from curiosity, expecting to see some horny-handed phenomenon and found instead an angry, articulate, self-appointed missionary. I felt like Jesus about his cousin, John the Baptist, when he said to the sight-seeing gawkers, "What did you come out to the wilderness to behold? A reed being tossed by a wind? Really then, why did you come out? To see a prophet?"

I wrote because it is impossible to communicate directly and honestly with people. I was at war with society, and I said as much to the famous authors who came to look me over. "You fucking scribblers, though you write with the cunning of journalists, the erudition of professors, and the privileged advantages of angels, you're full of shit and your books shall vanish like a fart in a storm!"

I wrote because it is impossible to communicate directly and honestly with people. I was at war with society, and I said as much to the well-intended pilgrims, "You fucking scribblers, though you write with the cunning of journalists, the erudition of professors, and the privileged advantages of angels, yet have not a scorching hard-on for justice, you're full of shit, and your books shall vanish like a fart in a storm!"

I came up from the Lexington Avenue subway a couple of blocks from Bobbs-Merrill. It was dusk—sleeting, and gloomy. Tired and hungry, I went into a restaurant. At my table was a Greek. He told me that he never traveled without his own special garlic, lemons, and olive oil. He ordered a dish of something and gave the waiter the three things. The waiter, bringing my soup, tripped and spilled the whole bowl of goddamned chicken gumbo right down the front of my Prince Albert. He promptly took hot black coffee and doused it on me to cut the soup.

In the publisher's building the elevator operator was about to close the door. He had a woman passenger. I stopped the door with my foot. The greaseball runt looked at my level, toolbag, chicken-and-coffee-stained coat and mortar-caked shoes; he barred my way and snidely said, "Where do you think you're going, Pal? Pal, use the stairway or the service elevator, Pal!"

I dropped my level and toolbag, grabbed him by the throat and thrust him up against the wall of the elevator.

"Don't 'Pal' me, you guinea prick! No, you're not even a prick—a prick's a part of a man! Now move your ass and take me up to the editor's floor!"

He started the elevator and mumbled, "You don't look like an author or talk like an author."

"Fuck you!" I said.

He said, "There's a lady here."

The woman was behind me. Without turning I said, "Fuck her too!"

The woman also got off at the editor's floor. She was probably old enough to be my mother, but she was perfectly curved, beautiful. She smelled of cool, fresh-crushed Concord grapes. She smiled. I felt foolish.

The editor, Lambert Davis, a Southerner who had left the *Virginia Quarterly* to come to Bobbs-Merrill, and pink-cheeked, mustachioed Ross Baker, head of promotion and sales, hurried from their offices as though God had arrived and greeted her with fawning respect. Mr. Davis introduced me. She was the widow of President Woodrow Wilson. I had been a tiny kid when he was President, Commander-in-Chief, and all that jazz. I remember looking at the Hoboken newspapers after the end of World War I and seeing Wilson with Pershing in the victory parade. But all I knew about Mrs. Wilson was that she ran the government after the President became a vegetable and the old joke—*Question*: "What did Mrs. Wilson say when President Wilson asked her to be his wife?" *Answer*: "She fell out of bed."

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EUBIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

for him up at a place on 57th Street. And he owed Kramer money. So I went up there with him to collect. And we're met by this guy, he could have been a jockey, he's so little. Dressed in a tuxedo. He talks out of the corner of his mouth:

"Who ya wanna see?"

Kramer says, "Mr. Rothstein."

"Yeah," says the little guy.

He ain't even bothered to look up at us yet. He says, "What's ya name?"

Now, Henry was fiery, so he says, "What are you askin' so many questions for?"

And the little guy says, still not lookin' at him, "Because it would be in your favor for *me* to be askin' *you* the questions."

So then Mr. Rothstein comes out. He says, "Mr. Kramer?" Just quiet and polite, you know. And he says, "You don't have to argue with me, Mr. Kramer. I'm going to pay you everything. In fact, you should have been paid, but the man never gave it to you. How much do I owe you?" And Henry walked out with the check.

When I told a friend about Henry balling out Arnold Rothstein's man he couldn't believe it. Nobody could, because Rothstein, if he didn't like you, would go to San Francisco and give a big party where everybody could see him and while he was gone you'd be found dead in an alley in New York. A perfect gentleman, though. He was later killed in a hotel.

Penthouse: Drugs are very big today. Were there always a lot of drugs in the music world?

Blake: Well, in the old days, there were hop fiends. Opium, you know. We had that. Pimps were hop fiends, mainly. I don't know nobody ever took coke or nothing' like that. Maybe they did. I didn't know about it.

Penthouse: Reaching the age of ninety is quite an achievement. . . .

Blake: Well, it wasn't my doin'. I did everything that was wrong. When I was a young kid, that is. You know. Girls and everything. And I used to drink whiskey then. But I was only really drunk three times in my life. First when I was twelve years old. It was Christmas morning and my Dad came downstairs and he says, "Em!"—that's my mother—"got anything for that boy for Christmas?"

And my mother gave him one of her smart-aleck answers. She says, "Yeah, I got what *you* brought in." Now, of course, he hadn't brought in anything, 'cause he hadn't worked—he had carbuncles all over his arms. He always had carbuncles. You know what they are?

Penthouse: Like boils?

Blake: Worse than boils. They were big, ugly red lumps with lots of heads. Terrible. He was a stevedore, you know. Anyway, that Christmas morning was the first and only time I ever see my father kiss my mother and love her. He must have kissed her lots of times. They had eleven children. But he never kissed her in front of me. I gotta tell you this. My father and mother, I *loved* them! I really loved them. Because he was a great old man, he was, and my mother was a Christian. I mean she was a *good* Christian. From the bottom of her heart. Only my mother would whip me, you know?

Now, this is Christmas morning and there's nothing in the house. But my mother washed white people's clothes and she carried them in a wicker basket. So my father took that basket and he says, "Now I'm going out. If I don't come back, you just tell your friends that a man went out to get something for his family." I loved my father *before*, but he got right in my heart when he said that.

So he went on out the door. And when he came back, the basket was full. A side of bacon, turkey, a loin of pork . . . everything. I don't know where he got it. And he gave me a quarter. First time I ever had a quarter in my life. Now listen, I don't make these stories up.

Penthouse: I know that.

Blake: And nobody writes them for me. They're true. So I go out in the yard and I got some ashes from the stove and I put them in a pint bottle. Did you know that ashes make lye?

Penthouse: No, I didn't.

Blake: Well, they do. So I used those ashes to wash out the bottle and I went around the corner. There was a bar there and I went to the side door and I said, "Look. I got a quarter!" And I got a gang around me just like that. "Yeah! Mouse has a quarter." That's what they used to call me. Mouse.

Penthouse: Why did they call you that?

Blake: Well, a guy pulled the wires down and a woman looked out and called the police and that's how I got the name.

Penthouse: Wait a minute. Will you go over that again?

Blake: Well, there was this guy named Harry Barnett. My mother said I was the worst boy on the block, but that guy! Phew! I ain't *never* seen nobody as bad as that boy. He just died about five years ago. Anyway, he threw a string over some wires.

Penthouse: Telephone wires?

Blake: Yeah, first telephone in our part of town. We lived in a ghetto, see? So he kept doing that until the wires came down. And, boy! Did that street light up! Like you never saw. Like lightning. So Harry ran in the house and old man Youngheimer, the policeman—a white policeman, since there weren't any colored policemen in those days—old man Youngheimer came along and he found *me* standing there. My daddy always taught me, "Never run if you didn't do anything." So there I stood. So then this woman was in the window, and when the cop come up Harry had gone, so she pointed at me and said, "That little *mouse*-faced boy did it." And that's how I got the name, "Mouse." So old man Youngheimer he grabbed me by the ear. That's why I can't hear so good today out of this left ear, because of old man Youngheimer always pulling at it like that. So he pulled me by the ear and he took me in the house and he says, "Emma!"—you know, white people in those days never called colored people "Mrs." or "Mister" or "Miss"—so he says, "Emma, that boy pulled the wires down."

But honest to God, *I* didn't do it. Harry Barnett did it! Well, hell, he's dead now. Hey, you got me off the track with that mouse story.

All right, so now I'm back at the saloon with my quarter and I've got a clean, empty pint bottle and I'm twelve years old and the gang is gathered around me. So I said, "Give me ten cents worth of Overholt whiskey."

Penthouse: A whole *pint* for ten cents?

Blake: Nah! A *half* a pint! Came right out of the barrel. And let me tell you that whiskey was maybe 115 proof! So I go up the alley and guys are saying, "Hey, give me some." And I'm playing it big and I say, "Nah, you guys are too young. You can't drink." And I finished the bottle myself.

So then I come up Orleans Street and I see my father. Now my father, I never saw him drunk. Never. And he looked as tall as that church across the street. And I look at the houses and all the houses are moving. And he called to me, "Bully!"

Now that didn't mean what it means today. I used to fight all the time so he called me Bully. That meant I was a real boy.

Penthouse: Bully-boy.

Blake: Yeah. That's it. So he says, "Hi, Bully." And I says, "Hi, Pop." And I fell down right in front of him. I remember falling. That's all I remember. This was about nine o'clock in the morning. I told you how religious my mother was. They told me she prayed for me real hard.

Penthouse: She knew you were drunk?

Blake: *My* mother? She could smell whiskey from Baltimore to Los Angeles. Well, at about eight o'clock the next morning I finally moved. And Mom hollered, "John, this boy ain't dead! He's alive!" Then she paused and she said, "I'm going to *kill* him." Now the old man knew how she was, so he came running downstairs to keep her from—boy, she used to knock me for a loop, but then she'd always love me.

Penthouse: Tell us about your parents.

Blake: My father was eighty-three when he died. My mother was seventy-eight. You know, my mother and father were once slaves. And he was in the Civil War, on the Union side. He never had a pair of leather shoes until he went into the war. And then they hurt his feet. The slaves used to wear carpet bound around their feet. The lucky ones.

I never heard my mother or father speak of *their* parents—my grandparents. Not once. They must have been sold when they were very little and they never knew their parents.

Penthouse: Did you have much trouble with white people when you were a child?

Blake: Well, I used to have to pass two white schools to get to my school and you know how boys are. But I could hit like a mule. You see, I grew up with nothing but prizefighters. And they showed me how to hit with either hand. I used to play the organ, so I was always sensitive about my hands. I never risked breaking them by hitting nobody in the head. But as soon as I got close, I'd hit them right in the pit of the stomach. And you hit them there and they've *got* to go. *Got* to go. Unless they have time to tense those muscles, nobody can take that punch and stand up. Oh, I used to fight so *much*. Damn! I got so sick of fightin'. I had to fight when I was playin' marbles . . . going to school . . . going to the store . . . all day long.

I'd be coming home with the preacher's daughter and I'd hear them say, "Oh, look at old Sam!"—that was short for Sambo—"look at old Sam!" And the girl got nervous. And I said, "Don't get scared. I'll get beat up. But the first one that comes near me, I'm going to cut him until he's dead, dead, dead." And I said it loud. And I just kept walking. And they didn't do nothing. And, of course, I didn't have no knife. I was just bluffin' them.

Penthouse: Did you ever lose a fight?

Blake: Oh yeah! One time I came in with my eyes black and my nose all bloody and busted. My father says, "What's the matter with you, boy?" And I was cryin' and I sobbed, "I . . . I don't like white people. I don't care what you tell me, Papa, I hate 'em."

And he *looked* at me. Boy, when my father looked that way the house, the dishes, everything rattled and shook. You never saw such a look. And he says, "*Never* let me hear you say that. What was done to me and what was done to your mother was done because at that time, people thought it was right.

"I know it was wrong, what those white boys did to you today. But I don't want you to hate anybody. Now, if some guy does something to

you, then you don't have to like that *one guy*. That's all right. But don't dislike people because they're white. And don't *hate* anybody."

He taught me that and he taught me to respect women. Females. He'd go out to work and he'd say, "Bully!"—now I'm about five years old and I had an adopted sister who was so young she was laying in a crib—and I said, "Yes, sir." And he'd say, "I'm going out to work. Take care of these women, you hear?" Imagine that? He's talking about that little baby that way. Callin' her a woman. But you see, he gave me responsibility. Made me feel important. Taught me how to be a man. That's the way I was reared. God bless him for that.

Penthouse: What about religion? Do you have the same kind of faith your mother had?

Blake: No, not in everything. I'll have to show you how rigid my mother was about religion. Sunday morning. Nine o'clock. Sunday school. Everybody else is out in the street havin' a good time and I'm in Sunday school. Eleven thirty, preachin' time. I'm Baptist, you see. Then two thirty, Sunday school again. In church all day Sunday, while everybody else is out having a good time. I'm in there singin' . . .

Jesus knows
All about my struggle . . .

And I'm thinkin', "If I *ever* get out of this thing I ain't *never* coming back."

Penthouse: That's how you spent every single Sunday?

Blake: Wait, there's more. Four o'clock, along came the Baptist Preachers Union. They were there to debate, you know. Stuff like, "Which is the most destructive, water or fire?" And those guys didn't even know what they were talkin'. *Look*, half of them couldn't even read or write! You understand? And here's what they thought:

God destroyed the world by water. The flood. The way they saw it, God had made a mistake. So next time he's going to destroy us by fire.

And I'd sit down and think about that, and I'd say, "I don't believe that." And I had this boy, Fred, who lived next door to me. And I'd say, "I don't believe that." And he would run and tell his mother *anything*. So he looks at me and he says, "You don't believe what God said?" And I said, "I don't believe that God would kill all those people. If God is as good as they say he is, why would he kill all the people?" Well, I was a kid. What did I know? And Fred, damn, as soon as he got up he ran and told his mother. I knowed he was goin' to do it. And this boy could *fight*. God, he could fight. I'll bet he could lick Joe Louis. I knew he was going to tell his mother and she was going to reach over the fence and tell my mother and I was going to get a beatin'. But I never learned. He did it again and again.

Like, I don't know if you ever seen a one-man band. A guy would have drumsticks tied to his elbows, and a harmonica and a cornet around his neck, and his foot worked the cymbals on a string, and he'd have a banjo, maybe. Anyway, one of these guys used to come around, preachin'. And he'd tell a story about some boys who were playin' twenty-one, which is a card game. And he'd tell how one of the players cussed and how lightning came and hit the log they was playin' on and set the log afire. That's what this guy is telling the people.

Now next summer he comes around again. And he tells the same story. And I said, "You mean to tell me that log wouldn't be burnt up in all this time since last summer? I don't believe it." And there sits Fred. And he says, "Oh, you're going to die now for sure." And he starts to get up and run to tell his mother. And I says, "You stand up and I'll bust you in the jaw." And he did. And I did. It was just terrible.

Penthouse: So you don't believe in religion.

Blake: No, I didn't say that. I believe some things in the Bible and I believe in heaven and all like that. But, you see, *men* wrote the Bible. Now it's like, I write a piano piece. And I give it to you and you're supposed to make an orchestra arrangement from it. And so you see this spot and you think, "Gee, this will fit nicely in there." But that's in conflict with what I want, see? Well that's the way the Bible seems to me.

Penthouse: Too many arrangers?

Blake: That's it!

Penthouse: But do you believe in God? Do you pray?

Blake: Sure. Sure, I believe in God. I pray.

Penthouse: You started out playing professionally when you were still in your teens. Tell us about that.

Blake: First time I played was the Fourth of July, 1901. I played for a medicine show. Of course, before that I used to sneak out of the house at night, when the family was sleepin', and I would play at a house of ill repute. My family didn't know. But a neighbor heard that piano sound comin' out of the place and she says, "That sounds like Eubie's bass hand." And she told my folks. And I admitted what I was doin' and I took my father upstairs and showed him where I'd stowed the ninety dollars I'd made on tips. He thought about it awhile. He made about nine dollars a week, when he worked. So he thought about it, and he decided maybe so long as I just played piano, it was all right.

But then when I was older I joined this medicine show. Dr. Frazier. He was a veterinarian. You know, most medicine-show doctors were phonies. Medical school dropouts, some of them. They put in maybe a year in school and got kicked out. They didn't have a diploma so they had to make a livin' somehow and they weren't goin' to go in the streets and do drudgery work. So they'd get up medicine shows. But my doctor was at least a real veterinarian. A real surgeon. He worked out of Fairfield, Pennsylvania, when I was with him. There was a Negro doctor there, too. He was deaf and dumb. We couldn't talk to him.

There weren't many Negroes lived in that part of Pennsylvania then. We was rare. We'd go down the streets and they'd call their children, "Hey, look at that. See that? You know why they're that way?" Then they'd tell them about how in ancient times we were turned black because of our sins. The Pharaoh and all that foolishness. And the children believed it. And the children used to try to rub off the black.

Penthouse: What did you do in the show?

Blake: I played the melodeon. It was about half the size of a spinet piano. They'd pull down the tailgate and a big chain held it. That made a stage for us to play and dance on. And they had big dishpans. And the ballyhoo man would beat on them . . . Boom! Boom! Boom! And then the rubes would come. That's what they called the people. Rubes. And he'd introduce Dr. Frazier. But first he would introduce us. There was five of us. Now get these names. Me, Eubie Blake; Preston Jackson, my partner; Knotty Bakeman; Yallah Nelson; and Slewfoot Nelson. I'm writing a number about Slewfoot Nelson, now.

All of us could dance and sing. But we only stayed with him a week. He'd give us breakfast and he'd give us sandwiches and we were supposed to get three dollars a week plus this room and board. I would have stayed with him but Preston was a wise guy. Talked tough. "What do you want to stay with this guy? He gives us sandwiches. We ain't gonna eat sandwiches."

So the man gave us fifty cents apiece and Knotty Bakeman said he was going to walk back to Baltimore from Fairfield. So he went off and I ain't ever seen him since. That was more than seventy years ago. I wonder what ever happened to Knotty Bakeman?

Penthouse: Who were some of the other musicians you met while you were knocking around in the early days?

Blake: I'll tell you. But you may not know 'em.

Penthouse: Nobody like Jelly Roll Morton?

Blake: Well, Jelly Roll Morton, yeah. He was all right. But let me tell you, there were guys, piano players, who never ever got a chance to record anything. Great musicians. And their music is lost forever. Ever hear of Big Jimmy Green, Big Head Wilbur, Little Jimmy Green, hah? You ever hear of them?

Penthouse: God forgive me, I have to tell you I'm ignorant of them, Mr. Blake.

Blake: Well, that's all right. That's not ignorance. How could you know about them? They never made a record. And they're all dead now. Let me tell you something about them.

One-leg Willie Josephs. He was the greatest piano player that ever drew a breath. Had his leg cut off, I forget which one, a little below the knee. He died in 1908. His mother worked for a wealthy white family in Boston. They went to Paris and came back unexpectedly. They walk in the house and they hear this beautiful music and they wonder who's makin' it. And it's little Willie playin' their piano. They're so impressed they send him to the Boston Conservatory. And graduation day they hold this contest, five of the top pianists playing where the judges can't see them. And when they vote, Willie was the winner. And the man, the dean or something, he was embarrassed because he had to tell Willie, "You won, but I can't give you the prize or I'll lose my job." Because Willie was colored, you see. So Willie was a concert pianist but there wasn't any place for him to play a concert.

Willie would go around to the colored sections of town, and he'd play Mozart and Beethoven, and the Negroes didn't want to hear that. They didn't know anything about that. They wanted ragtime and blues and such. So Willie just gave up his music and changed his style and he became the greatest ragtime pianist ever. And then he died young, in 1908. And there ain't no recordings nowhere of One-leg Willie Josephs.

Penthouse: Why aren't there any recordings of these people?

Blake: In those days they just didn't think that music was worth it. They recorded *some* black musicians. We recorded—Sissle and Blake. The Emerson and Victor companies made race records. That's what they called them because records of black music were kept segregated. You weren't supposed to sell them to white people. So cooks and people who worked in white folks' houses would sneak them on the record players and the white people would say, "Hey, that's great. Who is that?" And they'd say, "Oh, that's Mamie Smith," or whoever.

Penthouse: What about Willie The Lion Smith. Wouldn't you call him one of the great ones?

Blake: Oh yeah, Willie was famous and he was a truly great piano player, no doubt. But Willie had a lot of braggadocio, you know. Not as bad as Hughie Wolford, though.

Hughie was my big competitor when I was young. Oh, he had a lot of braggadocio. He and Willie would hear you playin' and they'd say, "Oh, come on, get up, get up, get out of there, stop ruinin' the man's music! Let somebody play who knows how to play!" They were really somethin' in those days!

Benson & Hedges 100's.

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18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Sept. '73.

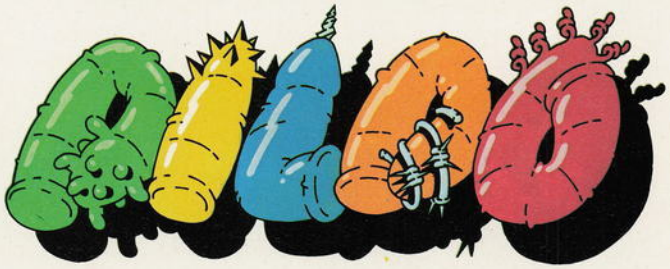
MORE MORGAN'S DICTIONARY

by Henry Morgan

Damned dictionaries and glossaries they print these days don't tell you a damn thing. The first selection from *Morgan's Dictionary* was printed last May and—despite thousands of requests—here is a supplement.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIL DOBSON

abort To avoid paying for a child's college education.
adultery The act of moving into a new neighborhood, meeting a new neighbor, coveting his wife, and making out. Since adultery is against the law, nobody ever reports it.
anus Technical term for that orifice whose chief function is to aid in the clearing of one's nether throat.
approach Try.
attack "
bang The sound made by a boff.
bang (gang) A kind of sex act in which the "foreplay" is done *for* you by those who have the lower numbers.
bed The workbench. Home base. Where couples go when the cemetery is closed. The modern rumble seat.
bitch That part of Miami nearest the ocean.
clap A disorder often described as "no worse than a bad cold." It is a lot worse. In the sense that there is no such thing as a "good cold," for example, there is no such thing as "a good clap."
Congress (federal) An arrangement by which seven hundred people get together to screw the country.
congress (sexual) An arrangement by which two individuals get together to screw each other.
cunnilingus Putting a damper on the conversation.
daisy chain The one sure way to keep Daisy from wandering. A mass experiment in oral (and anal) communication. A procession of girls carrying a chain woven of daisies, but today they are ashamed to be seen doing it. Anything else outdoors, okay.
dark meat The old luck-changer.



dildo A condom that stays rigid. Oversexed polyester. Anything you can do it can do better—and much longer, and more times.
dirty-minded Someone who thinks about it while parachuting out of a plane.
erection Human imitation of a dildo. In a restaurant, a visible indication that it's time to call for the bill. The lightest thing in the world: it can be raised by a thought. If a king has one, it's known as "Edifice Rex." In a seventeen-year-old, it's a constant embarrassment; in a seventy-year-old, only an embarrassment.

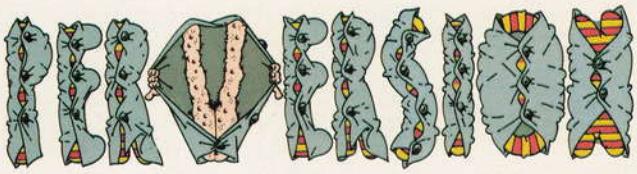
flucky What a girl is who passes the rabbit test. As in "I ain't preggers; I got a flucky!" (To be read aloud.)
fornicating What you do before nicating.
fuggen The inside syllable of many fascinating and useful words. For example: "What did you do with the monkeyfuggenwrench?"; "He's the best heavyfuggenweight fighter I ever seen"; and, "Guess who's comin' fa dinner? My mother-fuggen-in-law."
Gloria Steinem A female with her brain where her pudenda should be.

A girl-jock of uncertain gender
Got her brain caught in a blender.
She said, "Look at me,
Of balls I have three."
Anyone want to defender?

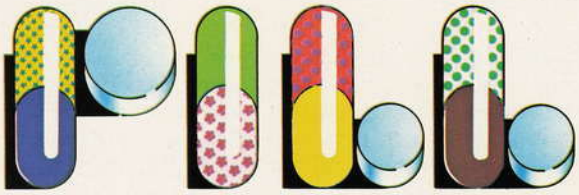
heterosexual from *hetero* (Greek) meaning *other*.

Charles: "Is there someone other than me?"
George: "Yes."
Charles: "Who?"
George: "Mary and Harold."
Charles: "Pervert!"

intercourse A way of communicating without speaking. Jazzing.
kiss The juxtaposition of two orbicular muscles in a state of contraction.
kiss (French) A piece of candy you keep in a French safe.
Kiss (inger) The guy who did or did not make it with several famous actresses.
kiss (my ass)
knock up In Great Britain, to wake someone in the morning; in the U.S., to leave a strong impression.
masturbation See *How to be Your Own Best Friend*.
pad The epithet for "apartment" when used either by a pimply fag or a sallow girl fresh in from Omaha.
pajamas Funny clothes your parents wore in case of fire.



perversion Doing it with goldfish. Doing it with pinecones. Doing it when you have scarlet fever. Doing it when you don't feel like it. Doing it while forming a mental picture of Mary Worth.



Pill, the A kind of aspirin that prevents the headache of having a baby.
punt What you take with you on a summer's afternoon for working your way up the Thames. If you get to the point where you don't know what to do, you punt.
rabbit test This can be done in a couple of ways. One is to make a fist and give it a rabbit punch. Another is to see can it count up to five or anything. Still another rabbit test is one in which the rabbit is given an injection to see how a girl made out. Nobody gives a damn if the *rabbit* is knocked up!
roll (in hay) A live demonstration to show farm animals how to increase and multiply.
roll (over) "I think this side is finished."
roll (seedless) To remove unnecessary or excess valuables from reasonably prosperous drunks in the subway.
self-pollution The kind that doesn't louse up the air we breathe. Something you can't get anyone to help you with. When someone says, "I'm a self-made man," you know he made it by himself.
snatch What Xaviera Hollander once used for grabbing money. Something that swallows half a foot and spits out half an inch.
uterus The Bronx subway.
uvula The upstairs vulva.
VD The kind of clap that gets no applause. Inspiration for the song, "No Thanks for the Memory." What the conquistadores swapped to the Indians for gold. A dose.

Lou had a screw with two beaux
Which made her to feel quite moreaux
Against all advice
She clapped them up twice
Or, as she said, "Deaux-y-deaux."

whore A girl who expects to be taken to dinner first.

womb Baby talk for the place to keep the baby, i.e., "There's plenty of womb inside."

A gynecologist of Kew
Examined a tootsie named Lou.
He appraised both her thighs
With his lecherous eyes,
While enjoying her womb with a view.

women's lib "O.K., now *I'll* get on top."

CIRCUS OF JADE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

unfashionable stereotypes. For five years before coming out, she had run amok in the ultrasophisticated circles of post-decadent tribadism, imparting a quality of aesthetic ruthlessness to a lifestyle that had been floundering in sterile politicism. Among her vassals were many daughters of the wealthy, and she had no difficulty procuring all the money she needed to support her rampant metatheater.

The thought that she had been suppressing for months now came to the surface of her consciousness. "I really need some cocks to do what I want to do," she said to herself. She blew a whistle and the writhing mass of bodies quivered once, and fell still. She leapt to her feet, breasts jiggling. "Sweet Sappho's pussy," she yelled, "is this the best you can manage? If I want choreography I'll find a bunch of fags. I want *passion*, goddammit! Reaching behind her, she picked up a fourteen-foot bullwhip and began to flay the women lying in front of her. "What do I have to do to get some *feeling* around here?"

The cries she extracted, however, were only bleats of pain, and she was no longer interested in mere sadomasochism, having had her fill one afternoon when she burned three virgins at the stake on the secluded grounds of a friend's Connecticut estate. She threw the whip down in disgust and went to her study to pout and ponder.

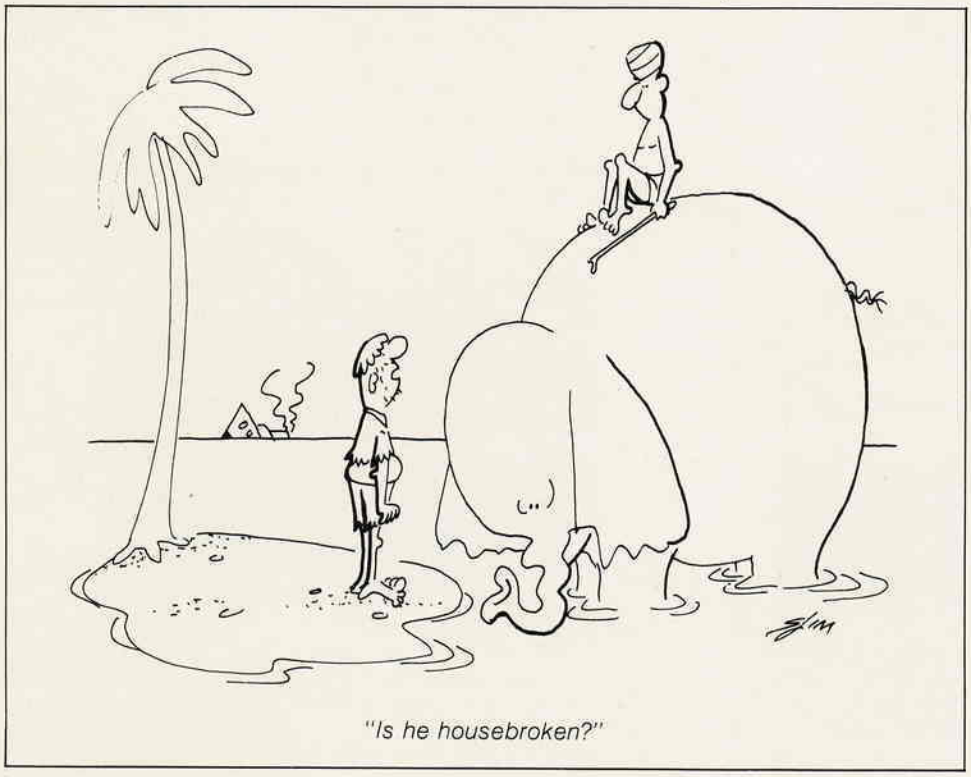
"It's not their fault," she thought, "they're doing the best they know how. It's just that there's no sense of purpose." She lit a joint and settled back on her zebra-skin water-couch. "I've had all the sex-for-sex's-sake I can stomach. I need something more."

She plunged into a deep trance, letting the many fragments of the vision which had been haunting her fall into place. It was an idea so strong that she shuddered to even consider undertaking it. But she was hungry for challenge, and within an hour she knew what she had to do.

"It won't be easy," she mused, "finding the men I need for the job. The gays are free enough, but they don't really want to fuck women, and I have to have both male and female energy for this project. The straights are so crippled I couldn't even put an honest proposition to most of them. Aren't there any lovers left? Men who are pliable enough to take orders from a woman one moment, and then throw her down and rip off a piece of ass the next? I need men with firm bodies and warm hearts, men with hard cocks and clear minds, men with fire in their blood and mercury in their egos. Where will I find them?"

The next day saw the beginning of a quest which was to take her over the entire nation and last for almost two years. She put her affairs in order and left a skeleton crew of women behind to answer her mail and maintain her Park Avenue duplex. Then she began her search.

The technique she used was extremely simple. Whenever she saw a man she sensed was ripe for plucking, she would walk up to him and say, clearly and simply, "Would you like to fuck me?" If he answered too quickly or was thrown into confusion, she abandoned him at once. She wouldn't consider any man who wasn't together enough to assimilate her approach instantaneously, take a moment to breathe and look at her, peer into her eyes and appraise her body, and respond from the core of some real sexual impulse.



"Is he housebroken?"

Those who passed the first screening were taken to her hotel room and allowed to fuck her. And as each man went through his motions, she registered impressions of his total being. If, at the end of the first fuck, she still thought he had potential, she would outline her scheme and offer him a good salary to work with her. After she had hired her first helper, of course, the game became trickier. The ensuing prospects would be confronted not only with a woman asking them what no other woman had probably ever asked before—at least never so honestly and openly—but also with the man standing next to her.

At the end of the first year she had found four men.

The movement began to grow interesting as a spirit of camaraderie seized the group. They traveled to Santa Fe, where Butch picked up a suitable deaf-mute, and the bunch of them went up into the surrounding hills. Butch lay naked on her back, legs spread apart, bent over a bedroll, as the men played poker and drank coffee around a fire. Every once in a while, someone would stroll over to fuck her. It was pleasant to enjoy the cool night air and look at the countless stars, letting her mind drift—her reverie interrupted only by the sweet penetration of a cock into her cunt, by a mouth on one of her breasts, by a hand under her buttocks.

The men had come to enjoy a kind of friendship almost impossible for most men to know any longer. Free from financial worries, they could allow themselves to relax fully. With a woman they could fuck anytime they wanted, they were liberated from all sexual tension. And since they all shared the same woman under the same conditions, they had no cause for jealousy. The bond among them could grow unhampered. And it was the strength of that bond that Butch relied on for the realization of her vision.

At the end of the second year, she had gathered seventeen men and decided to return to the city. The power of their circle was enormous, and she was ready to begin the next level of operations. She got back in late August, a month before the beginning of the New York season, and began her preparations at once.

First came the costuming. The men were all dressed alike, with short leather skirts, gold earrings in their right ears, and jade bracelets on their left wrists. Butch started esoteric psychophysical exercises and dances to coordinate their movements and cement their sense of unity. She gave lectures to pinpoint her objective. During that period they were allowed no sex so that their lust would build.

And when they were at a fine edge, she brought in a victim for them to practice on: a nineteen-year-old debutante, slim, auburn-haired, with only a handful of fucks in her experience and a literary infatuation with lesbian love. Butch picked her up at one of the consciousness-raising sessions that have superseded bars as cruising grounds, ravished her for an entire night,

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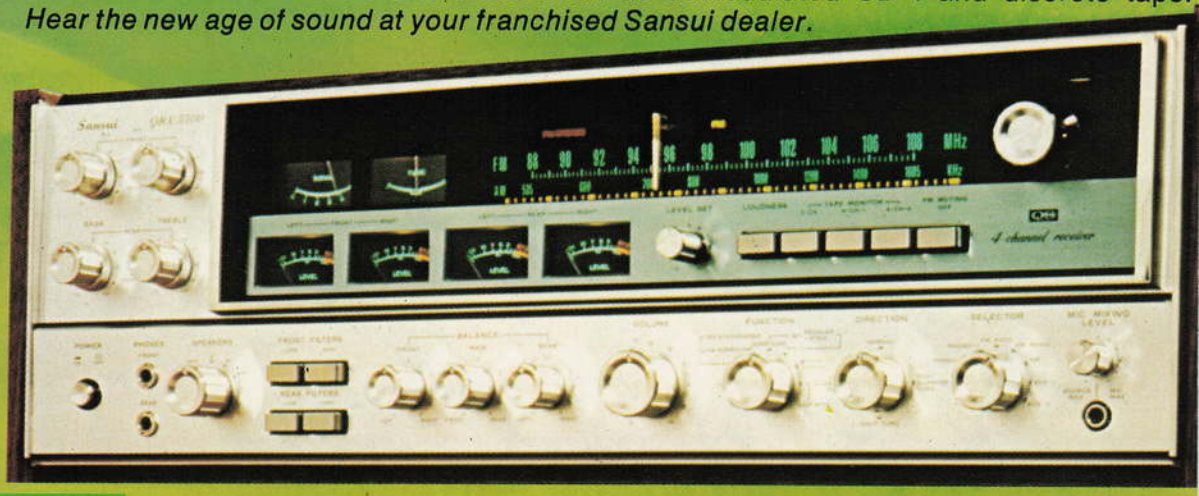

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and primed her for the experience of being had by a band of men. Half hypnotized, half yearning to live out a fantasy she had been barely able to admit to herself, the debutante agreed to give herself.

"It's a shame to have to destroy her," Butch thought, "but the men have to be forged into a seamless unit, and only a ritual murder will really do the trick. Besides, once she is really opened up, it would be impossible for her to live in the world anyway."

The night of the affair, after the girl was fucked for the fifty-third time, the final depth of her resistance cracked, and for the next five hours she screamed herself hoarse, pleading for more. "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she shouted over and over again, a hundred times, a thousand times, ten thousand times, the skin of inhibition totally torn and the well of her inexhaustible sexuality yielding its waters.

Finally, Butch dispatched her cleanly with a single bullet through the temple, snuffing out the torment that had its roots in ecstasy, in the eternal restlessness of the flesh. "This is the power we are going to tap," Butch told the men. "We have just begun to unleash the infinite forces of sexual energy. When we can control that force and harness the power of the orgasm, we will have a weapon which will reduce all the atomic stockpiles on earth to the status of toys. And then we shall impose peace upon the world."

Butch called upon her reserve of women, and from among them chose an equal number to match the men. Then another month of intense preparation followed before she was ready for her first test: the formation of a sexual cyclotron.

The women all knelt in a circle, their asses up and away from the center, while the men crouched behind them, their cocks at the openings of the cunts. Butch lay in the center, her head facing north. At her signal, the men entered the women all at once and began fucking with slow, regular strokes. The women held hands all around, as did the men, so that from above, at a Busby Berkeley angle, the whole thing looked like a jellyfish pulsating regularly around the edges. And at the brain of the superorganism was Butch Medusa, coursing all the vibrations through herself. The rhythm increased as a group consciousness began to form. Everyone was aware of the state of everyone else's being.

Gradually, control shifted from the individuals to the group as a whole. A power was emerging that was greater than the power of any single person. It began to take over by itself, reducing the men and women to units in a conglomerate. Unity was achieved through adherence to the dictates of the oversoul.

Orgasm approached—a single orgasm which included the bodies of everyone in the circle. The men joined through their arms, the women joined through their hands, the men and women joined through cock and cunt, all eyes on the body in the center, all minds empty of thoughts, and Butch gathering all the energy into a single sustained spasm, they came together. And at that instant, Butch was buoyed up by a sheet of blue light and lifted six feet off the ground. She hovered there for eight minutes and then drifted slowly back to the floor.

For that period of time, throughout the Eastern seaboard, all hostility in every human being was allayed. Policemen stayed their fingers on the trigger, husbands and wives froze in mid-argument, taxi drivers stopped with silent curses on their lips. It was impossible for anyone to do anything violent. Subjectively, it was experienced as a time of euphoria, and for weeks afterwards scientists speculated as to whether some electronic mass hysteria was the cause. Many found grounds to reaffirm their faith in God. Some claimed that extraterrestrial beings had arrived to influence the earth.

The group was overjoyed, but Butch calmed them down. "We can't go too fast," she warned. "Too much joy all at once would destroy the fabric of every civilization in the world. People would revert to their simple animal state. Governments would collapse, and the havoc that followed would mean the death of millions. So let them get used to happiness little by little, and meanwhile we can increase our numbers. One day we'll be able to sustain the effect indefinitely, and then we can open all the switches and fuck the species into survival."

The plan might have succeeded except for an unforeseeable event. Butch Medusa fell in love. She met a man who filled her with all the inane and irresistible feelings that used to propel teenagers into romantic raptures. The rational part of Butch's mind realized that to give in to her emotions would destroy the last chance humanity might have to keep from going over the brink into destruction. But she was helpless before the mood of surrender.

"It's what I get for fooling around with all those cocks," she said to herself bitterly. "Such a fate would never have befallen me if I had stayed a lesbian. This is what I get for trying to do good."

The man was not the kind who would tolerate her unbridled promiscuity, so she abandoned her commune. She moved to Long Island, where he worked as a professor of sociology at Stony Brook College. She had three children and spent her days at war with herself, hating the fact that she really enjoyed her new role. She never spoke of her past, even when the women in her bridge club revealed all of their own fantasies and infidelities. Everyone thought her a model wife. And indeed she was.

The people in the duplex, without the unifying power of her vision, soon degenerated into a crowd of rowdy low-level orgiasts. The neighbors started to complain and one night the place was raided. They were all booked on charges of indecent behavior, given suspended sentences, and told to leave town. The body of the dead debutante, however, had been smuggled out of the building and buried on Staten Island; thus she was never found. The human race continued in its erratic stumbling toward oblivion.

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OH, WICKED WANDA!
A QUIET EVENING AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS. FROM THE PINK BOUDOIR COMES THE GENTLE WHIRRING OF THE PUNISHMENT MACHINE AS WANDA ATTENDS TO THE MISDEMEANOURS OF HER EAGER PIF FOLLOWERS
CONTROL YOURSELVES!
I'M NEXT!
NO-ME!
REPORT SHEET
THWACK
THWACK
THWACK
BATMAN
ME!
PATHETIC!
HOW ABOUT SOME NEW EXHIBITS, BOO'FUL?
IF THIS IS THE HUMAN SEXUAL CONDITION—GIVE ME THE LIFE CYCLE OF THE OYSTER!
YES—IT'S TIME I DREAMED UP A NEW CAPER
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Maiden's Delight
YOUR VERY OWN INFLATABLE Lover
FREE Puncture outfit

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MEANWHILE, ON THE TENNIS COURT, BILLY-GOAT STING IS WORKING OUT...

CEASE FIRE!

EEEERK

GASP

PANT

OOPS

OOF

NYYGHH

CALL FOR YOU, EXALTED MADAM!

LET THEM...GASP...BRING ON A THOUSAND...BOBBY...PANT...RIGGS—I'LL BEAT 'EM ALL!

A MATCH ~~ WITH THE BIGGEST SEXUAL DISCRIMINATOR OF ALL TIME ~~ YOU BET YOUR ASS ~~~!
THE GAMES ROOM AT WANDA'S SCHLOSS ~~~
WELCOME TO MY RUMPUS ROOM, MR MAILMAN. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
FUC ME! JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE BREASTOIDS!
EEEE YA AGH
SCRUNCH
OH, WANDA — ISN'T HE MASCULINE!
HEY! THIS IS MY FANTASY — NOT YOURS!
NO, NO — YOUR STANCE IS STILL CROOKED ~~~
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO REVEAL ALL TO A FINE JOURNALIST LIKE YOU ~~~

GULP... TELL ME, MISS UH... HOW COME A SPORTS-WOMAN OF YOUR... ATTRIBUTES... HARDLY EVER APPEARS IN PUBIC—I MEAN PUBLIC
GLUG GLUG
DRINK UP, MR MAILMAN. THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CAME FROM
MAILMAN FINALLY FALLS.....
THANK GOD HE'S PASSED OUT. ANOTHER HOUR OF THAT AND I'D HAVE FELT LIKE STABBING HIM...
THUD

THE TENNIS LAWN AT THE SCHLOSS VON KREESUS...
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP
UM—IS THIS THE VON KREESUS TENNIS KOURT??
BRING IT ON, EGGBONCE!
SO WHERE'S MY SEXIST OPPONENT?
THAT MIGHTY ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR, LI'L WORM CHILD... DIGGIN' HOLES IN PEOPLE'S TENNIS LAWNS!

BUT— BUT...
WELL, YOU COULDN'T GET MORE SEXUALLY DISCRIMINATING THAN THAT!
BUT...BUT —WHICH SEX?
COMBINING FEMALE CUNNING WITH MASCULINE STAMINA, WANDA'S CHAMPION QUICKLY DRIVES MISS STING INTO THE GROUND.....
THUD
GASP
PANT
WHAT A RACQUET THIS IS...
THERE'S ANOTHER ONE IN THE NET...
GASP!
WELL, IT'S NICE TO SEE THOSE TWO LOOKING SO CAREFULLY INTO EACH OTHER'S VEIWPOINTS FOR A CHANGE...
EVERY STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING
'FRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH TO FIND OUT, WANDA...
FUNNY LOOKING BLOKE!
...WHO'S NEXT ON THE LIST, CANDY-FLOSS, DARLING?
I'VE GOT A LITTLE EXPERIMENTING OF MY OWN TO DO
COME, LI'L WORM CHILD—THIS NO PLACE FOR YOU
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S TAUT, THROBBING EPISODE!!!

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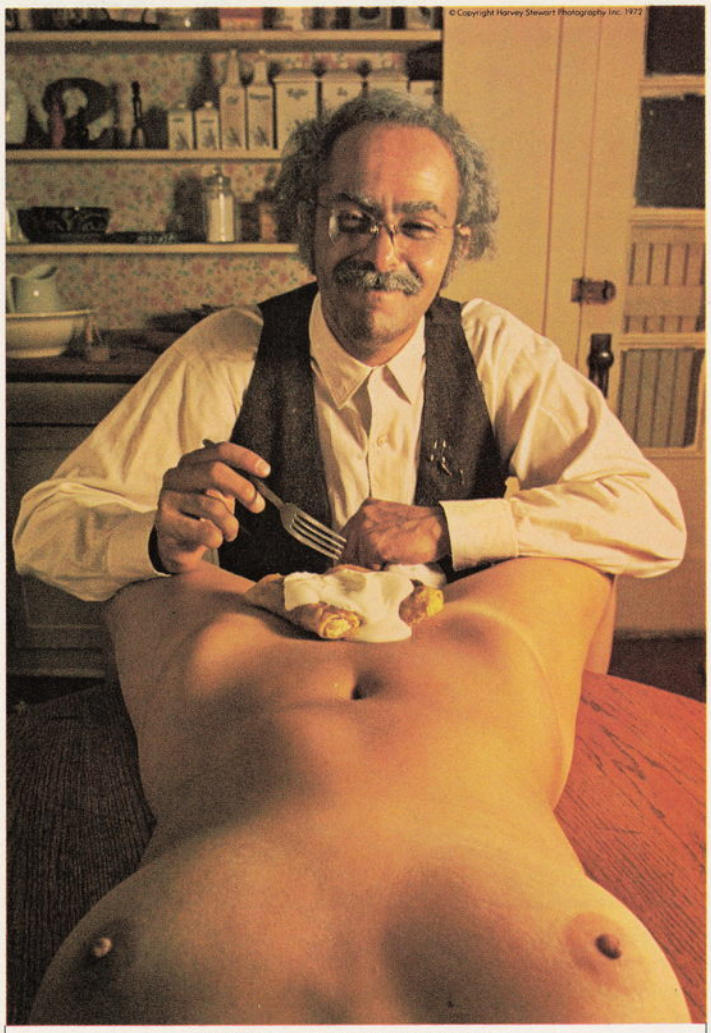

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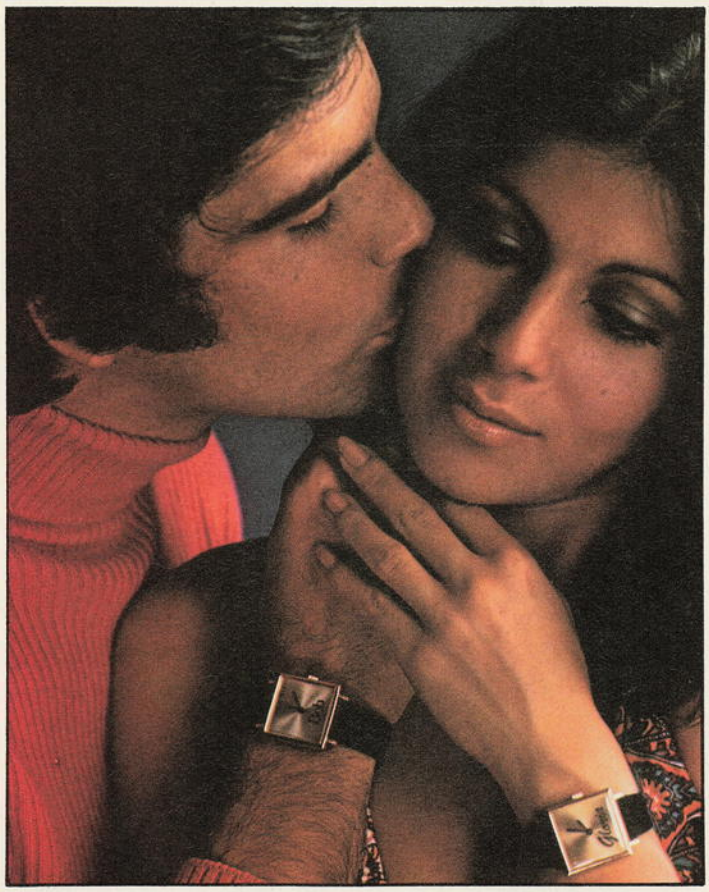

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PRISONERS OF PEACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

you'll break your mother's back. Where to put our feet? Where to sit, where to stand, where to rest, where to run, where to stop, where to start? Bouncing-betties. Toe poppers. Booby-trapped artillery rounds. Booby-trapped mortar rounds and grenades. And we had nothing to shoot at. Charlie breathed down our necks, breathed in the night, and all we could do was walk as in a nightmare, legs filled with concrete. Charlie the phantom. The Erlkönig demon of Vietnam.

We wondered what our legs would look like after they stumbled upon Charlie's mine.

Would we feel the fragments enter our flesh? Would we cry? Would we pass out? Would we die quickly? Would the bone show through the meat? Would we know we were dying? Would we see pity on our friends' faces? Would we have gallant last words? Would we whimper and beg for morphine? Would anyone remember?

The federal government says it remembers. President Nixon told us in 1970 when he sent us into Cambodia that he would do everything possible "for my boys."

The Veterans Administration says it remembers. Plenty of rhetoric flows out of the VA's huge granite building in downtown Washington.

"They've forgotten," says a Vietnam vet. "Plain and simple, they've forgotten. Nixon, through his groupies in Congress, has threatened to veto any GI Bill increases over 8 percent. The VA wouldn't even support that much. It's a bunch of scrambled red tape. Hell, when they wanted us to go to Vietnam they didn't worry about spending a little money, they didn't waste time. But when it comes to helping us now—now that we've fought their goddamned war for them—*now* they worry about money, *now* they won't support a decent GI Bill, *now* they cut disability payments."

Or another vet, Jim Mayer, a cripple who's learned to walk on two legs that don't always work well. Mayer is the head of the National Association of Collegiate Veterans. He tugs and pushes in behalf of veterans day after day, but is caught in the whirlpool of Washington politics. "The VA," Mayer says, "is no longer the advocate of adequate benefits for the soldiers who fight this country's wars."

Political maneuvering. Quiet budget-cutting.

The VA says it is an independent agency. Above petty politics? Then why did it hire a dozen ex-employes of the Committee to Re-Elect the President? Their credentials? One headed up the "Veterans for Nixon" committee. Another worked on "security operations" for James McCord of Watergate fame.

The VA says it helps crippled, shattered vets. Then why did VA Administrator Donald E. Johnson connive with Nixon's budget-cutters to slash disability payments to about two hundred thousand Vietnam veterans, a move that was stopped only by congressional outrage?

The VA says it provides adequate educational benefits. Then why did the agency disavow a study, which it commissioned itself from the Educational Testing Service, that concluded that not enough was being done?

Seven blocks from the VA, a black veteran and a white veteran sit at a table. They show their arms. The wounds are there. Bandages won't help. Medics are useless. The wounds are self-inflicted. Heroin.

"Okay, I'm hooked," the white vet says. "Why am I hooked, what's the reason? Aside from the personal stuff—and I don't want to get personal because that's important only for me—aside from my suffering, why did I get hooked? I'll give it to you as straight as I give it to myself. I'm weak. Basically, I'm weak. But every weak man don't get hooked on horse. Where did I get hooked? Nam. Why Nam? Cheap stuff, good stuff. Why Nam? I'll give you one word: despair. Now that's a big word, it's damn near the biggest word I know. I got hooked for jollies, to ward off the despair."

"Can't blame it all on Nam," the black soldier says. "It was the *feeling* over there. I can't describe it. The writer here will have to describe it."

Even writers despair of describing it. But the numbers speak. A Louis Harris survey in 1971 found that about 26 percent of Vietnam-era veterans had used drugs after returning from the war. About 5 percent had used heroin. About 7 percent had used heroin or cocaine. In real numbers, around 325,000 Vietnam-era vets have taken heroin since being discharged. The New York City Mayor's Office for Veterans Action estimates that between 30,000 and 45,000 Vietnam vets in the city are heroin addicts. So while no one knows the exact number, it is likely that between 150,000 and 200,000 Vietnam-era veterans are poking needles into their arms.

"Now, the VA and some other people scoff at the high numbers," says the white vet. "But when you talk to the VA people, they'll tell you they don't really know how many vets are on horse or coke or other stuff. And they'll say it with a smile, making it all seem better. And what galls me is that they didn't have problems finding us when it came to drafting us, but when it comes to finding out if we've been strung out on dope—then they can't find us and count us and help us.

"I don't just walk into the VA center and say, 'Hey, I'm hooked on horse.' I ain't proud of it. They gotta go out and look for us, talk to every goddamn vet if they have to, study every goddamn one, and when they find one in the gutter begging for the needle, they gotta help him.

"Hell, I don't know. It may cost more than it did to run the war. But nobody screamed about inflation then."

A VA study of recently discharged Vietnam vets found that 51.6 percent of us have readjustment problems. What's a readjustment problem? The official definition is probably something like this: "Difficulty finding oneself" or "Alienation" or "Identity crisis."

"What it really means," the black vet says, "is the war screwed our heads on backwards."

Marc Musser, the VA's medical director, says it this way: "Three out of five young veterans interviewed [by a local VA office] were embittered, unsettled, generally distrustful, and showed inability to find meaning in life."

"Hell," the black vet says. "It isn't an inability to *find* meaning in life. There ain't no meaning in life. Ask Carl M. Wilson."

"Who's Carl M. Wilson?"

"A vet."

"What would he say?"

"Nothing. He's dead."

"Oh."

"Yep."

They call it Post-Vietnam Syndrome, PVS.

Phil was born in Denver, lived a middle-class life, and was drafted eight days after he graduated from college. Purple Heart, Bronze Star, Air Medal, Silver Star.

"I'd been out for maybe three months. Then one night I was walking home. A car went by and boom! it backfired.

"I hit the dirt and just lay there in the gutter. Maybe ten seconds I lay there, sweating like a bull. Hell, I went home shaking. Thought I'd forgotten all about the war. Thought I'd readjusted."

For Phil that was just the beginning. His wife divorced him—impossible to live with, she said. He lost interest in his job and quit.

"I was constantly depressed. Wanted to break windows or slam myself against brick walls, that kind of feeling. I never understood it, I still don't understand it. I thought I was fine.

"For three months it was like I'd never been in the army, no nightmares, no problems. Then that car backfired and it all hit me. It's a kind of quivering feeling. I feel violent and sad at the same time."

Other cases?

Medal of Honor winner Dwight Johnson. Came home a hero. Black, bright, beautiful. No criminal record. No drug history. Shot to death holding up a Detroit liquor store. It got him a page-one splash in the *New York Times*.

Medal of Honor winner Richard Penry. His high school counselor said he was "quite talented in art" and that his character "was above reproach." After his platoon came under heavy mortar fire, he single-handedly stopped an attack of thirty of the enemy and carried eighteen wounded men to an evacuation site. He went home saying that he was determined not to let the Medal or the war change his life. Two years later he was arrested, charged with selling cocaine to an undercover agent. One column on page 18 of the *Times*.

De Mau Mau. Black Vietnam veterans,

angry, militant. Members charged with murder in Chicago and Boston.

An ex-prisoner of war. Came home to ticker tape. A few weeks later he killed himself.

PVS? Some depression. Some bitterness. Some loneliness. Some anger. Some guilt. It hits from the blind side, creeps up unseen. Psychologists are unsure about it.

Dr. Herbert Freudenberger, a New York psychoanalyst: "You don't see many Vietnam veterans bragging about their war experiences at neighborhood bars like their dads did after World War II. It's as if they never went to Vietnam.

"In treatment, you almost have to drag it from them. They never come right out and say what's bugging them. They'll insist they're bothered by their inability to find jobs or something like that. Finally, after a long time, the truth about Vietnam will come pouring out."

Or New York University psychoanalyst Dr. Chaim Shatan: "Vietnam vets have consigned their war memories to 'a dead place in their souls.' "

"I ache," says Phil from Denver. "God, I ache. But I don't know where."

Surely there should be nothing unusual about readjustment problems. Surely returning soldiers must suffer. Isn't war terrible? Doesn't it traumatize? Doesn't it upset values?

Surprisingly the answer is *no, not always.*

Veterans returning from World War II—a right war, a just war, a *won* war—appear to have glided back into peace like a dove landing on a golf course. Easily and gently.

Again, technical language from the Education Testing Service: "Instead of shaking or altering fundamental values [as some had predicted] the [World War II] experience had actually reinforced a number of traditional values." World War II vets came back with memories of pretty girls of Paris, thankful girls of Rome. Memories of St. Lô and Guadalcanal and the Bulge. They came home, the ETS study says, with increased religious faith, they came home more independent. They came home optimistic.

Those were our fathers.

Our fathers came home from a war that in many ways was more grisly and horrible than our war. They adjusted, they eased into the mainstream, they were not hooked on horse, they did not smoke dope, they did not whimper, they did not suffer from a Post-World War II Syndrome.

"Candy-assed," we are called. "Softies."

We are judged by better times.

"Hell," the World War Twoers say, "we had it tough. I mean tough. No hot chow delivered on a platter to us, no cold beer, no cold soda in the field. Candy-assed."

Wake up. Get with it. Get a job. Go to school. Readjust. Get well.

Forget it.

Vietnam. May 5, 1969

The jets were our magic wands. They came out of the sun, swept in low. They passed over the village, and the village magically blew apart and disappeared.

We watched the bombing from the paddy.

"Hit it again!" a soldier screamed. "Blast hell out of the place!"

The jets came again. Bombs fell out of their bellies, spinning awkwardly, dropping slowly at first, then hurtling down. The village blew apart. Napalm made huge balloons of black smoke. Then the jets swept in a third time, dropping bombs into the black smoke. There was more black smoke, blacker black smoke. The jets came in again and again and again.

"Jesus," someone said. "They're not bombing a village. They're bombing smoke."

The jets swept in again. Bombs danced in the air. The ground trembled. The paddy trembled.

"Holy Mother of Jesus," someone said.

THE NIXON ADMINISTRATION'S RECORD

In his address to the nation on March 24, 1973, President Nixon said of the Vietnam veterans: "We must demonstrate the gratitude we feel by the actions we take. We must honor them with the respect they have earned and the affection they deserve." This is how the Administration's gratitude has been demonstrated:

- In early 1973 the Office of Management and Budget released a proposal to *reduce* disability compensation rates by $160 million for severely disabled Vietnam-era veterans. Congressional and public outcries forced the Administration to withdraw its proposal.
- In 1972 the President pocket vetoed the Health Care and Expansion Act, which would have provided $113 million for veteran health care needs. The following year a similar bill was passed with reduced benefits of $65 million.
- Two hundred seventy-five thousand Vietnam-era veterans are unemployed. The unemployment rate for veterans aged twenty to twenty-four is consistently higher than the rate for nonveterans of the same age.
- In 1971 the Emergency Employment Act was passed by Congress to help find jobs for Vietnam veterans. In the two years of its existence, the act provided government jobs for over 75,000 vets. Yet Nixon opposed allocating any funds to implement the Emergency Employment Act in fiscal year 1974. (Now he is supporting the act because he fears the energy crisis will create a sharp rise in joblessness.)
- Congress appropriated $25 million in October 1972 for the Veterans Cost of Instruction Program, designed to help colleges and universities recruit and establish special veterans programs. Nixon impounded the funds in February 1973, but was forced by a federal district court to release the money.
- Although Vietnam-era veterans account for approximately 20 percent of the participants in all of America's armed conflicts, they received only 3.7 percent of the Veterans Administration's expenditures through June 1972. By comparison, World War II veterans account for 40 percent of all participants, and they have received nearly 50 percent of the VA's expenditures.

The jets kept coming. The earth trembled, our legs couldn't hold us to it.

The jets came some more. The smoke absorbed the bombs. There was no village, just smoke.

"Mercy," a soldier said. "Mercy, mercy."

The jets came again.

"Mercy, mercy," the soldier kept saying.

Finally, the jets ran out of bombs. They buzzed over us, dipped their wings.

"Saddle up," the company commander said.

We walked into the village. For the fifteenth time, the fiftieth time—we'd lost track. The village was not burning—there was nothing to feed a fire.

"Search everything," the CO said.

"What's there to search, man?" a black soldier whispered. "What the hell's there to search?"

We threw grenades into holes in the ground, threw grenades into piles of rubble and made the rubble into dust. We threw grenades into the dust and blew it away, cleansing the place.

A soldier found a bunker. A bomb had fallen on it and the entrance was blocked. We dug out the dirt and threw grenades into the bunker. Then someone crawled inside. When he came out he was crying.

"What the hell's wrong?"

"There's someone inside."

"So?"

"She's alive. There's nothin' left of her body, but her head's okay, and it's a woman, an old lady, and she's alive, I can't believe she's alive."

"Frag her."

"You kidding me?"

"Well, go in and get her. Bring her out."

"She'll fall apart in my hands. How do you carry slush? She's slush."

Some soldiers went into the bunker and brought her out. She was hurt bad, but she was not slush. Medics washed the blood off her, and she did not look so bad. She was wrinkled and very dark, very old. The medics wrapped her in bandages.

"She must be made of stone," a medic said.

"Fuckin' gook. You can't kill gooks."

The old lady was conscious. The pain must have been horrible, but if you looked at her face, it was a picture of grief, suffering, and sorrow. Years of war, perhaps. A magic wand passed over her village and her village evaporated.

"Nuoc?" a medic asked. "Water?"

She shook her head. She sat on her haunches. She rocked to and fro.

"Get her to lie down, for Pete's sake," a medic said.

"She's gonna die."

"Well, get her to lie down. Who wants to die sitting on their haunches?"

When the dust-off chopper came, four soldiers carried her aboard. One of them came back bleeding. "The old witch bit me," he said. "She bit me, she bit me!" He held up his hand. "Can you believe it?"

The medic put a Band-Aid on his hand. "Took guts, though," he said.

The village was ours. It wasn't a village anymore, but it was ours.

Harvard Square is a frantic, sloppy, gray place in the winter. Mostly young people. If you are twenty-five, you feel old. Out of place. Blank stares. Automobiles grind the snow to slush, blacken it. Busy intellectuals, pimply-faced sophomores, cussing cops, street hawkers, street beggars. The high ground of America, the pinnacle. And if you stand for five minutes in front of the Harvard Coop, you'll see maybe a dozen army jackets. Most are worn by nonveterans—college kids striving for the down-and-out, been-through-it-all look. Pretenders.

A few of the coats are worn by bona fide vets. But few, very few. In 1971-72, Harvard College's 6,000 students included only 89 vets. In 1947-48, there were 5,600 students at Harvard. More than 3,300 of them were veterans.

The Ivy League.

We were not from the Ivy League.

The National League of Cities-U.S. Conference of Mayors reports that the economic and political elite did not fight the Vietnam War. Who fought it? "Lower-income men served in their place."

Middle-class America. Hard-hat America. Working America. Center America. Blue-collar America.

Where were the sons of the Bundy brothers and Dean Rusk and the Rostow brothers and Robert McNamara and all the others? Where were the sons of the best and the brightest? Did they have sons? Did they send them? Where were they? Were they at Stanford or Princeton or Harvard? Take your choice, you can't go much wrong.

Vietnam. Lyndon Johnson decided not to call up the reserves. It would alert Middle America to what was happening, it would hit too many draft-dodging kids.

So the war was fought largely by draftees. Draftees who couldn't fork out college tuition—who couldn't use influence to slip into the reserves.

Who fought the war? Sons of factory workers. Sons of insurance salesmen. Sons of farmers. "Blue-collar workers and white-collar employes"—their sons fought the war, says a Ralph Nader study.

But who *fought* the war? Who actually *fought* the thing?

Kids. Millions of kids.

Few "lifers" fought in the ground war in Vietnam. Few men who were full-fledged professional soldiers. Too few master sergeants or first sergeants or sergeant majors or even staff sergeants. We were an army of PFC's and Spec. 4's. And we were led by greenhorn lieutenants and captains.

"Lifers get medals, PFC's get killed," was the saying.

"Lifers get drunk, PFC's get killed," was the saying.

"Lifers get rich, PFC's get killed," was the saying.

The Pentagon said that draftees had nearly three times the chance of getting killed than enlistees had.

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SANDY "AT WORK" AT A MADAM'S P. 112-113

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Where were the lifers? In Saigon. In Da Nang. In Chu Lai. In Long Binh. Running the NCO clubs, often getting rich doing so. Sitting in front of fans, cooling themselves with Budweiser and Pabst. Chasing Vietnamese hooch maids. Telling each other war stories. Playacting. Collecting combat pay.

"I remember the day the war ended," an ex-Marine says. "God, I remember it. An E-8 [master sergeant] lined us up in a row and he told us a cease-fire had been signed. He told us we were going home. He told us we'd done our job, we served America well. We were legitimate citizens, he told us.

"Well, try to get a job. Try to get a decent job, I mean. Not just some piddling thing pushing groceries around a supermarket.

"Don't write that I'm complaining. I'm not complaining—put that down. I'm not complaining. Just say I'm disappointed. Okay? Disappointed. That tells the story."

Are veterans important? Do we matter?

Plato once established a perfect city, which he called "The Republic." It was a perfect city only on paper—it never happened. But no matter. In that city he created a class of warriors and called them "the guardians."

Guardians. Supremely educated, supremely skilled. To guard the perfect city. To maintain its perfection. To protect it against the barbarians. To preserve its strength and integrity and fiber.

Plato insisted that the guardians be honored citizens. He gave them a preeminence and privileges that he denied to all others. The guardians were to be "an admixture of gold and silver," and the city would "honor such ones and lead them up."

Are veterans important? Must we honor veterans?

"Look," a young Vietnam vet says. "There's one lesson we've all learned. You can't sell bullshit twice. Did you hear that? I'll say it again: you can't sell bullshit twice. That's one thing we've learned. You want soldiers to fight other wars? You want *me* to fight another war? Well, I'm gonna need some persuading. All of us are gonna need some persuading. Cut out this patriotic stuff. Nixon tells us how great we were, how honorable we were. If soldiering is so goddamn *honorable*, then—goddamn it!—I wanna be *honored*. You can't sell bullshit twice.

"Plato's guardians may have been made out of gold and silver," he says. "America's veteran is treated like dirt. Someday that's gonna mean trouble."

What the war comes down to, now that it's over for us, is a batch of war stories.

There are good war stories and bad ones. Good war stories have only one theme, and that theme is courage. Here are two good war stories:

McWilliams, Cary M. Age: Twenty-five. Race: Caucasian. Rank: Private E-1. Discharge classification: Undesirable.

A tall, blond, slow-moving man, McWilliams's quiet demeanor and polite handshake seems anything but undesirable.

"I was a believer from the start," McWilliams says. "I still believe in this country, I still believe it's right to fight against tyranny. So I actually felt I was part of something when I went to Nam. I mean, I didn't love the idea of killing people, but if the cause was right, I thought it had to be done.

"Well, maybe it was six months before I began to change in my thinking. No one thing changed me. All sorts of stuff. Anyway, after six or seven months I decided I'd had it. I was in a mortar platoon, and I just didn't see why I should be dropping rounds on innocent people. I know it happens in war, and we did our best to shoot at only the enemy, but you never see your rounds fall, especially when they're falling on a village.

"Well, I told the CO I'd had it. I was very polite, and he was very polite. He said he understood my problem, and he gave me a three-day pass, but when I came back I told him the same thing: I wasn't going to shoot anymore.

"I was plenty scared. I knew I was going to catch all sorts of hell. And I don't blame the CO. He had to do what he did. You have to have some discipline. I signed all sorts of papers, one thing led to another." He shrugs.

In 1969, the military gave "less-than-honorable" discharges to 33,010 servicemen. In 1972, they handed out 87,960 hunks of "bad paper."

General, Undesirable, Bad Conduct, and *Dishonorable.* All bad paper.

Dishonorable and bad conduct discharges require action by a military court-martial. The other two don't.

"If I had it to do over again," McWilliams says, "I'd have fought against my undesirable. Is it really undesirable to get fed up with killing people? It wasn't like I was a coward or a crook or something. I was just fed up with killing." But McWilliams waived his rights to counsel or to submit statements in his own behalf. He took his medicine. Now he finds it's sour stuff.

"I don't know, maybe I deserve it. It's a helluva thing trying to explain it to your folks. I don't mind the unemployment part—it took a while, but I finally got a guy to hire me. But telling my folks. . . .

"Somehow, I guess I failed." He stands up. A very strong, very straight man. "I guess going into the army was the worst thing ever happened to me. But I'm going to live it down. That's all I can do now. Live it down.

"God, what a nightmare. You should have seen my Dad's eyes. I felt like a bum."

Muller, Robert O. Age: Twenty-eight. Race: Caucasian. Rank: First Lieutenant, U.S.M.C. Discharge classification: Honorable.

Bright and engaging, Muller was twenty-two when he became a Marine lieutenant. He was twenty-three when a bullet paralyzed him from the chest down.

"When I joined the Marines I had absolutely no political awareness at all. I was physically fit, so I said 'I'll go.' I knew that businesses and corporations were after Marine officers. I thought I'd use the Marines as a stepping stone for the future. Develop my credentials of leadership. I said to myself, 'If you're gonna go, go all the way. Go Marine.'

"I served as a platoon leader and all that crap for four months, then I was transferred to an ARVN [South Vietnamese army] battalion. And it was the fuckin' ARVN's that turned me off on the war. They wouldn't fight. The fuckin' ARVN's *literally* ran away every time—every fuckin' time—we hit the shit. We had to force them to fight.

"So I thought, 'What am I doing here, putting my butt on the line?' You don't think politics, man; you think survival. And the ARVN's were cutting and running and my chances of survival were disappearing.

"So. You want to hear about the Big Moment? Okay. Quang Tri province. A real bad place. Terrible. That's where I got it.

"We had a big operation, trying to trap an NVA [North Vietnamese Army] regiment. I was adviser for a reinforced ARVN battalion. We had this company of Marine tanks with us. We came to a hill where the NVA had left behind a suicide squad to slow up our progress. I called in artillery and jets and really KO'd the hill pretty good. The ARVN wouldn't advance: they'd take a little fire, then they'd just retreat. We sent the tanks up ahead and they spent half their load of ammo, then they came back and said they actually *saw* the NVA up there, bleeding from the concussions they'd got from the bombs. But the NVA kept fighting. And, hell, the ARVN kept running.

"So I popped up on a tank and said, 'Okay, let's go! Let's get 'em!' And once we started taking fire, the ARVN ran again. And there I was on this tank, and the ARVN was running.

"Then I was shot. A bullet through both lungs, it severed the spinal cord on the way out.

"Did it hurt? It hurt. But it was too monumental to say it just hurt. You have to get shot to know. Lots of colors, a thud, I was off the tank and lying on the ground and looking up at the sky.

"I remember I was on the ground. 'I don't believe it.' That's what I thought. 'I just fuckin' don't believe it. I'm hit. I just fuckin' don't believe it.' Then I thought about my girl. 'She'll kill me,' I thought. There I was lying dying, and I thought, 'She'll kill me.' I didn't tell her I was infantry. I told her I was in supply, because she hated the war. Then I thought, 'I don't gotta worry about it, because I'm gonna die.' As I was fading out I thought, 'I'm gonna die. On this shitty piece of earth I'm gonna die.' Then I passed out.

"An Australian adviser to the ARVN's came and got me and dragged me down the hill. The goddamned ARVN's wouldn't come get me.

"Am I bitter now? I would be a liar to say I'm not bitter. You got to understand something. When I went over there I knew what the statistics were. They told us in training that 60 percent of the guys in Marine Corps line units were hit. It was worse for the officers,

even worse. I was odds-on to get hit over there. But that didn't stop me from going, because I believed we had a fuckin' purpose for being there. So I can't say I'm bitter because I got shot. Because I accepted the fact it might happen: getting shot for freedom and democracy and that whole American trip.

"What I'm bitter about is that we weren't fighting for freedom or democracy. It was for nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing.

"How would you like to get shot for absolutely nothing?

"I don't know. All I can say is that the war's over, but the suffering hasn't even started yet. People think the suffering is over? Tell them to visit me. They can look at me, and I'll tell them: the suffering hasn't even started."

Vietnam, May 6, 1969

Josh stared into the shadows. The stars disappeared under heavy clouds, the Southern Cross evaporated.

Kansas was sleeping.

There were no sounds.

Josh was tired. He saw white spots glittering in the darkness, in his brain, and he closed his eyes and rested.

There was a slight sizzling sound. A grenade sailed out of the darkness. The night stopped. The grenade lay for three seconds, the fuse burning down to the primer. Then it exploded, and Josh and Kansas were dead.

More powerful than war stories are peace stories. As numbly as we went to war, we came home even more numb. But now it's wearing off. The pain is coming. Our souls are uneasy, unanchored to the base of American values. We are thinking long, hard thoughts. It's coming back to us. We hurt. Not all of us, of course. Many of us found jobs, came home clean, plugged into the machine. But more and more of us are hurting. Dope. Sleeplessness. Unemployment. Guilt. Despair. Bitterness.

"People worried about our prisoners of war," Cary McWilliams says. "Wait till they hear from us prisoners of peace."

Next: The Vietnam Veteran—Unstrung Hero.

Editor's correction:

There were over 22,000 *less-than-honorable* discharges for drug abuse from 1968 to 1972—not 18,000 *dishonorable* discharges as we stated in our announcement of the Vietnam Veteran series in the February issue. Although the military considers less-than-honorable discharges (general, undesirable, and bad-conduct discharges) not as serious as dishonorable discharges, civilians treat them as such—denying jobs and other opportunities to veterans who do not have honorable discharges. The less-than-honorable discharge for drug abuse is the Catch-22 of the Vietnam War: those who have these discharges need drug treatment most, yet VA regulations deny drug treatment to veterans with less-than-honorable discharges.

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MY PAST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

She read the apology—and something else—in my eyes.

"Charmed," I said. "Mrs. Wilson, it is my particular honor and pleasure to meet you." I thought that the prissy old horsefaced Presbyterian Princeton prude had sure snared himself a succulent cunt.

Mr. Davis said, "The First Lady has written her White House memoirs; a treasure for literature, a human document, a landmark in American history."

I said, laying it on thick, "To think that I, the son of illiterate immigrants from the pagan mountains of Abruzzi, am in the presence of the lovely wife of a towering president of the greatest nation on earth is truly wonderful, completely overwhelming. . . ."

Mr. Davis said, "Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Di Donato had to leave school at the age of twelve to become a bricklayer, picking up his father's bloodied trowel to support his widowed mother and three brothers and sisters—"

"*Seven* brothers and sisters," I said.

"Yes, yes, I know, Pietro, but three sounds less incredible than seven. Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Di Donato is a creative diamond in the rough—he doesn't write with mind or discipline, he writes with his flesh. Pietro is the Hoboken Wordsworth—'Strange fits of passion have I known' and 'dear imaginations realized . . . up to their loftiest measure, yea and more.' "

I didn't even know that there had been a Wordsworth. And just then I didn't care. I was too busy wondering when the bastards would say something about the Book-of-the-Month Club and if the judges had gotten off the pot.

Mrs. Wilson said, "I have reason to believe Mr. Di Donato speaks impressive English. Mr. Di Donato, if your book is a success will you continue to lay bricks?"

I'd like to lay you, right here, I thought. I said, "No, my dear Mrs. Wilson. My being a mason is a socioeconomic circumstance. I disdain bricklaying. It is beast-of-burden stuff. Monkeys can put on hard hats and be taught to lay bricks—better."

Davis said, "You don't mind waiting, do you?"

I said, "Take your sweet time."

As he led Mrs. Wilson into his office, he said, "Hitler has now violated the Czechs."

"I heard it on the automobile radio," she said, "It's deplorable! Our dear, dear boys will be going 'over there' again. May God help them all."

The Bobbs-Merrill place was musty as an attic; with a few additional touches it could have been something right out of Dickens, or maybe vintage *Saturday Evening Post*. I actually saw cobwebs in the ceiling corners and wondered why spiders would settle for such a dingy location. The clerks, both male and female, all seemed to be octogenarians in a printing-house wax museum. In the small, uncomfortable sitting lobby there were photos of fuddy-duddy Frank Baum who wrote *The Wizard of Oz*, Bruce Barton, author of *The Man Nobody Knows*, and that famous guide for armchair adventurers, Richard Haliburton, who only a week later was to go down with his do-it-yourself junk in the China sea. They had not yet put up either Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's sugary, smiling picture or my own in a Byronesque pose from the waist up, wearing soiled Army-Navy Store winter underwear.

A phone rang, and a minute later Ross Baker ran out shouting, "We made it, Pietro! We made it! They've turned down *Grapes of Wrath* and chosen *Christ in Concrete*! The Book-of-the-Month judges are taking you to lunch tomorrow and will hand you a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars!"

> "I've spent most of my life laying bricks, and I know what I'm talking about when I say that so-called honest character-building toil is a crock of shit."

'*We* made it!' That was a belly laugh. The graceless, buggering ambitions, the mediocrity and double-mouthing of the publishing carnival make about as much sense as a one-eyed black Hasidic jug-fucker. Originally, Simon & Schuster had possession of the manuscript, but they threw it back in my lap, saying with compassionate profundity that it wasn't a book and couldn't ever *be* a book. Bobbs-Merrill sent Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's expensively printed and bound proofs to the Book-of-the-Month Club. My novel only got there by a fluke. My sister was managing a dress shop and met a woman there who needed medical help for her husband. I got a doctor pal to treat the guy for free, and his wife, while expressing her gratitude, told my sister she worked at the Book-of-the-Month Club. My sister said that her brother, Peter, had written a book called *Christ in Concrete*; the woman said she'd get a proof copy through her job and called Bobbs-Merrill. That copy got into the hands of the special readers who recommended it to the judges!

My life was transformed immediately. I was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson dear-boyed me, the champagne was brought out, and I was accorded the full goose-who-laid-the-golden-egg treatment. One moment I was a day laborer and the next moment I was a rich guy. In a flash I became a careless phony like all the self-loving celebrity shits—I had been surfeited with character, but now it was going to be fun being no fucking good. I was soon to fully understand the rich: they are a breed unto themselves. There is the animal kingdom—the insect, the fish, the winged creature, mammals, the family of man, and the rich.

The Aladdin's lamp of wealth makes for elegantly long torsos and limbs, darling straight noses and close-fitting shell ears, equine skulls, teeth as unmarred as dentures, skin like living porcelain, and the frigid eyes of a fish. The rich have the transparent all-seeing orbs of the great horned owl—gem-clear eyes like the beatified, except that they do not mirror immorality. Their bodies do not cast shadows and their stance obviates soul. The unharassed young have an air of maturity, they are as insolent and confident as the planets, while the old have an ageless semblance of youth.

To die is a merciful escape for the disenfranchised who live only in hope that never fruits, but death for a millionaire is Greek tragedy—an irrevocable farewell to ego, power, *la dolce vita*, lovely orgies, a myriad pleasures, drinks, servants, cute deviations, multiple lives, and—most of all—gourmet cuntlapping.

F. Scott Fitzgerald delineated the anatomy of the leisure class—but not quite completely. The rich have super style; they're the exquisite ones, gods on earth and positive that their shit is ice cream. But they sadly lack one thing: a caste mark made by a bullet—Pow!—precisely between their motherfucking eyes.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the publishing people quaffed the champagne—the fucking beautiful Book-of-the-Month Club bonanza champagne! The editor conveniently forgot that he had recently told me, "We're going to spend a pile promoting the First Lady's memoirs, so—I've got to be frank with you, Pietro—aside from token ads your novel is going to have to sink or swim on its own. You see, the story of a primitive Italian laborer killed in construction work can't in a thousand years compare with life in the White House." Then he got witty: "But, of course, if you shot the President of the United States, say, the publicity would automatically put *Christ in Concrete* on the bestseller list." The prick!

I called my friend Saroyan at the Great Northern Hotel, where he was staying, and told him about my jackpot. He got me a room. Then I took a cab to Brooks Brothers and outfitted myself from head to foot with the best they had. At the hotel I showered, shaved, and changed. Saroyan invited me to see parts of his two Broadway hits, *My Heart's in the Highlands* and *Time of Your Life*, and then go out and do the town and get a piece of ass.

There was something I had to do. I made a bundle of my dirty sweat-stinking work-clothes and shoes. I took the bundle, my four-foot level, the bag of tools, and an empty Coca-Cola bottle and went by cab to Saint Patrick's Cathedral. I told the cabbie I'd only be a minute. Inside, I signed the cross, genuflected to the Madonna, and thanked her for influencing the Book-of-the-Month Club judges. On my way out, I stopped at the font and filled the Coca-Cola bottle with holy water.

Every poor, tawdry, ball-busted, day-dreaming bricklayer has cursingly vowed that—when his ship comes in, when a rich relative in Rangoon dies and leaves him a fortune, or when he wins the Irish Sweepstakes—he's going to throw his fucking tools off the Brooklyn Bridge.

I directed the cabbie to the Brooklyn Bridge and had him pull over to the railing near the middle of the graceful nightlit span. I pissed into my tin hard hat and poured the Coca-Cola bottle of holy water into it also. Then I sprinkled the sacred liquid over both the cheap, soiled, unlovely clothes of my recent past and the tools and said, "*In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti*—fuck you forever!" And I threw, one by one, the hard hat, the large Rose trowel and the pointing trowel, my ordinary Stanley six-foot lock-joint folding rule and my brand-new-brick-course Lufkin spacing rule, the hand-square and the carborundum rubbing stone, the brick hammer and the lump hammer, the scutch hammer and the chisels, and all the lines and line-blocks and pins and slickers and tape measures and canvas gloves and brushes and the Johnson & Johnson first-aid kit and my fucking Union card stamped with a twenty-five cent photo of me . . . and with each toss I cried, "Fuck you!"

Shake the dust from thy feet. That which offends thee, cut it off and cast it from thee. Let's settle something once and for all: I've spent most of my life laying bricks, and I know what I'm talking about when I say unequivocally that so-called honest character-building toil is a crock of shit. Straining, dull, repetitive, treadmill labor does not enhance, encourage, ennoble, or edify; it simply just fucking-well degenerates, brutalizes, and beats the mass robot into a zombie. And that's no shit!

The irremediable crime of my existence has not been ravening sensuality, incest, betrayal, broken promises, prejudice, lies, violence, obscenity, or just pettiness—but simply staying too long at bricklaying, putting up stupid walls proving nothing, like a fucking idiot fool. My crime was not being true to my only self—by squandering priceless hours, weeks, months, and years that Christ himself can't bring back—when I should have put all my brothers and sisters in an orphan asylum and freely wandered the fucking beautiful world, screwing to the hilt and writing about it all. Kiss and fuck and tell. Beware of deadly habits like daily work—fuck that slave habit! I want "WASTER" chiseled on my tombstone.

Going uptown to rejoin Saroyan I regaled the cabbie with my fantastic day.

He said, "We're all jerks and slobs until we get a break. So today you got rich and famous! Well, I'm glad a working stiff is getting a break for a change. How come to a writer so many interesting things happen?"

> The graceless, buggering ambitions, the mediocrity and double-mouthing of the publishing carnival make about as much sense as a one-eyed black Hasidic jug-fucker.

I told him the truth, "Because the writer can't help putting his fucking nose and tongue and prick into everybody's business."

"You should hump the president's wife you met—it will give you status and you can tell your grandchildren about how you banged someone from the White House."

I said, "No kidding, do you think I should fuck the wife of a president of the United States of America?"

"Vy not?" he said, "Mrs. Woodrow Wilson—I remember her. Who doesn't? So what if she could be your mother? The Talmud Torah says, 'More better an old hen for the best chicken fat.' Give her a bang for me too. I can't get it up no more . . . like trying to shove a wet noodle up a tiger's asshole in flytime. At my age now it's no more with the pisser . . . only with the kisser. You wanna do me a favor? Bring me a souvenir from the president's wife—maybe a pair of her panties . . . used . . . unwashed . . . all nice and goppy in the crotch!"

Saroyan and I went to the Copacabana, where the manager took us backstage to the showgirls' dressing room. The girls were breathtaking. Bill brought out a small fancy rug from his coat pocket—an Oriental prayer rug. He took off his shoes, knelt on the rug, and praised Allah and the girls.

Both Saroyan and I fell for a gorgeous dancer, Tamara. After the floor show we wined and dined her and took her to her Greenwich Village apartment to listen to classical music and to bullshit. I wanted to lay Tamara in the worst way. Saroyan wasn't a bad-looking guy in the Armenian manner, but I felt quite sure she favored me. I figured I'd ditch Bill and then come back and fuck her—if I could.

I yawned and said that between bricklaying, the weather, suspense, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and the emotional stress of my *Christ in Concrete* winning over John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, it had been a rough day—and that I'd have to be in shape to meet tomorrow with Heywood Broun, William Allen White, Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and Harry Sherman, my good angels of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

We didn't know what to talk about, so Bill tried to make literary conversation, asking me what I thought of Steinbeck. It didn't occur to me that he was stalling and up to something. I said Steinbeck's sophomoric, sentimental, simulated, self-serving sympathies were just a lot of lamp-smelling *tour de force* shit. As a boy, Steinbeck had lived in a twenty-six-room Victorian mansion in Salinas, California, while I was housed in a fucking cold-water railroad flat on the Hoboken Dardanelles, companioned by immigrants, lice, bedbugs, roaches, and rats. I said that Steinbeck was a reactionary idealist poseur who milked the pathos of the downtrodden for gain. (And remembering now that this "friend of mankind" ended up hawking in the front ranks of the cowardly gung-ho Vietnam war criminals, I wasn't so wrong back then after all.)

Saroyan finally said that he'd better call it a day and go home and have his yogurt and sleep. We said goodnight to Tamara and took a cab back to the hotel, where we bade each other an over-friendly good night.

Later, I sneaked out of the hotel and took a cab down to Tamara's place. In the hallway I heard Tamara screeching, the crashing of furniture, and other unmistakable sounds of the chase. I turned away and walked back down the hall, for I knew only too well what I would find if I opened that door.

September came and Bobbs-Merrill and the Book-of-the-Month Club brought out *Christ in Concrete*. There were full-page ads in the

New York Times, and some very flattering reviews (the best was by the tragically fated movie star, beautiful Frances Farmer, in the Communist *Daily Worker*). As a smash best-seller it was the subject for pulpit sermons, and before long I was classified as a leading writer—almost a theologian! Soon I was an asshole buddy of all the big shits at the top of the heap—the glamorous ones like Mayor La Guardia, Bennett Cerf, George Balanchine, Rube Goldberg, Nathan Milstein—and then there were meetings with Pearl Buck, Professor Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt—oh hell! I could go on and on. Getting to know writers was a joke; they were all homely megalomaniacs who looked and acted as though they needed a good buggering enema. And as for authors being tough brave guys—well, Hemingway, Mailer, Breslin, and all the rest of the writing slobs lumped together couldn't punch their way out of a paper bag.

Once I got my head above the tide in the anonymous human cesspool and became a Name, life became an excitingly different flesh-and-blood movie every day. Most of my fan mail avowed: "Oh, what I've been through . . . my life would make the greatest book!" Each writer had had some deathless original experience like incest, sexual relations with an animal, or perhaps been given a blow-job by a denizen of outer space. One correspondent, a Catholic prelate to the Vatican, well known for work with youth and morals, insisted that I meet him in the city to allow him to tell me how much he appreciated *Christ in Concrete*.

This Monsignor took me to the Copa for dinner. His teeth were too white, his lips too red, and his eyes too bright. He was the traditional Irish-American baseball nut. As I was gnawing a turkey leg and salivating over the dancing showgirls, he said with brio, "I know Jumpin' Joe. . . . After the games at the Yankee Stadium I take showers with the sluggers in the locker room. Why, Pietro, some of those guys have got pricks like baseball bats!"

Clifford Odets—and, by the way, what kind of an aborted concoction is 'Odets'?—well, anyhow, Odets gave me a newspaper clipping about a guy in Philadelphia who left a copy of my book on his bed opened at page 286 (which described a bricklayer falling off a skyscraper), with the following lines underscored: "Paul looked over the scaffold rail and through staring mouth and eyes sent his soul to catch his Godfather who flung out his arms and rested on the speed of space that sucked him down. . . ." The Philadelphian then made an expert jump from his tiny toilet window on the twentieth floor.

A doctor phoned me from the Bellevue morgue to come and see a hood encased in a good concrete mix—with a missal and a gaudy rosary in his crossed hands—all in a carpentered plywood box dug out of the East River muck by sandhogs. This Brooklyn romantic had been garroted with baling wire. As I watched the skull-sawing brain-scooping autopsy, thoughts of both steak and cunnilingus became most extremely unappetizing.

Collecting the hood's cadaver for the 'Boys' was Big A, king of the riverfront and an honorary associate of Murder Incorporated. We met and he displayed a propensity for culture by admiring me. The next morning he took me to the Waldorf to have breakfast with Frank Costello, who was *elegantissimo* until he opened his Italian-accented "dese, dem, and dose" trap.

Later, I was a guest at Big A's estate in the Hamptons, and I learned that the Wasp millionaires there didn't dare complain about Big A's wife's freshly manured vegetable garden, or her pigeons, chickens, nanny goats, and clotheslines.

> As for authors being tough brave guys—Hemingway, Mailer, Breslin, and all the rest of the writing slobs lumped together couldn't punch their way out of a paper bag.

Big A told me the whole inside mobster-syndicate story while fat little Mrs. A gorged me with homemade ravioli and wine, repeatedly kissing holy pictures and blessing herself and Big A. She insisted that Big A never transgressed the Law, but that all the *capos* he mentioned were *male carne*, that is, "bad meat." The word "Mafia" was never used by us Italians.

Big A had been brought as a snot-nosed kid from Palermo, Sicily, to the Brooklyn docks. I asked him how he summed up the New World.

"I'm a 100 percent true-blue American," he said vehemently. "I believe in the Stars and Stripes. Lemme tell you—other countries stink! This fuckin' America was made for me—Big A. I got it by the balls!"

Bennett Cerf, Harold Ross of the New Yorker, Dorothy Parker, Walter Winchell, Arthur Kober (Lillian Hellman's ex-husband), I. F. Stone, at that time editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and I—as a group—attended the opening night of Lillian Hellman's *Little Foxes*. Later, backstage, before a large adulating congregation of the precious and famous, the star, Tallulah Bankhead, asked me how I liked the play. I told her honestly that it had put me to sleep.

Tallulah shouted, "You goddamned greasy wop bricklayer! What could you *possibly* know about the theatre!"

Then on to the party for Lillian Hellman at the mansion of the Jewish-Swiss international Midas, Frohnknecht. I was sentimental about Maggie Frohnknecht—well, either about her or her gold mines? Maggie's plain sister was married to Erich Leinsdorf, and what stands out in my mind from that evening is the memory of the pallid, bald, bespectacled, guttural Leinsdorf spitting into his wife's face while saying, "Bubbee, what do you think of me now?" In the embarrassed hush that followed, she looked up to him with a beatific smile and answered, "Erich, you are wonderful!" I whispered to Maggie Frohnknecht, "This conducting character has never heard of the Madonna," and dark, neurotic Maggie said, "Oh shit."

Bennett Cert and I made a strange tomcatting pair. I asked him the secret of his success, and he said, "Pete, I know how to listen." Bennett had been divorced from the actress, Sylvia Sidney, but his secretary was an exact look-alike for her and was madly in love with him. But Bennett fell in love with Ginger Rogers's niece, Phyllis, and I was forced to go pussy-hunting alone.

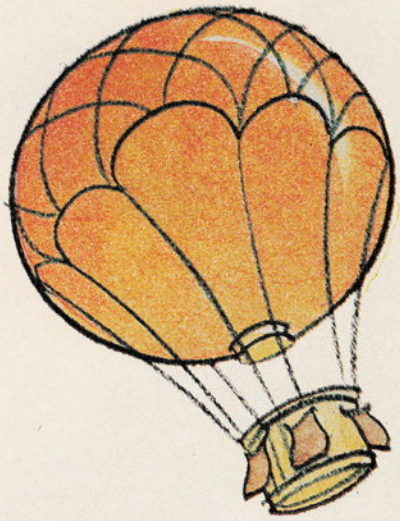
The night of Bennett's marriage to Phyllis, I wore a custom-tailored tux, patent-leather pumps with bows, and tan imported French-pleated shirt. Leonard Lyons said I was the tops in formal clothes, and Dorothy Kilgallen flattered me by saying I was one of the ten best-looking men in America.

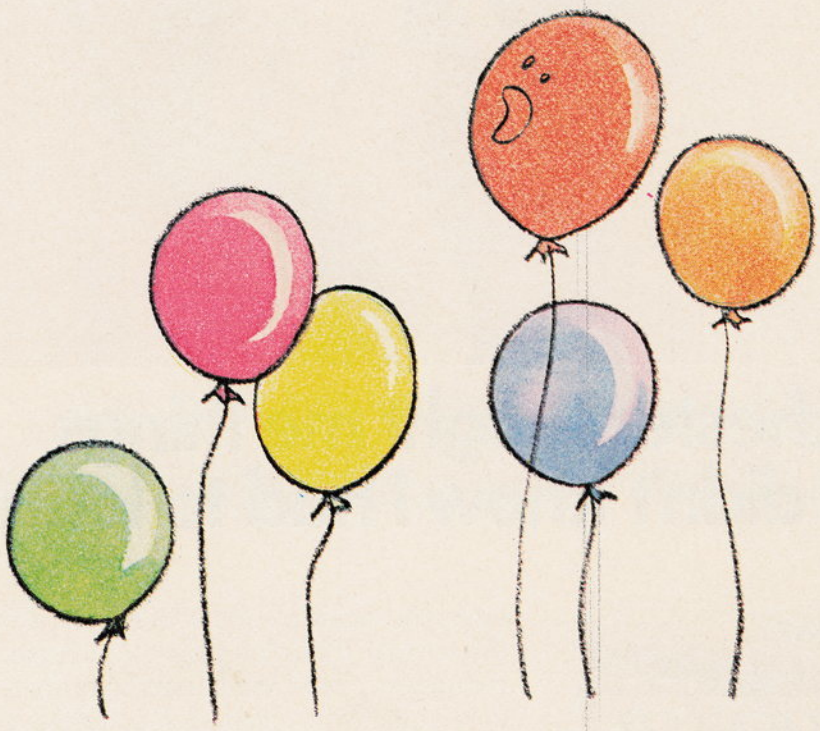
The brownstone townhouse had an interior court, complete with trees, bushes, flowers, statues, and fountains. I ran into a couple who latched onto me and helped me get drunk. He was tall and patrician and she glittered passionately. To this day I don't know how I ended up in bed with her in their St. Regis suite, but in the middle of the night I awoke there. She had her back to me and was snoring. I automatically let her have it—and she screamed, "Wrong place!"

In the daylight she was a withered, toothless harridan, as ancient and decrepit as the Cumaean Sibyl. I had to vomit.

The last thing I recall is the three of us in the elevator descending to the lobby, and the old, old man weakly protesting, "There is such a thing as people!"

Envoi: The public wishes to believe that the creative artist comports himself with *the mystery and poise of God.*





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All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

GENTILE PERSUASION

I am a Jewish girl of twenty-four. I've been married five years and my husband is fine in every respect except one—he can't make me climax. Thinking it was my husband's fault, I tried making it with other Jewish men, but the result was always the same. Then I tried gentiles. I can't explain it, but as soon as a gentile starts putting his penis into me I explode. What do you think causes this? Just looking at a handsome guy gets me turned on, and when I make it with one my ecstasy is so great that sometimes I scream. I wish my husband could give me the same pleasure, but he can't. Do you think a psychiatrist is the answer for me?—S.A.

You are obviously turned on because gentiles are forbidden fruit for you. Many Jewish men are just the same and love to make it with non-Jewish girls, basically because it is different for them and also because it upsets their parents tremendously. Perhaps in your case you might have met some particularly sympathetic gentiles. I think it is all in your mind, partly because you know that gentile pricks are different from Jewish ones, but I don't think that you need the help of a psychiatrist. Be happy that you get aroused so easily. After all, there are far more non-Jews than Jews in the world, so your chances of finding stimulating bed partners are good.

HEBREW HORMONES

My present girl friend makes no bones about all the lovers she's had in the past, but tends to stereotype them all according to their ethnic backgrounds. Of all the men she's had, she says she prefers Jews—she claims they're better endowed, make better lovers, and always satisfy her more. I'm not Jewish, but have always regarded myself as an excellent lover. From your past experience, I'm sure you've reached some conclusions on your own about this matter, so please share them with your readers.—Jon

The Latin expression "de gustibus non est disputandum" is perfectly suitable for your situation—it means that one cannot dispute taste. In the previous letter, a Jewish girl writes that she is turned on by having sex with non-Jewish men. Voilà! The reverse of your situation! I, myself, happen to like Jewish men above all, not merely because they make excellent lovers, but mostly because I somehow feel more warmth in a relationship with a Jew than, for instance, with a Dutchman, an Irishman, German, or Dane. I just don't seem to get properly warmed up by the Nordic race. Somehow they are too cold and unromantic. Maybe in my own case there are some sentimental reasons behind my preference for Jewish men—my father was Jewish and my mother was gentile. It certainly is not religion that turns me on, since I am an agnostic and respect anyone else's religion.

What also turns me on about quite a few Jewish men is that they are so complicated. I always like to straighten out people's heads and help to release them of their frustration. Another important advantage of Jewish lovers is the fact that they are circumcised and one never really has to worry about their not being clean. I have also always appreciated the Jewish people's great wit, their sense of humor, and their charm.

For instance, I have known many intelligent gentiles who were outright bores as far as conversation goes, blasé and snotty, and usually lousy, unimaginative bed partners as well. Jews, on the other hand, have a great aptitude for self-irony. Quite a few Jewish jokes, for instance, have come about for the sake of lightening times of great persecution and ghetto conditions. Somehow the Jew emerges a winner, even if it seems that he is a loser.

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Coincidentally, the three men in my life during the past five years who have really meant something special to me were all Jewish. During the last year and a half, I have loved deeply a charming Canadian Jew whom I admire for his intelligence, wit, and great capacity as a lover.

Jewish men in general make great husbands and even better fathers. Statistics show that fewer Jewish people get divorced than non-Jews.

The expression "Jewish-American Princess" was created because Jewish men are known to be such great suckers at times, always trying to please their women as much as they can. Maybe in that respect I would like to see them more masculine and less sacrificing.

As lovers, Jews are not differently endowed, other than their circumcisions, except for some Israeli Jews—but the Arabs and Israelis in general are much larger endowed than their overseas brothers. I find that making love to a Jew is a real pleasure, as they usually are good pupils and very gentle. They seem to appreciate the other sex more, and are less selfish in their lovemaking.

"YOU CANNOT PICK UP TWO MELONS IN ONE HAND"

I've got a problem that many men would probably like to have, but it's beginning to worry me. I'm twenty-four years old and have two girl friends. I don't mean that I go out with one girl one night and the other girl the next—we are a threesome, we all go out together, we all share one bed, and I love both girls equally. Sooner or later, though, I'm sure one of the girls is going to get very hurt by this relationship, though neither of them seems at all jealous at the moment. I know I should choose one or the other to be my steady, but I just can't bring myself to do it. Although, to be frank, the two of them are getting a bit much for me to handle. Please give me some advice to get me out of this jam.—John

Everybody should have your problem. This is *the* dream of almost every man: to have a *ménage à trois*; but, of course, one can overdo certain things in life.

You don't particularly want to be worn to a frazzle, do you?

Even though you say you love both girls equally, I still cannot determine whether you really know the meaning of the world "love." There is more to love than just having sex and getting physically exhausted. Sooner or later you will have to find out for yourself which of the two girls you get along with more as a person, rather than only as a lover. Something else to consider in your relationship with the two ladies is: do the two of them get along well together? They might not necessarily be bisexual, but it would help if you could stimulate them to make love to one another, so that occasionally you can be the onlooker and let them do the work. Not only is this exciting, but it also gives you a chance to rest.

If the entire scene of living with and loving two girls is too much, then why not cut the rope completely and tell them that you need a change of pace? Then you can go out and find yourself a new girl friend, and give yourself a chance to get to know her better than you ever knew the ones you left, because you always had to divide your attention between them. Maybe it will put your own mind at ease to be with only one girl instead of having to be careful not to hurt two girls' feelings and trying to keep a relationship in balance.

HE-WHORES

I've been reading your column for quite a while now, but so far I haven't seen any references to male prostitution. (I'm not talking about homosexuals, but about men who sleep with women for money.) Is it true that such male prostitutes exist, and if so, are there many about? If there are, do you know of any special male brothels where women can go?—B.G.

There are some cities with houses of prostitution for women. However, for some reason, they are very sparse. In some European countries, where prostitution is tolerated or legalized as it is in Holland and Germany, one can find several houses of male prostitutes. In Israel, there are bars and discotheques where women go to meet young attractive studs, or gigolos, as they are called incorrectly.

On the beaches of the West Indian tropical islands, plenty of young men can be found in the company of lonely American or Canadian women (quite often schoolteachers), who save all their money for a two-week vacation to these locations where nobody knows them and they can do whatever they please. They are mostly spinsters who live an immaculately prim and proper life in their hometowns; but once they are away, their real desires come out. It is amazing how rapidly one barrier after another is broken down—whether they are age barriers or racial barriers. For these men, the tourist seasons are great sources of income. They give the ladies a guided tour around the islands, take them out for dinner (for which the woman always ends up paying), then they go to the local casinos where they usually end up obtaining some gambling money.

Real gigolos are a different genre of men altogether. They are usually young (under thirty), very handsome, in most cases homosexual, and strictly available to please a much older lady by being seen in her company. Very seldom is any sex involved, and sometimes the gigolo is even allowed to take along his male lover. So one can divide male prostitutes into several categories: the effeminate gigolo with the much older lady, the young stud with the sex-loving lady, the brothel-hustler under supervision of a male madam, servicing either male or female clients, and the playboy on the beaches of tropical islands or the Mediterranean. In particular, Italians and Spaniards are good at hustling a fast buck from the generally turned-on Nordic tourists.

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In general, it seems that women are still too inhibited to go to brothels. Somehow, even in these days of great sexual liberation, women do not seem to be as liberated as their male partners.

SEX CHANGE

I'm a twenty-six-year-old male homosexual, and I've long been thinking about having a sex change to become a woman. Before I do this, though, I'd like to know more about the process. Can you tell me how I go about acquiring a female figure and what exactly a sex-change operation involves?—J.C.

Transsexualism is a vital topic today in many psychiatric clinics all over the world. In January, *Penthouse* had an in-depth study of transsexuals, and in November 1973, *Forum* magazine had an interesting article on a man who after fifty years decided to become a woman. Her name is now Paula Grossman. He was (and still is) married and has raised a family of two children. But he simply could not live any longer as a man, since his entire thinking pattern was that of a woman and he felt more and more uncomfortable living as a man. He was a teacher and a good father for his kids. His wife was understanding enough to agree with his decision. In his opinion, one should only decide to undergo the operation when there is no correspondence between the psyche and the physical body—because then the individual is in for a life of unimaginable horror. Once you are sick of living as a man, and are almost driven to self-mutilation or suicide, it is time to consult a good psychiatrist or else have your local doctor recommend one.

Dr. Robert Laidlaw, a famous New York psychiatrist who has worked extensively with transsexuals, believes there is no psychiatric cure for transsexuals. They are born, not made. But because transsexualism appears on the surface to be a psychological problem, people assume that a transsexual is psychotic.

In a survey performed by Dr. Harry Benjamin, 40 percent of male transsexuals were found to have underdeveloped gonads, while other researchers have reported the presence of an unusually enlarged clitoris in many female transsexuals. However, it must be noted that the majority of male and female transsexuals display no easily observable somatic defect.

If you consult a doctor, he most probably will give you a hormone treatment for about six months in preparation for a possible operation. Before the actual operation, a psychiatrist will evaluate you to determine if you are mentally competent to make the decision—remember that it is an irreversible procedure. You can never be a man again.

I highly recommend *The Transsexual Phenomenon* (Julian Press, N.Y., 1956) by Dr. Benjamin. In it, he describes the treatment for male and female transsexuals. In the first phase, which lasts from several months to several years, the patient is given hormones of the desired gender. Estrogen and progesterone are given to anatomic males. Testosterone is given to anatomic females. Physical feminization begins in the form of breast development, reduction of body hair, redistribution of fat, and softening of the skin. In anatomical females, the hormone therapy causes deepening of the voice, cessation of menstruation, coarsening of the skin, appearance of masculine-pattern hirsutism, and often an enlarged clitoris.

In the second phase, surgery takes place. The operation for males consists of four steps: *castration* (testicles are removed); *penoctomy* (removal of the penis); *plastic reconstruction* (the creation of female-looking external genitalia by using the scrotal tissue and possibly the skin of the penis); and *creation of an artificial vagina*. This last is the most crucial part of the operation. In quite a few cases, transsexuals have been "butchered" by plastic surgeons who abused their patients and charged them large amounts of money and did not know how to properly create an artificial vagina.

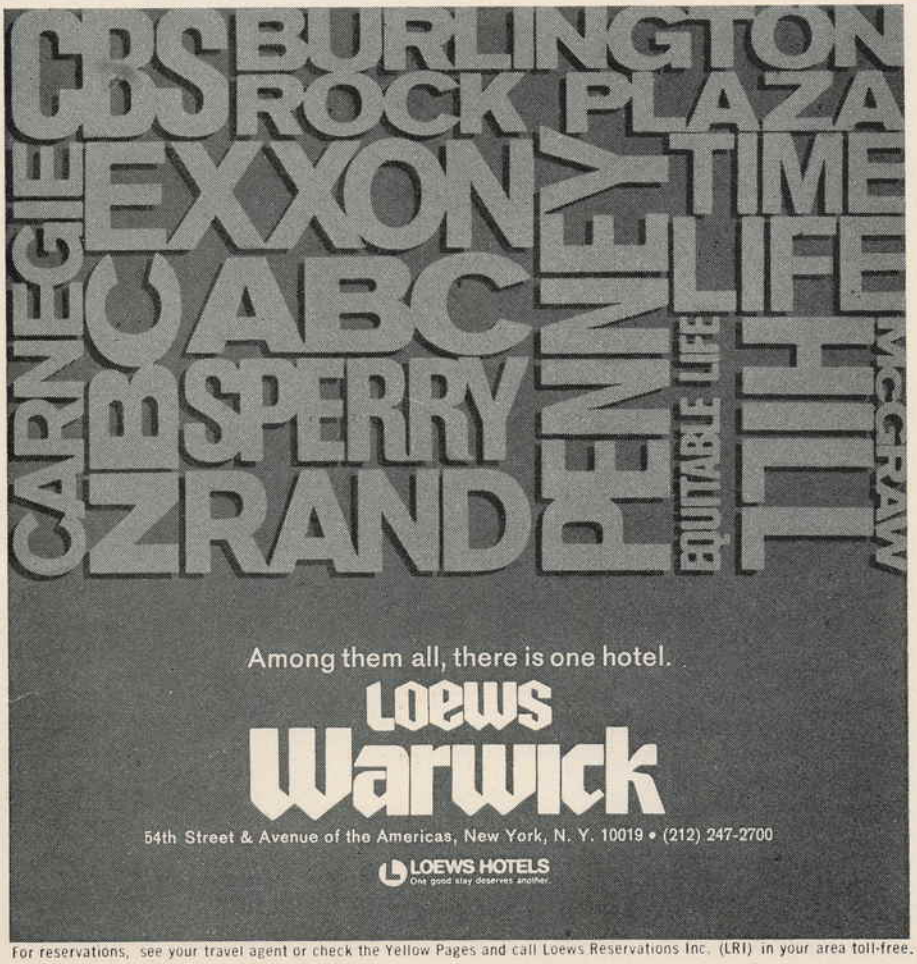
The operation for females consists of three steps: *mastectomy* (breast removal or simply reduction); *hysterectomy* (ovaries, or the uterus, or both, are removed and often the vagina is closed at the same time); and *creation of an artificial penis*. Only a small number of patients undertake this operation, which involves a long and expensive series of plastic-surgical procedures necessary to produce an artifical penis. In most cases, this new penis looks very real. The patient is able to urinate through a tube constructed in the middle of it. Some of the female transsexuals who have undergone the operation are now leading a male's life, married to women who have had babies through artificial insemination.

SMOKE GETS IN HIS EYES

I have a fetish that I've never heard anyone else ever mention. The sight of a woman smoking a cigar stimulates me sexually so much that it sometimes becomes obvious if I am standing. I am presently enjoying a relationship with a lady who enjoys cigars, particularly when sexually aroused. We both get more out of sex with each other than we have with any of our previous partners. Together we have reached amazing sexual heights far beyond what we thought possible. Is our fetish unusual or potentially dangerous to us?—C.M.

Obviously a cigar is a symbol of the penis, and especially when it is a thick, round cigar, rather than a small woman's cigar. I can imagine what a turn-on it is to see a woman puff and smoke one of these biggies. However, almost anything that resembles a penis, if handled the right way by the right woman, can be a turn-on.

A perfect example of how a phallic symbol can get even older men pretty excited is an incident that occurred while I was flying from Holland to Canada a year ago, traveling first-class. I ate a banana for dessert and three men sitting in the rows next to me and



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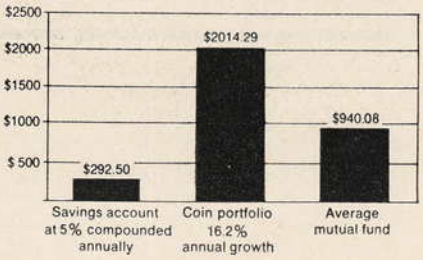

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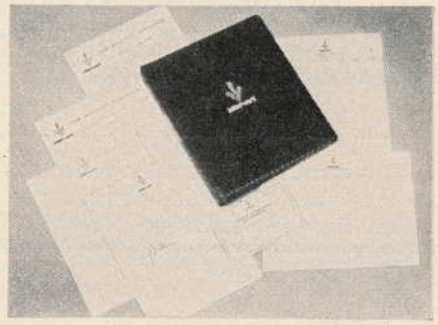

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behind me could hardly keep their hard-ons down. I took my time and gave a great performance. Bananas never tasted so good!

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG—BUT IT DID!

The other night I was making love to my girl friend, and my penis got stuck in her vagina—I couldn't get it out. My cock isn't superlarge—it's nine inches long and fairly thick—but although we tried all sorts of creams, it just wouldn't budge. After a few hours we became so tired that we gave up and went to sleep, still locked together, and the next day we found that we'd come apart during the night. Since then we've been scared to make love anymore in case it happens again. Have you any idea what caused this, and is there any way we can prevent the same thing from recurring in the future? —Stuck-Up

Your story seems unrealistic, but if it can happen to dogs, why not to human beings? If it really did happen, I would certainly see your doctor and have him check both your girl friend and yourself thoroughly, because it certainly is not an incident you would like to have happen again. Next time you make love, make sure you have a bucket of cold water ready next to the bed, as they do when two dogs mate. Seriously, though, it *is* possible that a woman's vagina can develop a sudden contraction which produces a cramplike feeling that eventually prevents the man's penis from moving in or out.

GET HARD, STAY HARD, BE HARD!

I'm twenty-five and consider myself to be a quite skillful and experienced lover. However, I have a nagging problem that I seem to share with many men—first-night failures. The first time I go to bed with a girl I'm often unable to get an erection. The second or third time, however, everything is fine. Why does this happen? Is it just stage fright? This must have happened to some of your male friends. What did you advise them to do?—J.P.

You are certainly not the only one who fails to get it up the first night. I have experienced quite a few cases like yours, but maybe for different reasons. Because of my reputation there have been plenty of men who were nervous and often could not get a hard-on.

I remember one time in particular. I went to a cocktail party in Toronto and met this gorgeous man, young, attractive, and married, a bit shy but very friendly. We finally got to the nitty gritty after the party was over and went over to a friend's apartment. When he was totally undressed and I was starting to caress his penis, he got very nervous and almost shaky. I asked him, "What's the matter, honey?" And he answered: "Uh . . . how many men have you slept with, Xaviera?" I jokingly answered, "What do you mean —this afternoon?" He did not give me an answer and his penis simply refused to get an erection. Since he was such a cutie-pie, my ego started working up so that I had to get him where I wanted him. I worked and worked on him for at least half an hour, sucking and massaging, caressing his nipples, blowing kisses in his ear, etc., until I was pretty tired of it all. Finally, he got his hard-on, nothing special, but at least it was hard. So, I quickly got on, but then he said, "Oh, you must be so good in bed, with all the lovers you have had, I am sure I am just average if not incompetent. Please don't be too critical. . . ." And with that, his hard-on, on which I had worked so hard, disappeared underneath me. I could have yelled at him, but this time I knew it definitely was in his head rather than in his cock, and after talking to him gently for several minutes, and starting the whole erection service again with sucks and bites and caresses, he finally managed to get it up again. At that point I put my right hand over his mouth so he could not say any more stupid things. You know what? He came after three strokes!

There is hope for you, however. There are several men who suffer from your symptoms, simply because they are so overly excited or so concerned about their expected capabilities that they consider themselves failures beforehand. A good excuse to give the girl is that you had too much to drink or too little sleep. If she is an understanding lady, she will definitely give you a second chance. When you grow older, I bet you will be more secure of yourself and get rid of this temporary setback.

MEN AT SEA

I am twenty and in the navy. I've been married three months and already have an overwhelming urge to indulge in extramarital sex. I love my wife and nobody else, and we have a very good sexual relationship. But unfortunately, I don't seem to have gotten rid of my "roaming fever." Is it wrong for me to have a little on the side every so often, as long as I go to a professional and don't have a steady girl friend? Do you think that I'll get over this urge?—Alan

You are still very young, and because you're in the navy you're obviously away from your wife a lot. At your age, it is natural that you will get horny and start roaming around foreign ports to get some "pussy." Usually you sailors combine your sex with lots of booze and half the time you end up drunk like a skunk with your buddies in some whorehouse in whatever harbor you are anchored. Most probably you don't even remember what the girls look like. There is absolutely no harm in going to a prostitute when you're away from home. Ask any of your buddies and they will tell you that they have no guilt feelings about making it with a hooker. You yourself gave the answer to your question. As long as you don't start having a "steady girl friend" and as long as you don't get emotionally carried away, your little "sexcapades" won't harm your marriage. But don't brag about it when you get back to your wife! When you leave the navy, your sex life will be back to normal and your needs will be taken care of regularly.

THE CONNECTION

The Sportswear Approach to Dressing Up

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KLAUS LUCKA

Fading fast, along with many of our outdated customs, is the traditional concept of "dressing up." No longer are the narrow confines of tailored clothing the only acceptable dress for numerous occasions. Creating new fashion moods is the multifunctional sportswear that arrives this spring.

Also arriving, on the tiny Dutch island of Aruba, are our three young entrepreneurs, primed for some modern business and pleasure in this Caribbean paradise off the coast of Venezuela. The threesome has jetted down from chilly New York City aboard a KLM plane. (And what better way to travel to a Dutch-influenced island than on Royal Dutch Airlines. From Dec. 15-April 15, KLM offers a European plan for two from New York to Aruba, $325 each. Included is air fare, accommodations at the Manchebo Beach Hotel, and sightseeing. For deluxe tastes, KLM offers a more expensive package. During the rest of the year,

THE ARRIVAL: Deplaning KLM's daily flight from New York City at Princess Beatrix Airport in the new casual sport suits.

(left) An aqua slub-linen gathered waist suit by Joshua Gessel for BAWI, about $200. Art Deco shirt by Pancaldi for Al B. Arden. Coin medallion: Coin Concepts.

The white linen military suit by Jupiter, $95. Plaid shirt by Creighton. Metal clasp tie: Tiebreakers by Oxford Neckwear. Straw hat by Dobbs, $20. Umbrella: Mespo. Plastic belt: Willie Woo.

Her flannel suit: Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto. Ring: Chris Walling. Shoes: Carel. Bag: Peggy Siegel for Applause.

THE CONNECTION (left): The blouson jacket dressed up casually. The place: Oranjestad, capital of Aruba.

The yellow gabardine blouson jacket, $32.50 with polka-dot gauze shirt, $12.50, by Robert Lewis. Pleated tan gabardine pants by Hornby of London.

The cotton plaid jacket, $20, with blue cotton pants, $20, and gauze shirt, $15, all by Robert Lewis. White wool pullover by Starcot for Barney Sampson Co.

THE ARRANGEMENT (above): Putting together sports coordinates for casual elegance. The place: Druik Beach, site of Manchebo Beach Club.

(left) The polyester double-knit wrap safari-style shirt suit, $75 with cotton polka-dot shirt, $12.50, by Robert Lewis. His bracelet: Gideon. The slub-linen pastel striped shirt-jacket, $35, with green cotton gauze shirt, $15, and cotton madras pants, $20, his entire ensemble by Robert Lewis. Red rope belt: Peggy Siegel for Applause. Bracelet: Gideon.

Throughout feature, all men's shoes by Hush Puppies.

THE NEGOTIATION (above): Shirt-jackets for sportive élan. (left) All Indian cotton wrap shirt with solid matching pants, $40, by Ice, Ltd.

The white lambskin leather shirt-jacket, $200, by Ericson for Swedish Fashion Group. Sweater shirt: Silton, $17. Khaki jeans: Longjons.

Her dress: Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat. Shoes: Carel. Straw bag: Peggy Siegel for Applause.

THE WINNINGS (left): Double-breasted sport coats in comfortable sportswear fabrics for optimum elegance. The place: King International Casino at Holiday Inn.

(left) Pastel green linen jacket, $145, by Pierre Cardin Boutique. Plaid shirt: Creighton. Silk bow: Ti of California. Bracelet: Gideon.

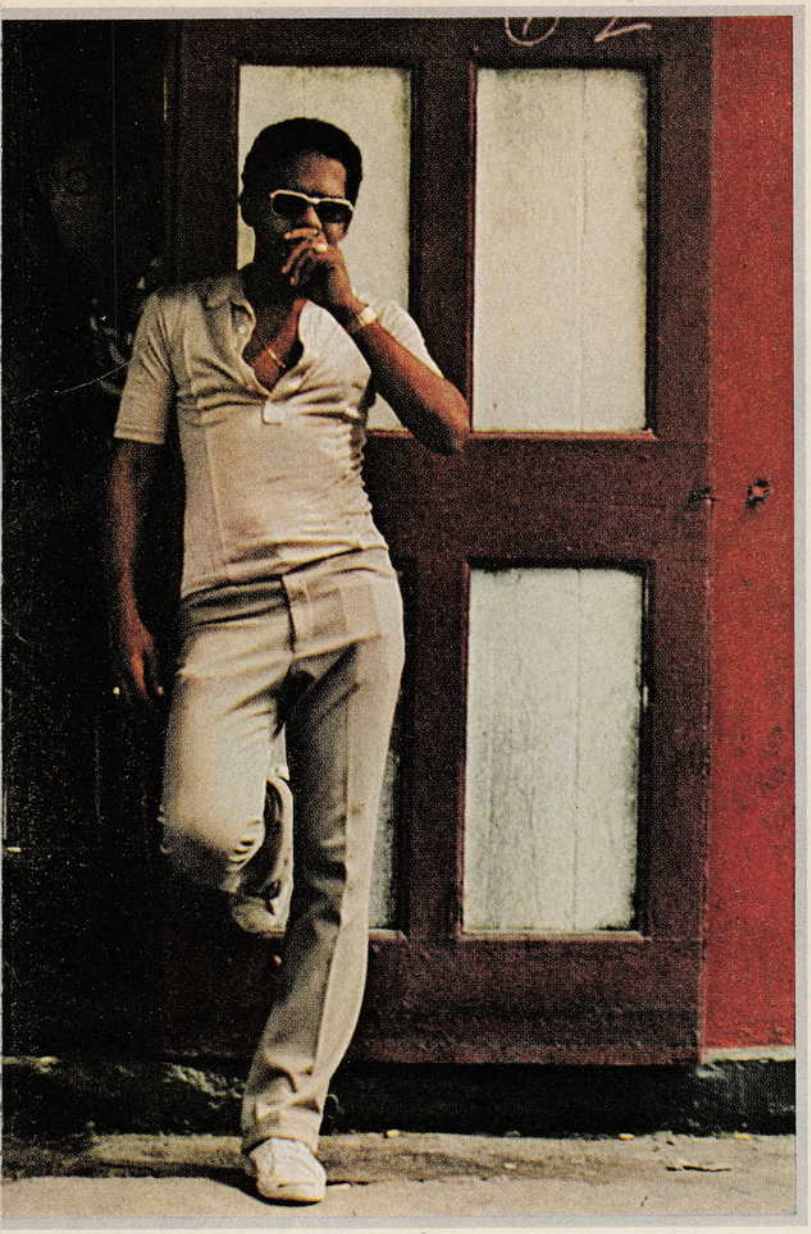
Pink taffeta pin-dot jacket with black shantung pants, $100, by Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto. Floral silk bow: Ti of California.

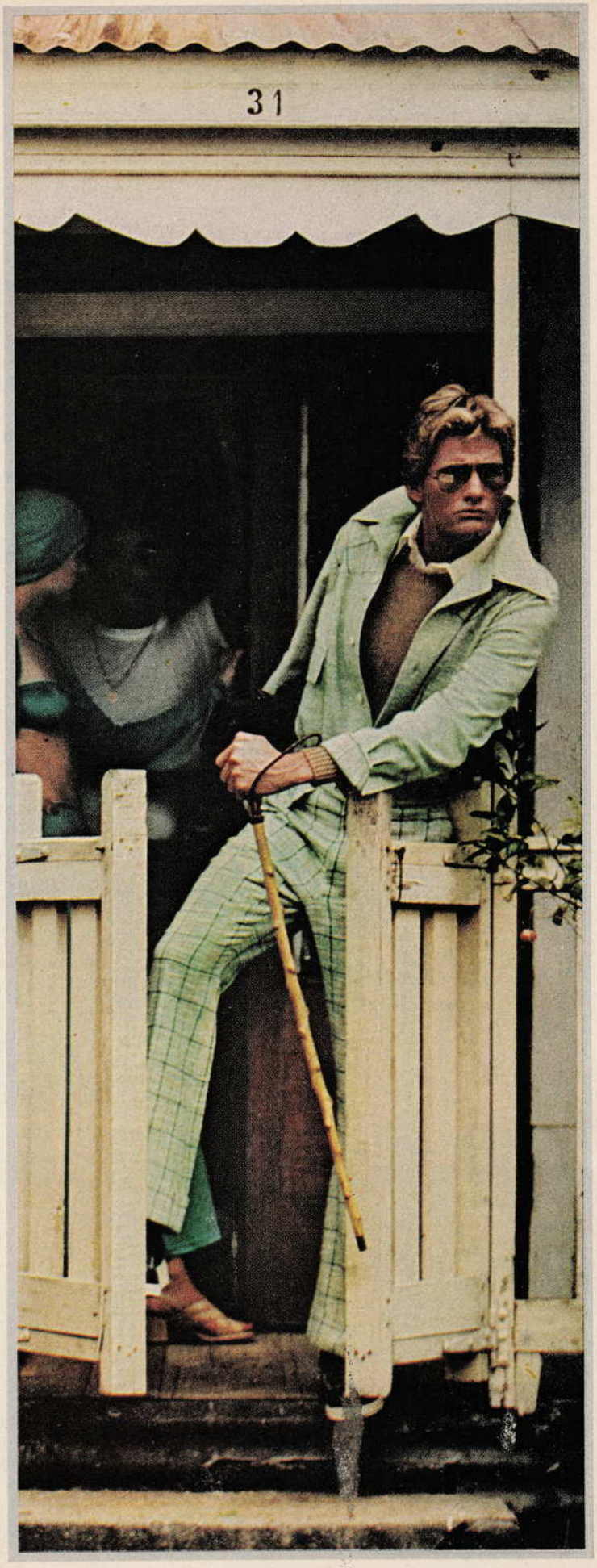
Her chiffon wrap top and long skirt: Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat. Gold chain: Chris Walling.

THE DELIVERY (right): The casual baseball jacket updated for a dressier look.

This acrylic and cotton version with coordinate pants, about $60, by McGregor-Doniger. Camel Shetland sweater, $40, by Jackie Rogers. Swagger stick: Mespo.

Her ensemble: Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat. Sandals: Hush Puppies.





both plans are at a reduced rate.)

While spending a balmy, relaxed week wheeling and dealing and playing, our budding tycoons display the modern looks that are softening the old distinctions between sportswear and businesswear . . . *whatever* business you may be in these days. Whether spending your Aruban nights—and days—gaming and winning in the island's casinos; taking in the sights, the nightlife, and the local flavor; or just relaxing on beautiful Druif Beach, site of the Manchebo Beach Hotel—one of Aruba's finest—the new sportswear clearly makes the connection. It's a kind of eclectic style that reflects and fits the way we really live.

You can now approach the art of dressing well with relaxed elegance, either going all the way with ties or choosing more casual attire. Wrap suits, military suits, shirt suits, Eisenhower jacket suits, safari suits, blousons, and gathered waists offer a multitude of looks for a multitude of moods. Evocative fabrics—linens, seersuckers, cottons, gabardines, wools, satins, and leathers—emphasize the elegant cuts. And, most importantly, a glorious freedom of choice and flexibility are permitted by this array of styles. Today's man-on-the-move interprets his own coordinated look; whatever suit suits him best is ideal.

From boardroom to backroom, business lunch to a casual evening entertaining, the new sportswear is now *de rigueur*.

And, as our intrepid trio demonstrates on their island adventure, stylish sportswear is great for getting away from it all. Or, sometimes, it's just right for a quick getaway.

THE UNEXPECTED: Shirt suits in elegant fabrics that can stand alone.

(left) A polished yellow cotton sateen shirt suit, $70, by Scott's-Grey, Ltd. Bracelet: Gideon. The all-wool black satin safari shirt suit, about $375, by Dimitri of Italy. Bracelets: Off the Cuff. Gold chain: Chris Walling.

Her hot-pink snap-fasten dress: Betsey Johnson for Alley Cat. Shoes: Carel. Bracelet: Alexis Kirk.

THE GETAWAY: In functional aviator-look jacket suits that also dress up casually. The place: An Aruban harbor.

(left) All-Italian cotton aviator-look jacket suit, about $250, by Dimitri of Italy. Green crewneck sweater by Robert Bruce. Rope belt: Peggy Siegel for Applause.

The tan gabardine Eisenhower jacket suit with new peg pants, $82, by Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto. Shirt by David Winter for Lancer.

Her shantung jumpsuit: Pinky and Dianne for Flo Toronto.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured, check manufacturers listed in Fashion Finder, page 139.

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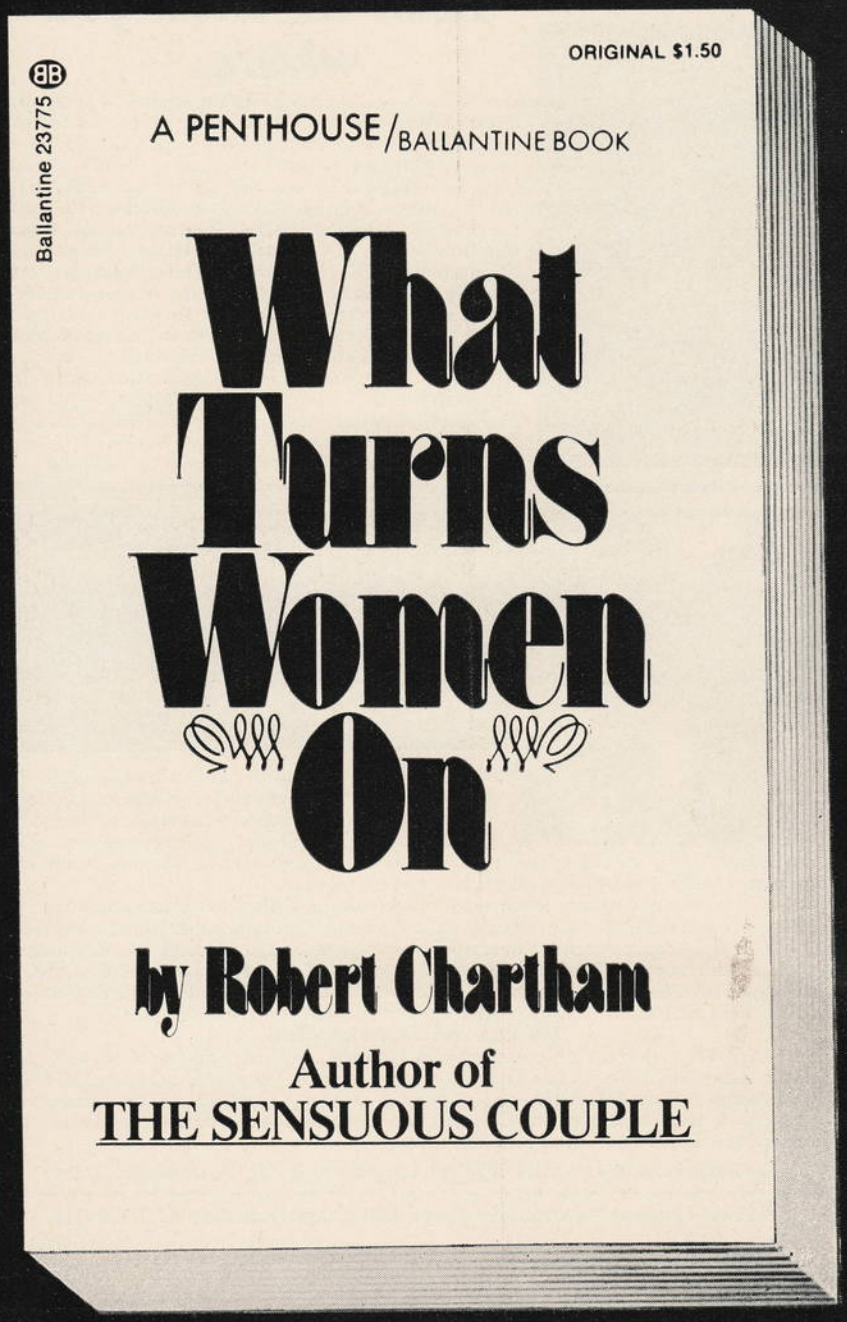

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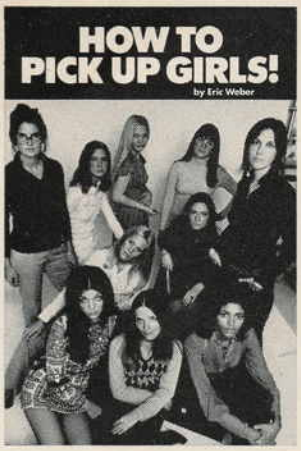

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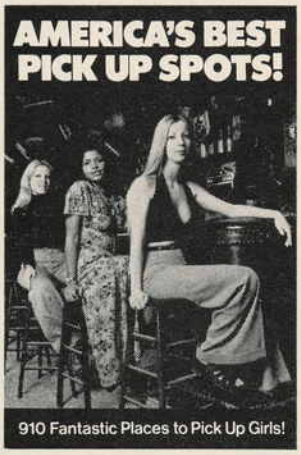

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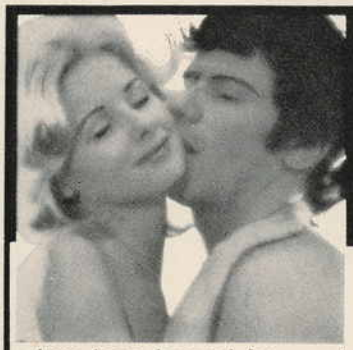

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GOD'S COUNTRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

the Baptist. (It was a fake head, naturally; the real one's in a private collection in Zurich.)

There was a barber shop called Delilah's and a knickknack shop called the Graven Image.

There were a couple of minor problems early on. A kid got bit in the ass by one of those scruffy camels, and a woman had a few too many Jezebels and fell into the Sea of Galilee and claimed she had been sexually molested by the carp. Our insurance company settled both cases out of court.

And I did have one disagreement with my colleagues. They wanted the Ark to be real—two of everything. I said that was impossible, even for me. I mean, where do you get a matched pair of coelacanths? We compromised, and the Ark was stocked with cats, dogs, goats, chickens, and snuggly little bunny rabbits.

But in general, everything went really well. Within a month of opening, we were the hottest thing in the Buckeye State. We got big names to play at the Last Supper. I remember our first marquee: THIS WEEK AT GOD'S COUNTRY—PETER, PAUL & MARY. NEXT WEEK—JOEY BISHOP AND THE CARPENTERS.

The first hint of trouble came with a visit from the local sheriff. He said he'd had a complaint about our massage parlor. It was called Satan's, and we had a nice-looking young guy running it, dressed up in a red suit complete with horns and a tail and all that. Well, it turned out that the guy was into the S-M bit, and he got carried away with one customer. He bound the man to the massage table with his own garters and then beat on him for an hour with fistfuls of vermicelli.

Then there was our strike. The cashiers in the Temple said it was a violation of their contract for them to be run out into the street at ten minutes before every hour by a weirdo who kept screaming at them in Aramaic. (*We* never said the guy was Jesus. I hired him because of his beard and because he spoke Aramaic. If he wanted to call himself Jesus, I figured that was his business.)

Well, that led to the pickets, and the pickets led to the riot. What actually touched it off was one smart-ass disc jockey who showed up at the picket line one day and began to yell, "If Jesus was Jewish, how come he's got a Puerto Rican name?"

I think we could have even survived that, but I'll never know for sure, because it was only a couple of days later that the law closed us down for good. It seems that a family of six had somehow gotten by the security guards at the door to Sodom and Gomorrah, and they were offended by what they saw.

But like I told the judge, that wasn't *our* fault. We warned them. Couldn't they *read,* for God's sake? Right over the door there was this sign, big as life:

IF YOU LIKED "DEEP THROAT,"
YOU'LL LOVE SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

"I'm sorry this is all such a great moan, it makes it seem like he's a monster, and it's not that at all. He *is* rather selfish, but I think that's just because he's afraid of seeming weak—he thinks it's more manly to do it his way. And yet I know that deep down he cares a lot about me, and that's why I'm confident we'll work something out eventually. He needs me, and I like to be needed. It's also very flattering that he finds me so sexy, I mean I love the way his cock just goes hurtling up the minute I undress. I would hate a man who didn't care about me one way or the other.

"I suppose you want me to tell you about Paul, the other guy, as well. That whole thing is just so complicated in my memory. Well, he's much older, about twenty-nine, and very sophisticated. I met him in a store, actually. He said he was buying perfume for his mother and asked if I knew which was the nicest. Of course, I found out later it wasn't for his mother at all. Then he took me for coffee and asked me out to dinner that evening and . . . Well, you know, we made love and he was very gentle and slow. He would push his cock in very slowly and then pull it back, sort of tantalizing me until I was going out of my mind. And I remember my legs were shaking so much that the whole bed was rattling, and I was groaning and making funny noises. I came with Paul the very first time, whereas I had never come with Mike, though we'd screwed so many times. And with Paul it just went on and on—I mean, God knows how many times we made love that first evening—and it got so that I'd come if he just touched me. Oh yes, that was the other thing—I'd thought with Mike that I really didn't like having my breasts touched, but when Paul did it he could make me almost faint with wanting him. So I went out with Paul many times, and sometimes I'd even go and see him on my lunch-hour. As soon as I got to his apartment I'd take my clothes off and we'd be off. After the first evening, we never bothered to talk much, we just spent the whole time in bed. And it became like an addiction—if I couldn't see him one day I'd be absolutely aching for him by the next day. I just wanted him inside me all the time.

"I guess at this stage I'd more or less abandoned Mike. The only person I ever thought about was Paul, and I thought he felt the same way about me. But then I began noticing things. Sometimes he'd cancel a date at the last minute without any real excuse, and sometimes when I phoned him it was busy for hours and hours on end. And he would never tell me what he had been doing in between the times I was seeing him. I began to notice things about his lovemaking, too. Often he wouldn't come at all, although we'd make love for hours and I would come dozens of times. He never really let

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himself go—sometimes it seemed as though he was experimenting. He wanted to suck me but he didn't care whether I did it to him. He said he didn't enjoy it particularly, but looking back I think it might be that he was afraid he'd enjoy it too much and lose his control. Anyway, I loved it when he did it to me, but I didn't like it so much when that was *all* he did—I wanted some straight screwing as well. Towards the end it was as if he really hated screwing me, and he would only do it in return for something else.

"Then one evening I was supposed to see him and he phoned just beforehand and said he had a cold and couldn't see me. I felt very disappointed, and then I thought I'd take him some grapes and stuff to cheer him up. So I bought a whole picnic of lovely cold food and flowers and books and—oh, it makes me so bitter when I remember. I rang the bell and he came to the door wearing only his pants. He looked annoyed at first, and then he smiled in a rather sinister way and said, 'Ah, Amelia, just when we wanted some company,' and led me through to the bedroom—and there was another girl. She was all undressed and she had a horrible plastic dildo-thing in her hand. I sort of choked and fell back, but Paul caught me and kissed me very gently and said, 'No, don't mind her.' And then he said, 'Anne, this is your new playmate,' and this horrible dikey girl came and put her arms around me while Paul sort of held me so I couldn't go. And they both pulled my clothes off and she kept jamming her big breasts in my face and it was really awful. And then Paul held my arms up behind my back so it really hurt while this tough girl—I'm sure she was a lesbian—felt all down my front and . . . you know, with her fingers . . . put her fingers inside me. I can't quite remember what happened then, but I was suddenly on the bed. I think maybe Paul had been making love to me. . . . I thought she had gone away, but then she reappeared and got onto the bed. Oh, God, this is the really horrible part. . . . I can't tell you. . . . Well, if you must know, she sort of sat down over my face, I mean she was naked and everything, and it was all wet. Then Paul was screwing me and saying in this terrifying soft voice, 'You must suck her, Amelia. Go on. Go on. Be nice to Anne. Be a good girl or I'll hurt you.' And it was very peculiar because—I know you won't believe me—but I was *enjoying* him screwing me, although I was terribly frightened, and I sort of . . . almost *wanted* to do what he said. And actually, I couldn't help it because honestly I was powerless. I had tried to run away, really, but then they had me sort of imprisoned on the bed, so I . . . just . . . had to do it. And . . . oh God . . . oh God . . . I'm sorry . . . I can't go on. . . .

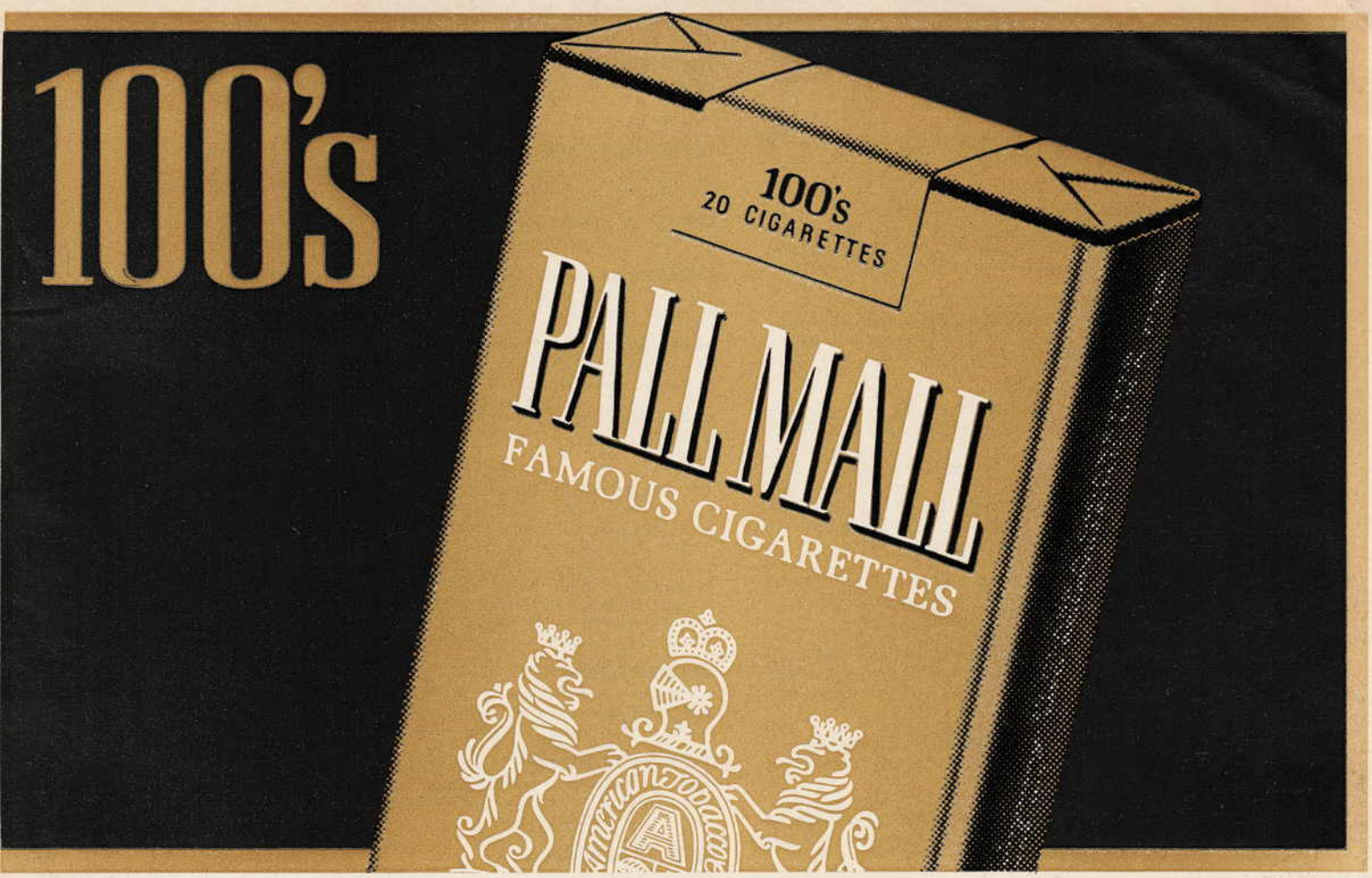
"Oh, I'm so *worried*. I *can't* be a lesbian, can I? I mean I like men. I've never even thought about doing it with a girl before. And when it was over, when I got out of that apartment, I just felt sick at what I'd done. It wasn't my fault, it really *was* sort of a rape, but I can't forget. If I'm honest with myself, I have to admit the really awful thing—that I did like it, the girl and everything, I actually *enjoyed* it. I suppose I must really be a dike. I can't bear it.

"So I just cried solidly for about three days, and one time Paul called and I slammed the phone down. I haven't seen or heard a word from him since, and I never want to. Then I started thinking about Mike again and wanting so much to be with a *man* to see if it would be all right. And I was so relieved when I went back to him. I enjoyed making love to him *more* than I did before Paul, and I came and everything, though I never had before. Of course, I didn't tell him about . . . about Paul and the girl because he would have been so hurt and disgusted. I just hope I can settle down with him now and be all right, you know, as a *woman*."

ANALYSIS

Amelia is right about Mike, of course. He *is* selfish and inconsiderate. But his selfishness—epitomized in his remark, "I did not know whether she was on the Pill or not, but I was too far gone to do anything about it"—is an undeniable streak in his character. The inconsiderateness, I suggest, stems largely from ignorance.

Clearly he knows nothing about even basic sexual approaches and technique. If he did, he would surely have observed one



of the male sexual courtesies when coupling in the missionary position, i.e. to take the greater part of his weight on his knees and elbows so as not to suffocate his partner. Mike is, in fact, the typical sexually ignorant young male. He has the basic knowledge of how to couple, but little else. He also possesses in full the traditional male sexual arrogance. The woman is there to fulfill his desires, even if it means compelling her to do something against her wishes. He physically forces her to fellate him, thereby breaking one of the cardinal rules of sexual behavior: namely, that neither partner shall be compelled by the other to do anything against his or her will. His sexual arrogance is supremely revealed in the opening paragraph of his interview, and in the passages where he describes his reactions to his discovery that Amelia is having sex elsewhere.

He finds it difficult, too, to admit that he is attracted to Amelia. Even though he says, "When it comes down to it, I don't think I can resist her," he has to describe her lovemaking on the first occasion after her return as a rape. His remark, "Except that I wanted her to [rape me]" and his description of his responses to her lovemaking cannot effectively conceal his anxiety that he was being sexually weak and, therefore, unmanly, in reacting as he did.

Amelia may have been modest, but we can assume that she knew what to expect when she went back to his apartment.

She describes Mike as being "totally mixed up," and though I would rate her as the more sexually intelligent of the two, she is not entirely sophisticated. For example, though I agree that "for a girl the first man is important," surely it is the quality of the first experience that is most important—in the sense that a bad experience with an inconsiderate and selfish partner could make a further experience almost unthinkable.

But not to Amelia, who is drawn back to Mike despite that painful and unsatisfying first session, subsequent unsatisfying sessions, and the humiliation she feels when required to fellate him. It is almost as if she has no sexual self-esteem.

Actually there are strong indications that Amelia has marked masochistic tendencies. She resents having to fellate Mike. She actually finds it distasteful. So why does she do it? She says, "It's just something you do for his sake." In fact, part of her resentment at having to fellate him arises from his never going down on her.

She justifies her going with him by saying, "I know deep down he cares so much about me." But immediately she reveals her true motivations: "It is very flattering that he finds me so sexy." She has a good deal to learn about the responses of the average healthy young male's cock when in close proximity to naked girls.

Paul is a male sexual type who rather frightens me. He has established such control over his sexual response that, though his skill at lovemaking is superb, he is, in fact, dehumanized by this very control and these very skills. Despite Paul's being this kind of sexual Svengali, I have to admit that, even taking into consideration the final scene, Amelia's relationship with him resulted in something good for her. Though it is not a remedy I would recommend, there is little doubt that, had she not had experiences with Paul, she might still be having a completely unsatisfying sexual relationship with Mike. Thus even the final scene with Paul, which further underlines her masochism —though it was thrust upon her with frightening suddenness—was not the evil experience that, at the moment, she believed it to be. It tuned her in to the complexity of her libido, part of which contains a certain amount of bisexuality, and it is to be hoped that she will accept it as a natural ingredient of her makeup. She might otherwise have suppressed the lesbian side of her sexual nature for years and never been sexually really happy.

Now she has to teach Mike that there is much more to sex than penis-vagina contact and that lovemaking is an equal partnership with equal responsibilities. He, for his part, must be willing to cooperate, so that they can both develop a really good relationship—one that he can accept without betraying his male sexual role. If he is not willing to cooperate, then it would be the biggest of all mistakes for them to remain together.

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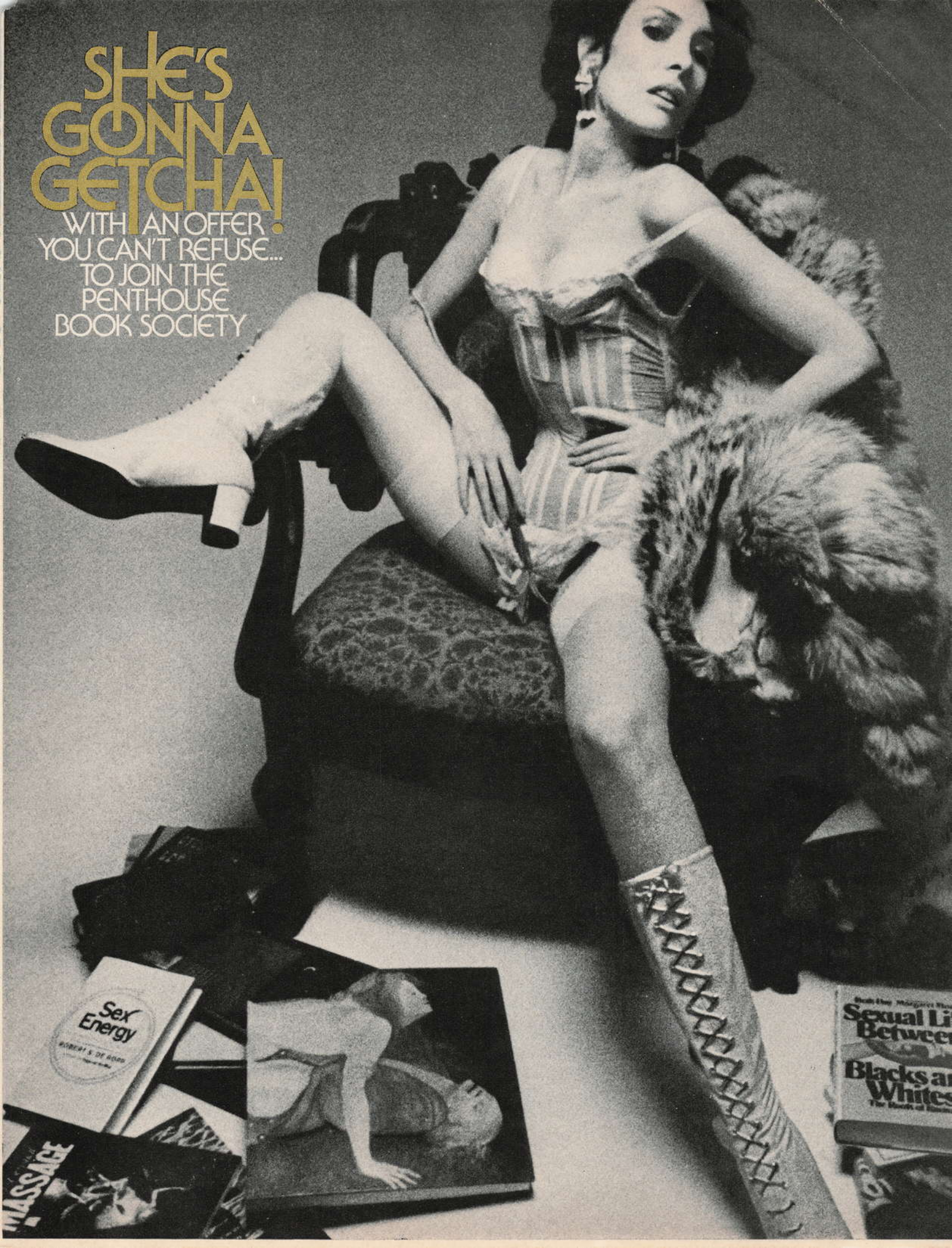
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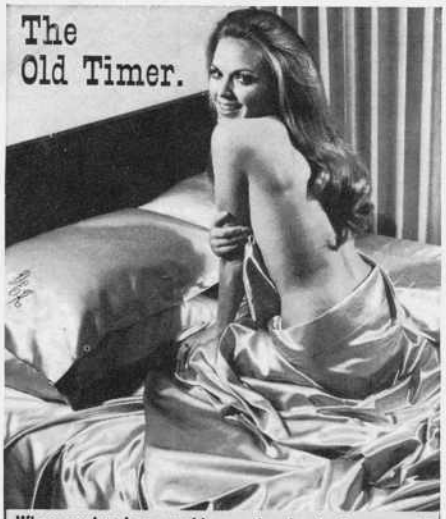

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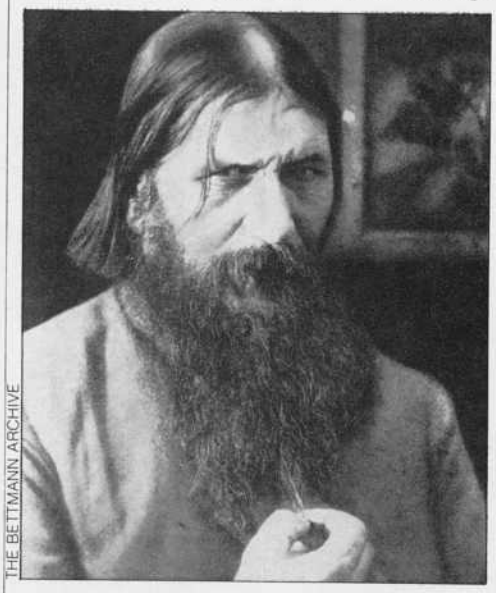
SEXINDEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

friends if they complained. Amazingly, this blackmail worked, and the rapist might have gone on raping women for years (and recording the details lovingly in his "rape diary"), if he had not finally murdered one and provoked an all-out police effort. He was caught and executed in 1935. A very similar pattern emerged in the Werner Boost case in Germany. Boost's habit was to hold up courting couples in parked cars and force them to take an incapacitating drug. He would then rape the woman and rob the man. Eventually he moved on to murder and the police caught up with him, but it was only at this late stage that all his previous victims came forward. Boost's "excuse" was that courting in cars was immoral and shouldn't be allowed. "These sex horrors are the curse of Germany," he declared. The risk of murder is always inherent in rape, particularly if the victim struggles too hard, and therefore Confucius's proverbial advice to the woman to "lie back and enjoy it" is probably sensible, rather than cynical, in the circumstances.

Rasputin, Grigori Efimovich (1871?–1916): Russian peasant monk who came to wield immense political power. He was born in Siberia of humble and probably disreputable parents—*rasputny* is Russian for "debauched"—and received no formal education. During his twenties, he joined an illegal and heretical religious sect called the *Khlysty*, whose dictum was: "Sin, that you may be forgiven." Their favored form of sin was dancing and then flagellating one another, followed by mass copulation. Rasputin's much-attested sexual stamina soon won him a large



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

troupe of female followers and many accompanied him as he wandered the vast Russian hinterland, preaching, healing, and organizing orgies. During this time he acquired a wife and three children, but they were always kept well out of sight. In 1903 he turned up in St. Petersburg and was introduced to the Grand Duchess Militsa, who was a great collector of seers, occultists, and the like. Rasputin succeeded in curing her pet dog when all the veterinarians had failed and soon won admittance to her aristocratic circle. The Duchess introduced him to Czar Nicholas and his wife Alexandra, and from that point on his rise was meteoric. The Czarina had recently given birth to her first son, who was a hemophil-

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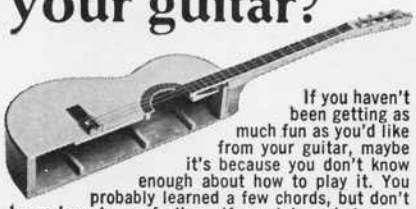

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iac. Almost every month some new bleeding episode would bring fears for his life. Rasputin, even his enemies agreed, worked wonders on the boy and was able to calm and cure him when the doctors had failed. The Czarina was convinced that he was the only man who could keep her son alive, and she became utterly dependent on him. "My beloved unforgettable teacher, redeemer, and mentor!" she wrote to him in 1909, "I kiss your hands and lean my head on your blessed shoulders. Oh, how light, how light, do I feel then! I only wish one thing: to fall asleep, to fall asleep, forever on your shoulders and in your arms." There is obviously more than a grain of sexuality in this correspondence and Rasputin once boasted, in a drunken mood, that he had slept with the Czarina, though most biographers doubt this. Anyway, he certainly slept with a number of other people including some of the grandest ladies in the land. He preferred aristocrats to peasant girls, he explained, because they "smelt better." He himself smelled dreadful, however, according to everyone who ever met him. His long hair and beard were encrusted with filth and he always ate his food with his hands—though obliging females would sometimes lick them clean afterwards. The secret police, who watched all his movements, reported a steady stream of prostitutes and princesses in and out of his flat: "On the night of the 25-26 the actress V. spent the night with Rasputin"; "He arrived with the Princess D."; "Rasputin came home with Princess Sh. very drunk"; etc. On one occasion he visited a public bathhouse with a bevy of women who dutifully scrubbed him down. He explained that this constituted a "spiritual discipline." Naturally, rumors of these activities got back to the Czarina but she ignored them, and even dismissed her son's nurse when she claimed that Rasputin had seduced her. "Read the Apostles," she piously suggested to one scandalmonger. "They kissed everybody as a form of greeting." Finally, Prince Yusupov and a group of ultraright-wing aristocrats decided to dispose of Rasputin. They invited him to a midnight meal, consisting of poisoned Madeira and cakes injected with cyanide. Rasputin happily ate and drank his way through enough poison to kill several horses and finally had to be shot five times and drowned in a sack before he would die.

Restif de la Bretonne, Nicolas Edmé (1734–1806): French writer and rake. He wrote many voluminous novels but his best-known work is his sixteen-volume autobiography *Monsieur Nicolas*. Havelock Ellis (*q.v.*) called it "a precious document for erotic psychology," and used many incidents from it to illustrate *Psychology of Sex*. Unlike Frank Harris, or his contemporary Casanova, he was not prone to exaggeration. He also had a gift for precise observation—e.g., of a woman he watched masturbating, "Then she sighed deeply and became motionless, stretching out her legs, which she stiffened, as if she felt pain." Sexually precocious, Restif's first erotic stirrings began at the age of four in games with his playmates, and he had his first full sexual intercourse at eleven. From then on he tumbled in and out of bed with a variety of chambermaids, peasants, prostitutes, and any other attractive females who came his way. His later life was circumscribed by various urinary troubles, probably caused by untreated VD. On the whole, his sex life was normal, apart from its larger-than-life vigor, but he did have two rather unusual traits: He had an incest fantasy in which he liked to imagine that the girl he was making love to was his daughter—Restif justified this by explaining that he had fathered so many illegitimate children it was quite likely one would turn up in his bed eventually; and, he was a foot fetishist, as emerges from

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Monsieur Nicolas and a three-volume novel called *Le Pied de Fanchette*, centering around this obsession. He explained that his liking for a pretty foot was linked to his love of neatness—the shoe and foot being the most difficult part of the body to keep clean. But his fetishism was not carried to extremes. He never made the shoe a *substitute* for the woman, and admiring someone's foot was always a prelude to seducing her. Restif died in poverty, having long outlived his years of literary fame, and was buried at Montparnasse.

Reuben, David: Dr. Reuben, a California psychiatrist, leapt to fame in 1970 when his book *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask* became a worldwide best-seller. It was even (improbably) made into a film with Woody Allen zooming around as a spermatozoon and battling a 100-foot-high female breast. Unfortunately, a close reading of the book reveals that there is still quite a lot that Dr. Reuben *doesn't* know about sex, and some of his prejudices (particularly against homosexuals) are formidable. Gore Vidal, in a blistering critique in the *New York Review of Books*, summed up Reuben as "a relentlessly cheery, often genuinely funny writer whose essential uncertainty about sex is betrayed by a manner which shifts in a very odd way from nightclub comedian to reform rabbi, touching en route almost every base except the scientific." Certainly, one would love to know where Dr. Reuben gets some of his statistics—e.g., "70 to 80 percent of Americans engage in fellatio and cunnilingus"—and why he thinks that "all prostitutes hate men." Reuben's second book, *Any Woman Can!*, appeared in 1972 but his extraordinary theory that the way to a man's heart was to feed him glasses of milk (symbols of motherhood, etc.) failed to find many takers. One waits in trepidation to see where the good doctor will descend next.

rhythm method: Form of contraception, also called the "safe period" method. It relies on the fact that conception can probably only occur within three days before and two days after ovulation (*q.v.*). Theoretically, therefore, if a couple abstains from intercourse for these five days of the month, they will never suffer an unwanted pregnancy. The problem, of course, lies in knowing exactly when ovulation will occur, and to this question there is no 100 percent reliable answer. The two systems most widely practiced rely either on arithmetic or on measuring body temperature. Under the arithmetic method, the woman notes the length of her menstrual cycles for six to twelve months beforehand. She then deducts eighteen days from the shortest recorded cycle and eleven from the longest to establish the non-safe period—e.g., if her longest cycle is thirty-one days and her shortest is twenty-six, then days eight through twenty from the start of the last menstrual period are considered unsafe. This method obviously imposes drastic limitations on the couple's sex life, especially if they find lovemaking during menstruation distasteful. Moreover, the mathematics involved are quite complex. The Indian government, when testing the rhythm method as part of its birth control program, tried to make it easier for women by giving them an abacus of different colored beads. They were supposed to move one bead a day and stop making love when they came to beads of another color. Nine months later almost all the women were pregnant—they had been using the beads as a charm, pushing them this way and that to provide a spurious "protection." The temperature method is possibly more scientific, though even more difficult to practice. The idea behind it is that ovulation can

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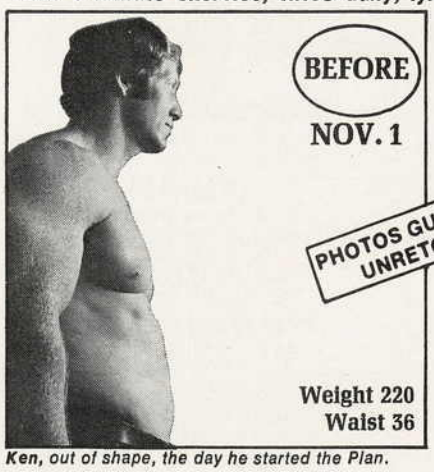
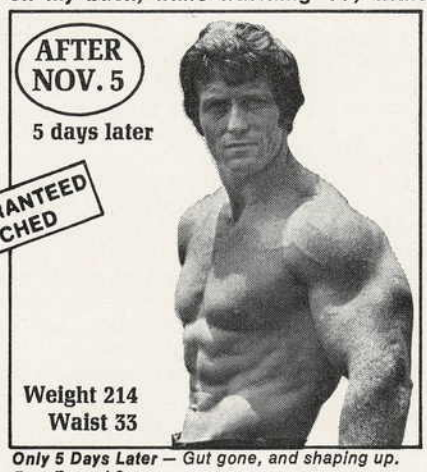


***Ken**, out of shape, the day he started the Plan.*



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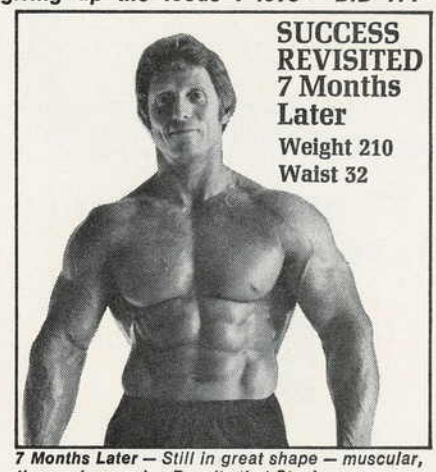

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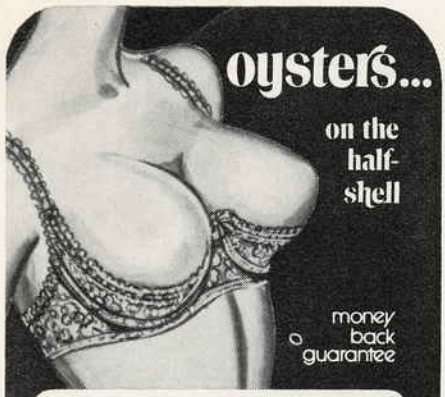

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be detected by a change in basal body temperature. But this change is usually only half a degree Fahrenheit and can easily be upset by the mildest cold or physical exertion. Thus, either form of rhythm method has an extremely high failure rate. The only reason for the rhythm method's survival until now is that it is the scle form of birth control officially allowed to be practiced by Catholics. Hence its nickname—"Vatican roulette.

Rochester, John Wilmot, Earl of (1647–80): English poet, courtier, and rake. Graduating from Oxford at the age of fourteen, he embarked on the grand tour of Europe, accompanied by a tutor who believed that water was dangerous except for bathing. As a result, he was probably already an alcoholic when he returned to England at the age of seventeen. He quickly became a favorite of King Charles II and acquired a fearsome reputation. The Count de Gramont wrote of him: "His manners were those of a lawless and wretched mountebank; his delight was to haunt the stews [brothels], to debauch women, to write filthy songs and lewd pamphlets; he spent his time in gossiping with the maids of honor, broils with men of letters, the receiving of insults, the giving of blows. By way of playing the gallant he eloped with his wife before he married her." His notorious "pranks" included luring the king to a brothel and arranging for all his money to be stolen there; hiring thugs to beat up the poet Dryden; and, with the Duke of Buckingham, taking over an inn for a day and raping all the female guests. An 18th-century pamphlet called *Joaks upon Joaks* recounts another escapade: "My lord Rochester being in the upper gallery in the playhouse, he wanted to make water, but the gallery was so full that he could not get out, whereupon he got up and said, 'Modesty says no, but nature says yes. Stand clear below, for by God I must piss!" The theater managers were not amused and sued for damages. Rochester's sexual tastes were evidently catholic, as he himself admits in a poem titled *Lord Rochester Against his Whore-Pipe*: "Was ever Mortal Man like me,/Continually in Jeopardy,/And always, silly Prick, by thee!/ There's not a Petticoat goes by,/But from my Cod-Piece out you fly,/Not to be held 'twixt Hand and Thigh." Petticoats weren't the only stimulus, however, for in another poem he asserts: "Then give us Health, Wealth, Mirth and Wine/And if busy love entrenches/There's a sweet Soft Page of mine/Does the trick worth forty wenches." The most notorious work attributed to Rochester is a play called *Sodom or the Quintessence of Debauchery*. The cast list includes Bollixinon, King of Sodom; his two children, Prince Prickett and Princess Swivia; Flux, the King's physician; and Virtuoso, "merkin and dildo maker to the royal family." (Merkins were wigs of pubic hair made for ladies who had lost their own through smallpox.) The play opens with the king announcing, "With my prick I'll govern all the land," and declaring that sexual license is now the law. A courtier suggests that it would be more exciting to switch to boys and the king agrees. The next act has the queen and her ladies lamenting the men's defection and making do with dildos. In Act III, Swivia seduces her brother, who comments on her nudity: "Strange how it looks, methinks it smells of ling. It has a beard too, and the mouth's all raw, the strangest creature that I ever saw." Act IV features a case of premature ejaculation and another of impotence through exhaustion, but in Act V the farcical mood changes to one of tragedy. Flux announces that the people are being decimated by venereal disease: "The Queen is dead, and Prickett has the clap. Raving and mad the Princess is become, with pains and ulcerations in her womb." Demons descend to

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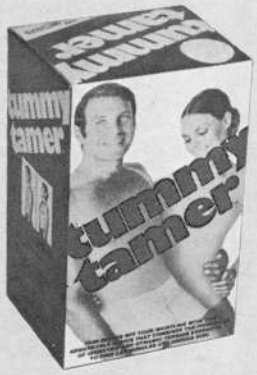

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carry off the king and survivors, and Flux delivers the final "message": "To Love and Nature all their rights restore. Love women, and let bugg'ry be no more." This may have been Rochester's own farewell to debauchery, because when he died of his innumerable excesses at the age of thirty-three, he asked his executors to collect and burn all his "profane and lewd writings."

"Roman charity": Euphemism for breast-feeding an adult. The name derives from a classical legend, recounted by Pliny and others, of a daughter whose father was imprisoned and left to die of starvation. The daughter had just given birth to a child, and so she was able to visit the prison and secretly feed her father with milk from her breasts. Adult breast-feeding is also featured in Maupassant's short story *Idylle* and in Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Its most recent—and perverse—appearance was in the underground film *Futz* (1969), where a lubriciously bare-breasted mother (far too young to be plausible) suckles her adolescent son in the death cell. Actually, many men have confessed to enjoying a taste for breast milk, and as long as the baby does not go hungry, it can do no harm.

rubber fetishism: Probably the most widespread type of fetishism and the least understood. Rubber addicts themselves offer various explanations, but none is really satisfactory. Some say they like the smell—but many also like polyvinyl chloride, which has no smell at all. Some say it stems from pleasurable childhood memories of lying on rubber sheets, or on their mothers' rubber aprons. Others contend that it develops later, from first using a condom. But countless rubber fetishists have no such memories. Dr. Maurice North, in his excellent study *The Outer Fringe of Sex*, points out that rubber fetishism is usually part of a syndrome which includes a strong bondage-masochistic element, and a liking for the feeling of protection and loss of identity that wearing rubber affords. It can also be associated with transvestism, which is itself a form of masochism. A man who wants to have his whole body, including his face and head, encased in rubber is deliberately turning himself into an anonymous "thing"— possibly a giant penis. Women seem to be immune to this fetish, as to most others. Dr. North reports that in twenty years of research he has never encountered a genuine female rubber addict, though many women will consent to wear rubber garments to please their partners. Rubber firms report that about 20 percent of their sales are to women, but these are probably prostitutes or men using a feminine pseudonym. Since the rubber fetishist rarely seeks medical treatment and need never collide with the law, it is impossible to determine how common the deviation is. But it certainly figures large in *Penthouse* mailbags, and it's prevalent enough to support a thriving trade. There are many firms in the U.S. catering exclusively to this fetish, not to mention the "legitimate" retailers of raincoats, skin-diving suits, and the like. The underground firms offer a bewildering variety of rubberwear: capes, masks, hoods, leotards, "single-sleeves" (in which both arms can be imprisoned), gags, inflatable underwear, "penis corsets," straitjackets, boots, bras, and dresses. One firm offers a complete nun's habit in black and white rubber, a nurse's uniform, and a French maid's costume which includes a rubber minidress and a mobcap—"ideal for amateur theatricals"! The weight and texture of the rubber is specified—latex, Wigan, double-texture, or "Venetian cloth." Black is by far the most popular color, although a German supplier reports that pastel shades are more popular there. The sadomasochistic element is often glaringly obvious, as this customized order from a client indicates: "A three-quarter-length heavy black rubber jacket, plain-fronted and zip-fastened down the back. Leather-stiffened rubber hood with a gag, plus breathing tubes inserted into the nostrils for ease of control and extra discomfort, all tightly fitted around the neck. Underneath, a belt with manacles threaded through the jacket to hold the hands crossed on the waist." Some of the items supplied are potentially lethal, like the "helmet mask and combination gag" described in one rubberwear catalog. It is a double-walled rubber bag with no eye, nose, or mouth openings and with a tough strap collar. There is a huge rubber gag inside with a breathing tube through it. At the back of the helmet is an inlet valve that enables the helmet to be inflated, so that the inner wall presses on the wearer's face and the outer wall blows up to a giant featureless football. The person inside can neither see, speak, nor hear. Where sex comes into all this is very hard to imagine, and it is interesting that the most bizarre publications for rubber addicts rarely run into censorship problems because they never show sexual intercourse or naked genitals. Yet anyone glancing at them could hardly fail to realize that they represent something far more depraved than the most blatant Swedish porn. Typical story titles of pornographic books catering to rubber fetishists include *Sabretta Dominates Her Slaves in Rubber*, *Peril of the Skin Diver*, and *Rubber Captives in Distress*, and the protagonists are always big-breasted, tight-waisted, boot-clad girls with hardly a man in sight. An extract from *The Countess of Rubber* gives the gist: "Five minutes later the beautiful, cruel, depraved Countess de Sade was dressed in the way she loved best. Rubberwear. Her breasts were encased in a brassiere of shiny black pure rubber, with a pair of panties of similar material, tightly moulding her hips and stomach. Black patent leather calf-length boots covered her feet . . . the heels raising her height by another eight inches. . . . For a while she caressed her body, for the millionth time thrilling to the feel of rubber." Like most fetishists, rubber-lovers tend to suffer from loneliness and are pleased to meet fellow indulgers. Contact magazines advertise rubber clubs with names like "Rubber Lovers of Michigan," and "Rubber Lovers' Paradise," though they often turn out to be mail-order firms seeking new business. Prostitutes may place ads like the following: "Masseuse teaches discipline at your place or mine. Rubber-dub-dub . . . " or "College of domestic science requires full- or part-time mistresses expert in bondage and corrective treatment. Senior restraint mistress required. Pupils of both sexes required (rubber uniform compulsory)." Some rubber fetishists are quite fortunate in finding sympathetic partners, but more often than not their fantasies are furtive, solitary, and unfulfilled.

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